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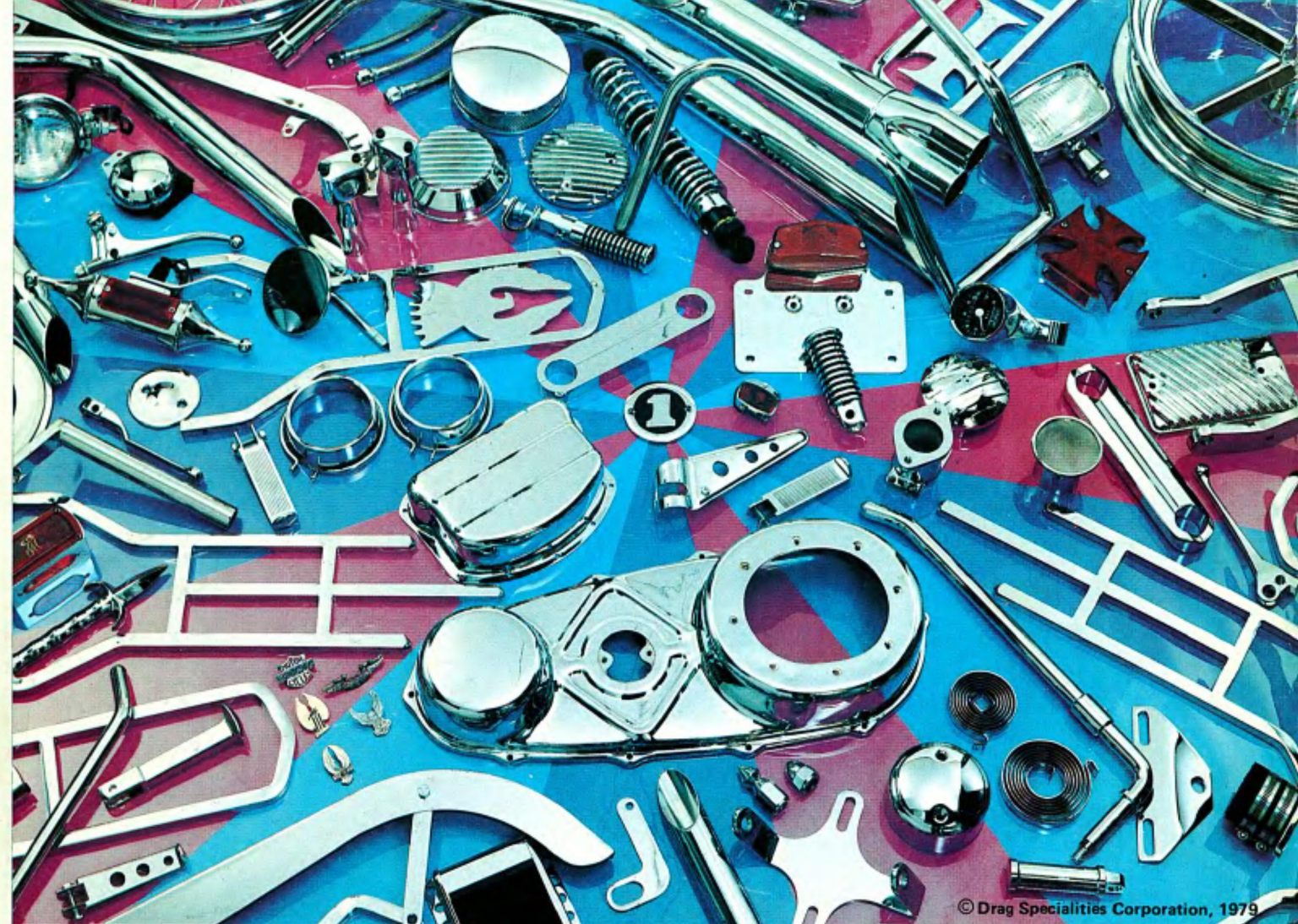
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**Our 74th issue—a tribute to
Harley-Davidson 74's**

Somebody Split a 74 Mill

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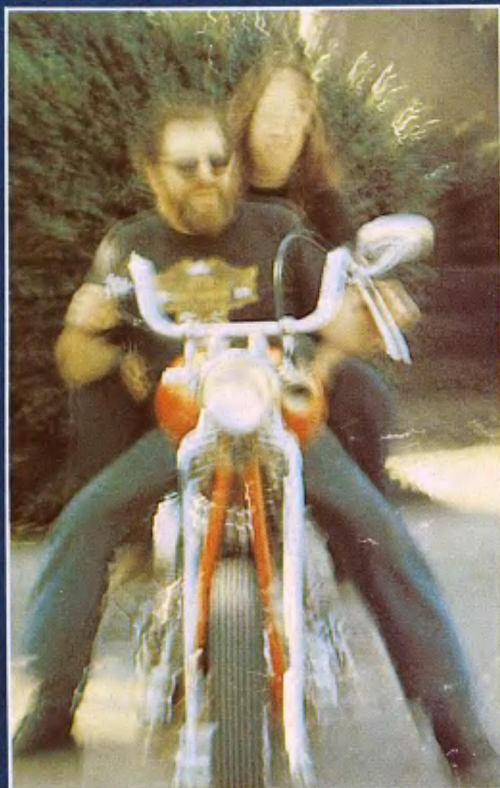
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for Adult Bikers



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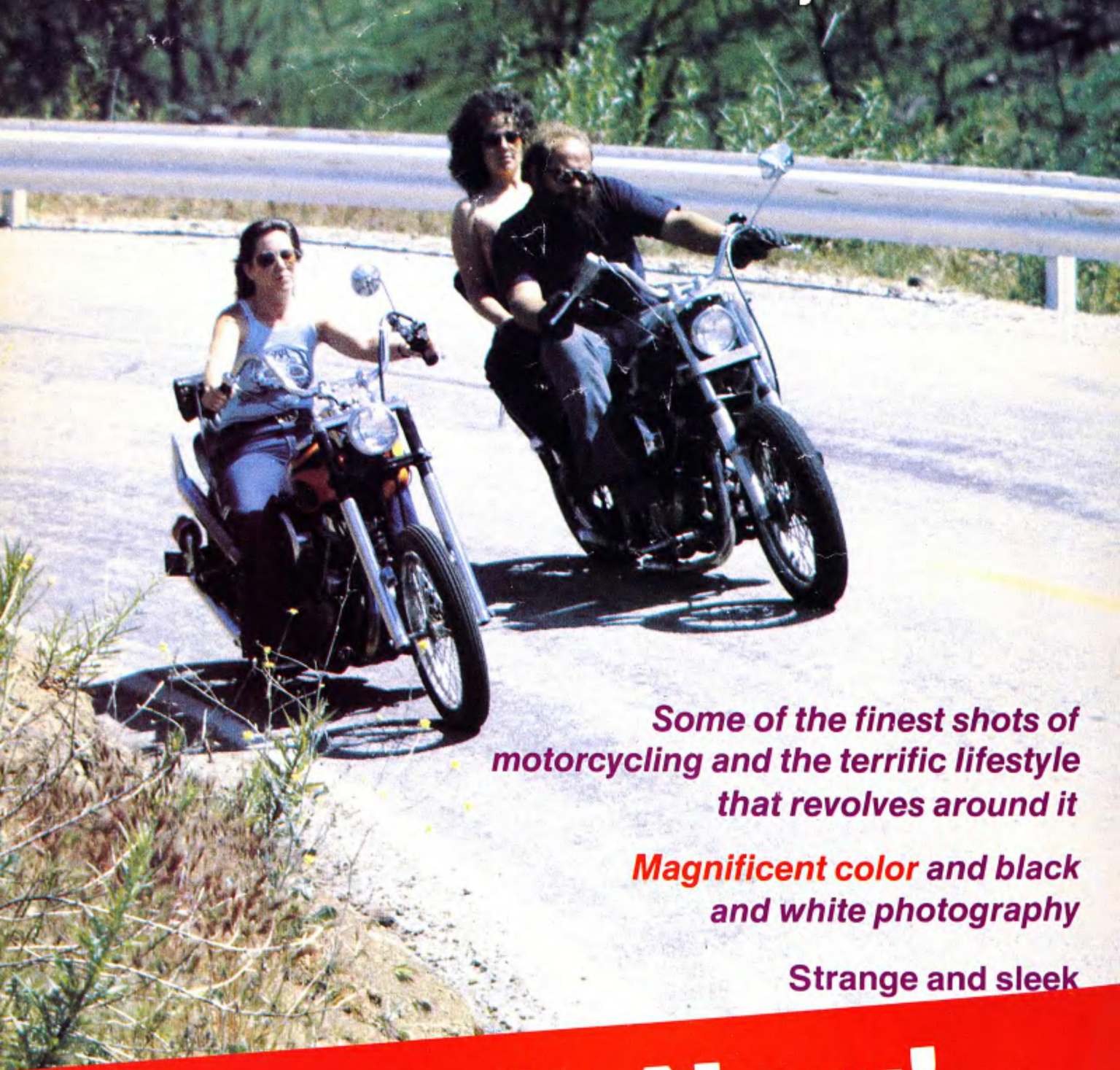
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Number
Two

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On Sale Now!

Spider—from 1974

You're not going to believe this: An 8-year-old (that's right, e-i-g-h-t) boy has set a new world record for consecutive sit-ups by doing an unreal 25,222 of them! It took Richard Knecht 11 hours and 14 minutes to shatter the previous record of 15,512. That means he did one sit-up every two seconds. He stopped a total of 15 minutes to take on groceries and visit the sandbox. He plans to go after the 6,006 push-up record next. (January '74)

There's daylight ahead: The enlightened state of Oregon recently passed a new law that removes all tough penalties for simple possession and use of pot. Possession of up to one ounce is now a simple violation similar to a traffic ticket, and punishable by a fine of not more than \$100. But if you grow it commercially, or sell to a minor, you'll get put away for an unreal stretch of time. (January '74)

Missed out again! The University of Philadelphia Hospital rounded up 12 volunteers to smoke "massive" amounts of the Killer Weed. They'll have to smoke the equivalent of 1,000 joints in one sitting—to find out if the grass has a future use as an anesthetic for surgery. The doctors have already discovered that it made the volunteers' mouths dry. I'm hip it did. (February '74)

Sit on the toilet for this one: Robert Apablaza was busted in Louisiana for selling a matchbox of Killer Weed to a narc for five bucks. They sent him to

jail for 50—that's right, f-i-f-t-y-- years. After serving two years he escaped. Got caught in New York and spent another two years in jail there fighting extradition. Finally the proceedings were dropped, but Apablaza went back to Louisiana to see his daughters and got caught. He pleaded to stay out of jail for the four years he had already spent inside. Louisiana said no and now he's back serving his 50-year term—for five bucks worth of grass!

(June '74)

It could happen here: In Uruguay the members of a jury that had awarded first prize in a literary contest to a short story that was later declared obscene were thrown into jail—along with the author! (June '74)

Medical fact file: There's a medical researcher who contends that some women get dental cavities when going through a divorce hassle. A sudden lack of root tonic no doubt. (June '74)

Speaking of drinking: Some people inside San Quentin want to legalize pruno—the secretly fermented hooch made by prisoners in slammer all across the nation.

Their inmate newspaper said after filling out U.S. Treasury Department Form 1541, "heads of households" could make up to 200 gallons of wine yearly for "family use." The prisoners contend that two inmates sharing a cell are, in effect, a family. Well, it was worth a try. (June '74)

Expensive grass or awful thin joints: A news item from Georgia said that the Hall County detectives had just made their largest haul of marijuana ever—approximately nine pounds, which according to them was worth \$83,000 on the street. (July '74)

—Continued on page 10

TAKING IT EASY

By Spider



WORDMONGER

Tech Question

☐ Take time out from picking your nose to answer this question. (A box of candy is riding on how you answer and I plan to win those Hershey bars.)

The question is: Has Harley-Davidson ever, in the past or present, built a bike equipped with a reverse? I say no—what do you say?

Rico Brown
Marion, Ill.

■ Yes. They could be ordered stock from the factory, generally for use with sidecars. And 45 trikes came stock with a reverse gear.

Oil Leak

☐ In your road test on the '27 H-D (June '79), you mention that the "engine is lubricated through a total-loss oil system," meaning that the oil passes through the V-twin only once. So what's the big deal? I've got a '64 Hog and it works the same way. Don't all of them?

Lumpy Bobowski
Los Angeles, Calif.

Another Swastika Fact

☐ The well-known Synagogue of Capernaum built in the second or third century has the second oldest Jewish use of the six-pointed Star of David, also known as the Star of David's Son, or the Seal of Solomon, or hexagram formed with interlocking triangles.

The symbol was placed there in the second or third century at the same time the same Jews placed another ancient symbol there right next to it—the swastika! (You can read Gershom Scholem's book, *The Messianic Idea in Judaism*, and note the chapter on the "Star of David/History of a Symbol.")

Rabbi Levi ben Zevi
Santa Ana, Calif.

Greater Love Hath No Man

☐ I want to tell you a story about

something my ol' man did that I am very proud of. He was helping a partner rebuild his scooter. My ol' man was carrying the engine out of the house to his car, and when he started down the steps, he tripped over something and fell. But what I'm getting at is this: When he landed on the ground, he put his body under the engine to break its fall. And because of his love for that Harley-Davidson shovelhead engine (1972), that engine never once touched the ground. My ol' man hurt his leg a little, but he walked away from it. Needless to say, Nick (the owner) was grateful. And if you ask me, someone who sacrifices himself for someone or something has to have a lot of heart.

Kim Cherry
Ontario, Calif.

Where? Where?

☐ Where the fuck do you find some of those goddamn twisties that work in your fuckin' office?

Pigface
Littleton, N.H.

■ Under rocks.

Whatta Memory

☐ I think you guys fucked up. A blurb on the cover of the June '79 issue reads, "Makin' History With Our First Road Test." Well, I seem to remember looking at a road test of a used fuzz bike in your rag some time back, but I'm stoned now and can't find the issue it was in.

Byrdman
Tempe, Ariz.

■ You're right—it was in issue #10. How the fuck do ya expect us to remember back that far?

Street Bikes

☐ A few months ago y'all made a statement about not featuring new bikes that haven't been ridden, but in your April issue it appears y'all been bullshittin'.

"Long Distance" looks like it hadn't been ridden at all. Don't get me wrong—it's a nice scooter. But it looks like it hadn't been ridden.

Toper
Austin, Texas

■ If we know of a bro who is buildin' a scooter for long-distance riding, we try to shoot it while it's fresh. Otherwise, the next time we see it, it'll have bald tires and road grime for paint.

Fart Facts

☐ In regard to your "Gassin' Up" article, it seems that Dr. Twatburger fucked up. Number one, he says that methane is a colorless, odorless gas. Sure it's colorless, but it ain't odorless because that's what the gas company puts in natural gas so you can smell gas leaks. Number two, he says the protein oligosaccharide causes odor in farts. The primary source of odor in a fart is ethyl mercaptan. This is what gives farts their truly nasty odor.

The sulfur is what makes it smell. Also, varying percentages of methane and ethyl mercaptan are what give each fart its unique odor.

Arlene Waskietiz
Illinois Institute
of Technology
Chicago, Ill.

☐ In your story "Gassin' Up" (May '79) you left out one of the best fart producers I know of—spaghetti with mushroom sauce. Ask my ol' man. He'll blow you away. Then again, maybe it's my cookin'. He'll eat anything.

Moon
Phoenix, Ariz.

Whatdafuck?

☐ In your #69 issue you featured a fox named Gretchen. Well, she is currently advertising dildoes in *Velvet* (June '79) on the inner back page. In #70 we

see Kandl. Well, she is into the same number as Gretchen, advertising fuck flicks (April '79) in *Hustler* on page 8. Where in the fuck do you get these chicks? What the fuck?

D. Fowler
Cleveland, Ohio

■ Well, they were sweet young things—until recruited by Spider.

Another Fuck-up

☐ How come y'all described a bitchin' pan ("Big Red," May '79) when the picture to go with it was a fuckin' shovel? Damn. Why can't y'all fuck when you want to and write and/or draw when you don't want to fuck!

Crystal
Ft. Lauderdale, Fla.

■ Look again, dipshit—shovelheads never came stock in rigid frames.

War Horse

☐ I gotta tell you this one. The other day my buddy got his 52-ton MGOAL tank stuck up to the road wheels in German pig shit. I put a chain around the hatch and pulled it out with my Harley 1000 cc. What do you think?

Crazy Fogarty
APO N.Y.

■ I'm thinkin', I'm thinkin'.

Gorgeous Men

☐ In your June issue, page 116, third row, far left, who's the gorgeous-looking sonofabitch? I know that your magazine deals mainly with bikes and broads and that you're not running a Mr. America contest. But a lot of women read your mag, as you're well aware of, and you'd be doing the ladies a big favor if every so often you'd put in a picture or two of men like him. Give us a break—we like to look at quality meat too. To be honest, most of the guys in your rag look like

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Dorothy Caulfield
San Diego, Calif.

■ That's what gives us class.

Rug Rats

□ My rug rat would like to thank you guys for putting the special iron-on transfer in your May issue. She was "Born to Ride"—on the back, of course.

J.D. and Diane
Mentor, Ohio

Ol' Lady Contest

□ Hey, you guys, I would like to know who won the Ol' Lady Contest. I read you rag every month and don't know yet. I have a lot of green laid on the contest.

Half Breed
Delia, Kans.

■ The results were in the May '79 issue. The winner was Debbie Walters.

□ I just want to let you know that your mag is the best thing since the discovery of the cunt. And that rug rat iron-on in issue #71 is great. I put it on my six-year-old nephew's shirt and the little critter fell in love.

Ken Dumore
Colchester, Conn.

Digs S & S

□ I bought me a Sporty in 1973. By '74 I was ready to stroke it. Well, I heard S & S had a new carb coming out, but I bought one before I even saw it. Well, when my new S & S Super came, I had the 910th one they made. Then came five years of hard starting, bad gas mileage, and I was beginning to wonder if I just didn't know how to get it. By Feb. '79 I was pissed and sent them a letter explaining my problems and the fact that I heard a rumor that the early S & S Super had venting problems. "Send it back and we'll look at it," they said. Well, I did and within two weeks they had fixed it. Now I call that standing behind your product!

Bros, when you start laying out \$200 for high-performance parts, you want a guarantee. Well, I got mine. Thank you, S & S.

Redeye Rudy
Fayetteville, N.C.

A Goof?

□ What da fuck is wrong with you guys? Have you ever done anything right? I'll bet you dudes could fuck up a dose of clap. I'm talking about the head-on picture of the 1927 JD you clowns printed backwards on page 34. If it's not backwards, then you guys aren't as dumb as everyone thinks you are, because it must have taken one hell of a lot of work to switch everything around to that side for the pic.

Jim Gagna & Marty the Mad Mex
NAS North Island, Calif.

■ The jugheads in the back room thank ya for the out.

Michigan Beef

□ This concerns all bikers in Michigan. Since 1974 Michigan has had a no-fault insurance law requiring that we bikers have motorcycle insurance before we can get plates.

In October I was in federal court due to a lawsuit concerning a motorcycle accident. I learned something very interesting.

Judge Kennedy, said that due to a case in 1976, a lawyer named Scott had no-fault insurance ruled out as far as motorcycles were concerned. Supposedly, this decision says that a motorcycle does not have to have any kind of insurance. If any of you have any further information, please let us bikers now. A lot of my biker friends never heard of this law. Neither had I until the time of my lawsuit.

Concerned Biker
Michigamme, Mich.

Best Biker Fiction

□ I just picked up a copy of *Best Biker Fiction No. 2*, and I must say I'm still gasping. I couldn't put it down.

Dr. Harlow C. Landphair
College Station, Texas

Tech Tip

□ Just got the September issue and finished readin' about a bro who's havin' some trouble gettin' A10 Beezer bits. A friend here had one and blew the bottom end. Finally, we replaced the original with the bottom end of a 650 Kawasaki, which is the exact copy of the A10—even down to the screw holes for the primary and timing sidecovers. So, providin' he doesn't mind usin' Jap crap, he can solve the problem. Just use the Beezer covers.

Rags
Victoria, Australia

Maintainin'

□ You guys are outtasight. Over the years we've seen publications of all kinds come and go. Most are great for a while. Then they fuck up—not enough attention to their reason for being, too many ads, whatever. You guys maintain reality month after month.

Oh yeah, something more. Your "Male Call" trip is heavy. I've seen some real good come of that—people brought together who wouldn't have busted a grape otherwise. Could use some of that togetherness myself.

W.L. Prof. Sims
Stringtown, Okla.

Sittin' and Thinkin'

□ I got a question for you people. I had read an article on Sturgis '78 in some screwed-up cycle rag where they claimed Sturgis was everything from a biker tea party to a ripoff! Now I sit here with your mag reading the Sturgis bit, but it sounds like it was a time of partying, freedom, and just a hell of a good rally. So here I sit, confused as hell. So tell me—was it a good run or was it fucked?

Spaced
Camp Pendleton, Calif.

■ Keep sittin' and you'll figure it out when ya come down.

□ You crazy fuckers have been dippin' into the loco weed a little too often these days. It's about your 1927 Road Test article in the June '79 issue. Don't get me wrong, the scooter is a real rush and the article is amusing, but why is it when you fuckers get into a darkroom right away you hafta start sippin' stop bath?

Hard-On Vaughan
Denver, Colo.

Honest Writin'

□ I don't know from bikin'. I do know clear, honest writing when I see it. Keep it up.

Dan Pierce
Topeka, Kans.

Have anything to say? Want to bug the staff about their mistakes? Want to give a well-deserved pat on the back? Poison pen letters, porno mail, threats of violence, love letters, propositions, and demands for payment may all be sent to the Wordmonger, Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, California 90265.



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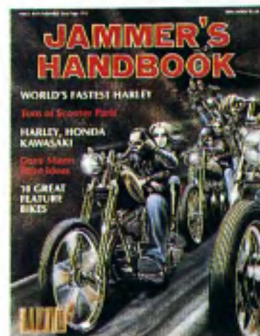
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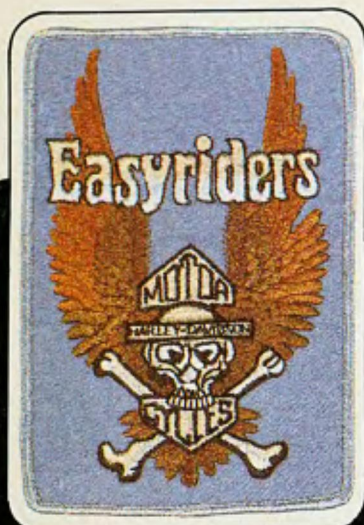
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TAKING IT EASY

—Continued from page 5

File this under tough shit: The suburban township of Harmar (near Pittsburgh, Pa.) decided that umbrellas were bad for a policeman's he-man image and issued a ruling that they could only wear raincoats while working in the rain. (July '74)

Dipshit file: Did you read about the dude in Miami, Florida, who knocked over a bank, ran outside and jumped into a waiting car and—surprise! It was the wrong car—very wrong—because he hopped right into a police car and was instantly had. (July '74)

Our fucked-up world: A lot of readers sent me news clippings of this unreal situation: a dude was acquitted of snuffin' a guy whose body had been weighted and dropped into the Ohio River. A few days after the acquittal the police hit him again, only this time it was for "littering the river with the carcass of a dead animal"—the "carcass" being the dead body of the dude he had just been acquitted of murdering. Throw 'em in the trash can, man, or it'll cost ya fifty bucks. (July '74)

Thought I was shucking' ya, didn't ya?: Well, a good reader sent me an advertisement for Boeing Electronics' **Boeing Orbis III**, which does the following: "1. Computes the oncoming vehicle speed; 2. Compares that speed to posted limits; 3. Photographs only those vehicles that violate the speed limit; 4. Photographs driver and license plate; and 5. Accurately records location, date and time." "No patrolman is involved. There's no chase . . . look at it this way," the advertisement pitches, "a trained officer with radar can apprehend about five violators per hour while our unit can handle 900." Help! They're closing in on us! (July '74)

You ready for this? The FBI was secretly watching, listening, and taking TV pictures of some dudes when the dudes discovered the equipment. As the FBI watched on monitors, the equipment was destroyed—and naturally the monitors went blank. So what did the FBI do? They descended on the dudes and busted them for destruction of government property! (June '74)

Nixon's D.O.T. scooped: All people working in Belgium are now being told the clothing suitable for their work will be compulsory for all trades and professions. Here in the good old U.S.A., it's helmets now, but tomorrow it'll be aluminum jock straps—for our own good, of course. (June '74)

Quick reference file: If you're ever concerned about balling a chick who's

under the age of consent and then getting racked up for statutory rape, here's a handy-dandy guide to the age of legal consent in some states you may be travelin' through. It's 7 years of age in Delaware. In Florida, New Mexico, and South Dakota, it's 10. In Alabama, Alaska, Hawaii, Indiana, Kentucky, Louisiana, Mississippi, New Jersey, North Carolina and Tennessee, it's 12. In Utah it's 13. In Georgia, Maine, and Oklahoma it's 14. In Washington it's 15. In 16 other states and D.C. it's 16. It's 17 in Iowa and it's 18 in 14 other states. Penalties range from a year in the slammer to death—so watch it.

(July '74)

It Figures dept.: The day before Nixon copped out to his involvement in the coverup, The American Federation of Police awarded him the group's highest award for being an outstanding American. (December '74)

Did you hear about the dude in Atlantic City who won a divorce from his ol' lady after he told the judge that her first words to him every morning were "Aren't you dead yet?" That's cold. (December '74)

Them bitches are gaining on us: Twenty-five years ago the ratio of runaway husbands to runaway ol' ladies was 200 to 1. Fifteen years ago 100 men split for every broad—and today it's only 2 to 1. (December '74)

Ignorant Law file: Did you know that 93% of all pot arrests are for mere possession, with only 7% for sale—and 67% of those 93% possess less than one ounce of grass? (December '74)

There's another need for those jugs: The World Bank estimates that if mothers in India stopped breast-feeding, a herd of five million dairy cows would be required to provide milk for the babies. (December '74)

Instead of pitchin' pennies to kill time—see who can spit the farthest. To give ya somethin' to shoot for, John Tullos just won the world Tobacco Spitting contest with a spit of 27 feet 6 inches. (December '74)

If any of you brothers get raped by a chick in Massachusetts, you now can have her arrested. (December '74)

But how do you spell motorsickle? A judge in Pennsylvania recently sentenced a biker to write an essay on "The Joys of Cycling and What It Has Meant to Me." He was given 45 days to write it or go to the slam. (December '74)

Are you ready for this? You can buy a new type of jewelry in Lowell, Idaho. It seems there's a dude there making earrings, brooches, and necklaces out of elk shit. (December '74)

Do you think he had inside info? This cop in Memphis, Tennessee, got in a beef with his ol' lady and they separated. A few days later he dropped by where she worked and "noticed" pot in her purse. He arrested her ass. (December '74)

Biker's Digest

Miscellaneous quotes
from other biker rags



On Blackmail...

It seems that there has been a big push by the government to make helmets mandatory on a national level. In their efforts they have somehow gotten to the major Japanese motorcycle manufacturing concerns (The Big Four), convincing them to pressure their advertising departments into helping with this push.

Shortly thereafter, the Big Four let all motorcycle publications know that they would not advertise in any publication that shows helmetless motorcycle riders.

Now, folks, I hate being blackmailed, but it is the right of anyone to advertise where they want to, so there isn't a lot I can do. The less advertising we have, the lower our budgets are, and the less pages we get in the book for you, but there isn't a lot we can do about that.

OK, to be honest with you, we need the advertising bucks from these "Big Four," but there comes a time when we have to stand for something, and now is the time. The real question is, do the major manufacturers of motorcycles have the right to blackmail publications into forcing helmets onto their readers?

I have always had a helmet, and many times I do wear one, but I am opposed completely to any mandatory laws that will restrict the freedom of the motorcyclist. Let those who ride decide.

—Bob Bitchin
Choppers

Unused Seat Belts...

Joan Claybrook is talking about seat belt legislation. But when she put out feelers to the various states she got a blunt "no" from the people. NHTSA has a new study that claims that seat belt use had dropped to only 14% from 18.5% in 1976. They still don't push seat belts like helmets, though.

—Biker

Whose Government...

The treatment that the government is trying to give bikers would cause riots if it were directed at any other social minority. If you, the biker, just sit back and let it happen you're going to find yourself a member of a lower than second class sub group of a dying breed. You might just wake up some day and find that motorcycling is no longer legal. How would that go with your morning coffee?

—Biker



They Need Us...

A decade or so ago, Honda had a sales program based on the slogan "You meet the nicest people on a Honda." A catchy phrase, and one that helped open many sales doors for the Japanese manufacturer. The premise for the sentence was to state that, yes, motorcyclists—bikers—are really not bad people.

Government, too, has begun to recognize biking as more than a sport or pastime indulged in by a small segment of society. And although we have had some bad vibes from DOT and EPA, the head enchilada, Mr. Carter himself, has asked EPA to look twice at some of the proposed legislation they have formulated, in order to help keep costs as low as possible for new bikes sold in America. Perhaps the fact that the motorcycle and parts industry is such a viable portion of our economy has something to do with it. It's nice to know that we are becoming more than just respected. We are becoming needed. And when that happens, our voice and opinions will be heard even more. And then, perhaps we can help direct the sport and industry in the direction we all want it to go...up.

—Dain Gingerelli
Custom Bike

What brotherhood means...

True story. I was on the way home on a bike whose petcocks were set on reserve, something I learned when the engine sputtered to a halt.

Before I had time to do more than stare glumly into the tank—yup, it's empty, all right—up rolled a Yamaha 650. He'd seen me slowing and guessed why.

Took me to a gas station, where they couldn't lend a container, then back to the bike. We found an empty beer can in the weeds, transferred a pint from his tank to mine, and he followed me back to the station, in case.

The very next day I was humming down the highway on my 250 and there on the shoulder was a Honda 450 and a struggling rider. The 450's battery had gone west weeks before, so he kicked and I kicked and he kicked...

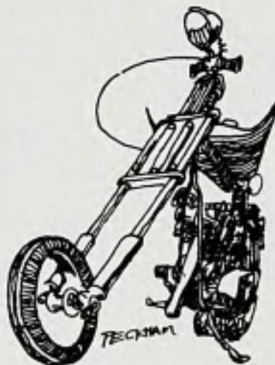
A chopped Harley boomed up. Need some help? Sure. He also kicked. Nothing.

Then, the highway patrol, on a Kawasaki. He kicked and brummmmm, the 450 fired up.

I followed the 450 to the nearest gas station, feeling well pleased with myself, the 450, the chopper, the officer, the guy on the 650 and every one of my five million potential friends.

When was the last time you saw one car stop to help another?

—Allan Girdler
Cycle World



MACHO SUSPENDERS in Harley Colors

Big, wide, old-style fireman's suspenders with sturdy clasps — no buttons required. Fits all sizes of men (and women). Either Black with an orange stripe down each outer edge or orange with a black stripe down each outer edge. Indicate either black or orange suspenders, your name and address when ordering.

Quality is fully guaranteed and money will be refunded if not completely satisfied.

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Symbolism of the Skull

by Mary Booth

If you leaf through the pages of this magazine, what, aside from bikes, will you see the most of? You'll see skulls, human skulls, on everything. They are on mugs, rings, keychains, earrings, bike bags, belts, halters, T-shirts, wallets, knives, headgear, paraphernalia, pants, boots, posters, bikes, patches, the **Easyriders** logo, even tattoos—skulls are everywhere. But do you know exactly what the human skull symbol stands for? It has been very important since the beginning of man himself. Before getting into the meaning of the skull symbol, let us begin with the legend of the skeleton.

One of the most popular of all skeleton symbols is that of the Grim Reaper. He is logically placed as number 13 in a pack of fortunetelling tarot cards. He stands for the death of an attitude, person, beliefs, or way of living—an ultimate change of some sort. He also symbolizes rebirth or renewal if his card is reversed or upside-down in a tarot reading.

The Grim Reaper's actual name is Ankou. He is the Breton (northwest France) figure of death. He is sometimes pictured as a bony old man, but more often appears as a skeleton, with a sneering grin upon his face. He looks very gruesome and menacing with his dark, eyeless sockets staring back at you as he threatens to kill his

victims with his enormous scythe, glistening in the moonlight. He even carries a shovel (or spade) in his other bony hand to dig the graves of his victims. A very tidy skeleton!

Ankou always travels very late at night. Sometimes he travels invisibly, but is recognizable by the sound of an axle creaking eerily in the dark. That's the sound of his shroud-covered death cart, with Ankou perched on top, as befits the king of death. His cart is drawn by six black horses and makes a terrifying sight with the two skeletons, who are Ankou's helpers, walking beside it. They lift Ankou's bloody victims onto the death wagon. It is said that a dying person can hear the creaking axle of Ankou's black death wagon.

There is a long-standing Breton tradition that a new house is not safe to live in until someone has died in it. As soon as the doorstep of a new house is positioned, Ankou stations himself there with his great scythe, waiting to cut down whoever is the first to cross it. The one way to dislodge him is to offer him either an animal or a fertilized egg as a sacrifice.

There is an Ankou fountain at Plegat Guerrand in France. Local legend has it that if a person peers into the fountain as the church bells toll midnight on May 1, and sees a deathly image instead of his own reflection, he is destined to die soon.

Devilish Ankou makes his home in an underground palace. The entrance is a deep hole, said to resemble the mouth of hell, in the Bois de Huelgoat in France. His palace is lighted with thousands of blazing candles, representing human lives. When he gets bored, Ankou blows out a candle or two, thus claiming more victims.

Legend says that the last person to die in any church parish at the end of the year is regarded locally as next year's Ankou, the grim harvester of human lives. In other traditions, Ankou was originally a man who blasphemed God when

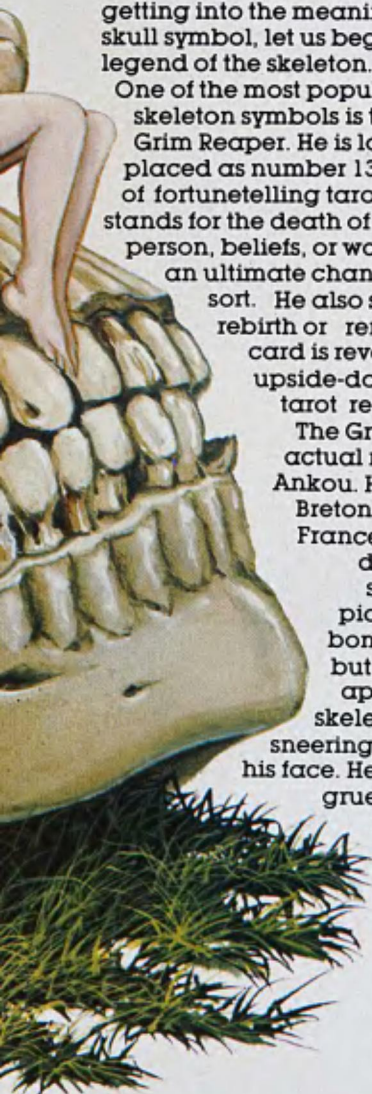
alive, or he was Adam's son Cain, condemned by his father's sin to perpetually bring other men to their death. When storms are raging, Ankou just sits on his rock near the entrance to his palace and laughs at the thunder; thus he is sometimes represented by a grinning skull, instead of a whole skeleton.

Bones have been highly significant throughout the ages of man because they continue to exist even after the flesh of the corpse has rotted away completely. Bones are considered very powerful, and in some cultures the word for "soul" and "bone" is the same. Traditionally, bones were believed to possess curative powers.

Besides its association with death, the skull is valued in many cultures as the seat of a person's soul. The brain was thought to be the "home base" of the soul. This belief was very popular in the 13th century; and the skull is an outstanding symbol of mortality and egotism and it also represents a warning sign and a threat. Two popular beliefs, past and present, are that all bones are centers of psychic energy and that the skull is the seat of the soul. The skull is also an emblem of finality, a perpetual reminder of death and the temporary existence we have on this earth. The Nazi death's head badge was in the shape of a skull and crossbones. The skull and crossbones is also the universally recognized symbol for poison, death, or danger.

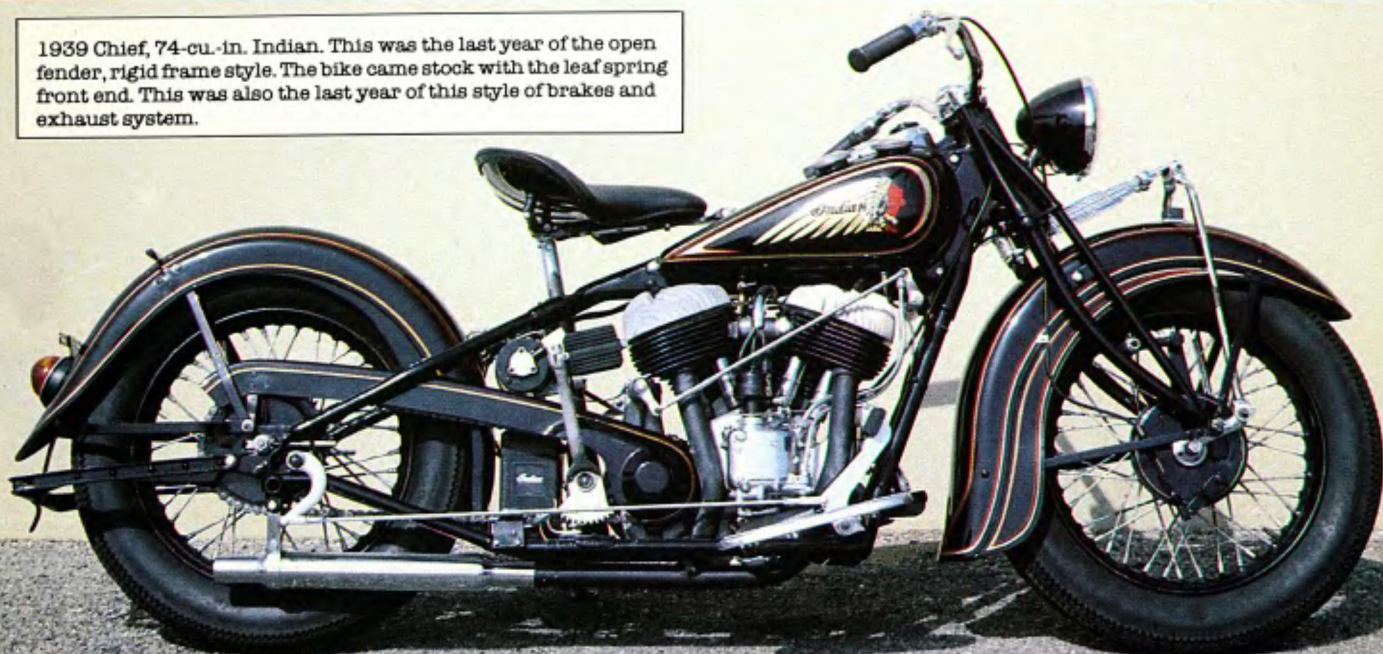
The cross was actually an ancient symbol of phallic power before it became associated with Christianity. Some social historians believe that the cross symbolizes the received phallus and sexual fulfillment, the continuity of life triumphing over death. As a symbol much older than Christianity, the cross symbolizes spring, the yearly rejuvenation of the earth, things being born again, the renewal of life after

—Continued on page 80



DAVID MANN

1939 Chief, 74-cu.-in. Indian. This was the last year of the open fender, rigid frame style. The bike came stock with the leaf spring front end. This was also the last year of this style of brakes and exhaust system.



Antique 74 Collection



1932 VL, 74-cu.-in. Harley-Davidson. It has a 1931-34 oval toolbox, and the first year of the convex headlight lens.

Something special for our 74th issue

In our almost extensive, but barely thorough, search for 74-cu.-in. motorcycles, we didn't exactly strike it rich. Harley-Davidson began manufacturing 74s in 1921 or 1922, and they're still at it. On the accompanying pages there are several examples of the old Harley-Davidson 74 bikes. Indian produced 74s from 1926, or possibly 1924, to 1948. In 1949, no Chiefs were built, and from 1950 to 1953 the company built mostly 80-cu.-in. Chiefs; however, 74 Chiefs could be specially ordered. Indian's last year in business was 1953, although a couple of attempts to revive the name were made later on. Pictured here are a few examples of the Indian variety of the 74.

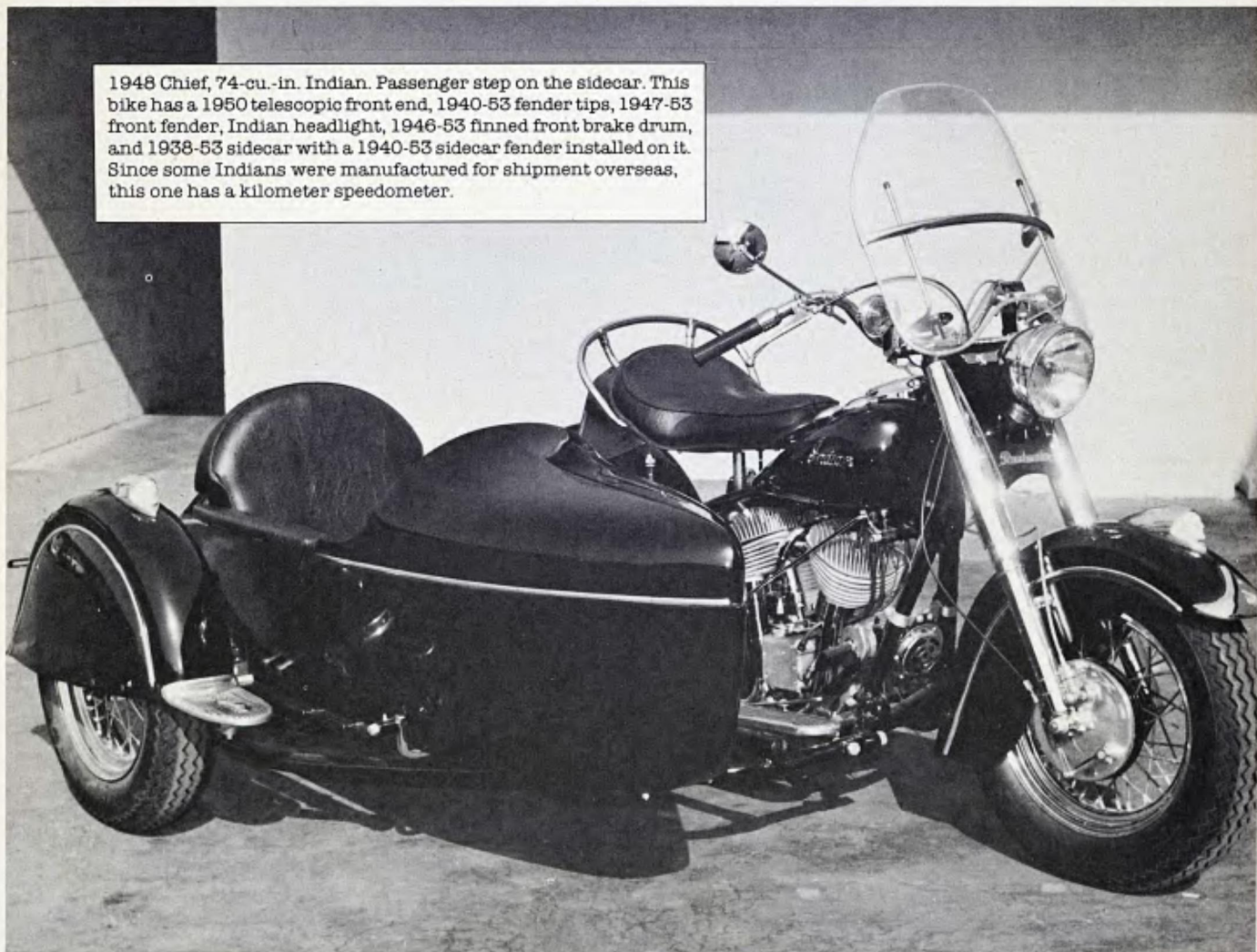
Apparently, there were other manufacturers who built 74 scooters in the past. Our information is vague at best, but either from 1920 to 1924 Excelsior manufactured a twin 74 or built the 74 model in only 1925. And finally, it seems that some of the old Cleveland four-cylinder motorcycles were built with mid-70-cu.-in. engines.

—Con. Fuzed

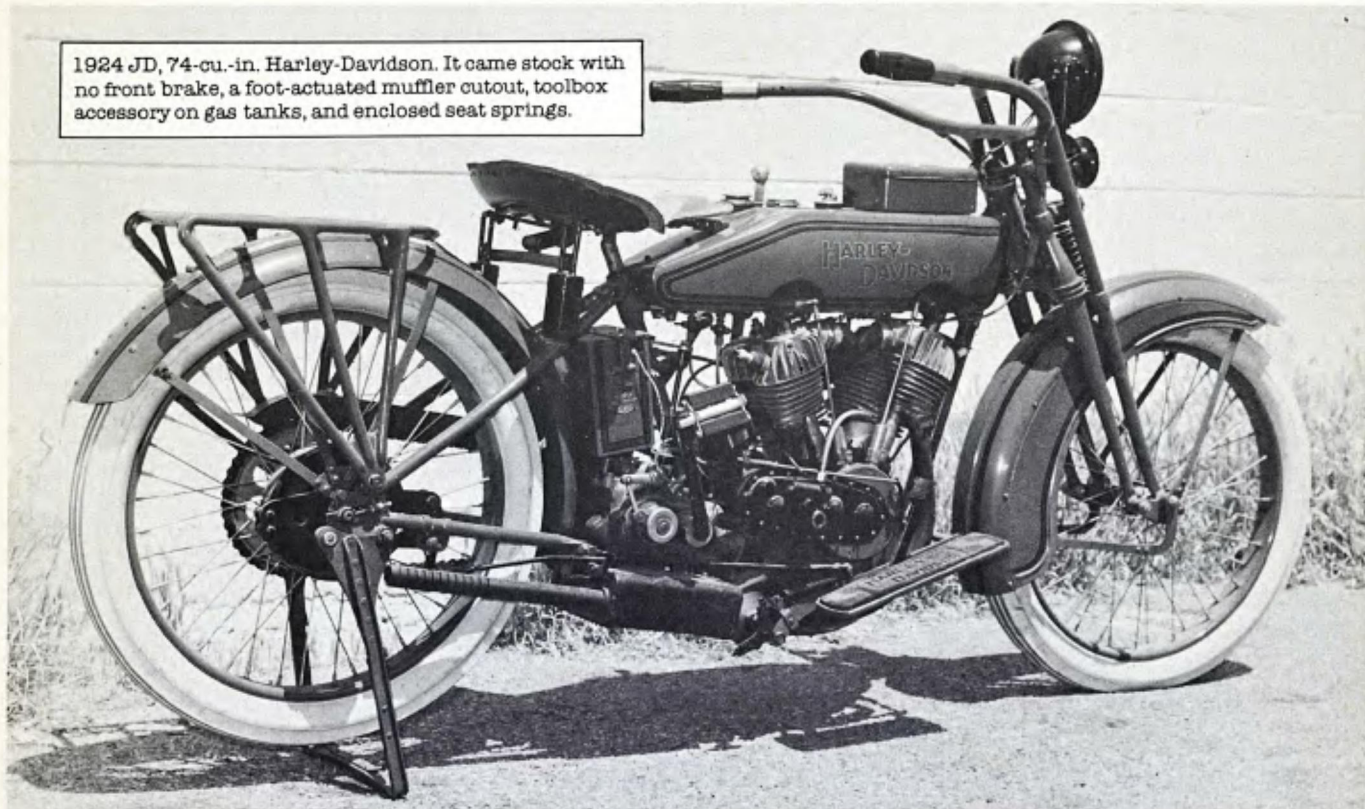


Special thanks to Bud Ekins for the Harleys and to Bob Stark for the Indians.

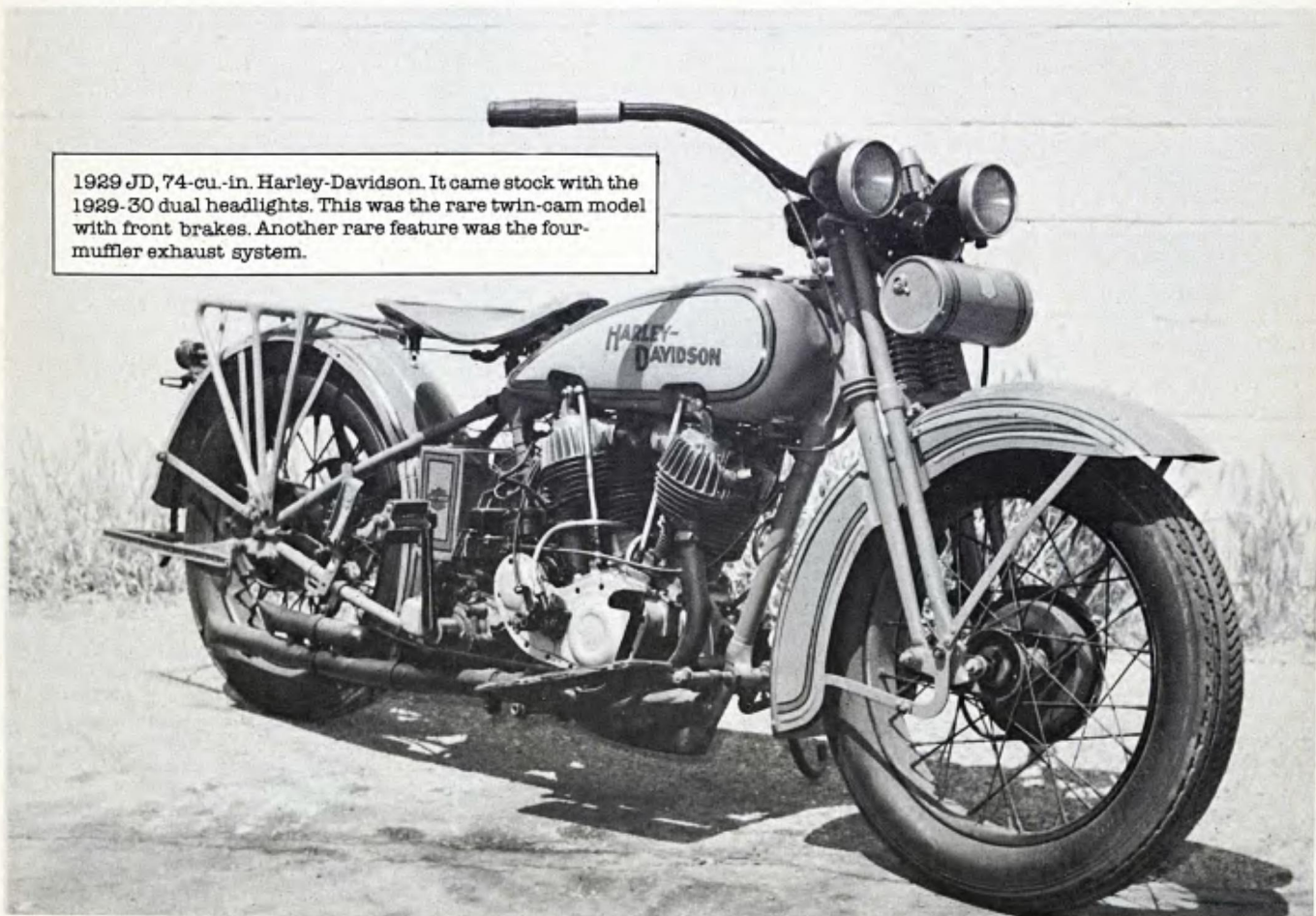
1948 Chief, 74-cu.-in. Indian. Passenger step on the sidecar. This bike has a 1950 telescopic front end, 1940-53 fender tips, 1947-53 front fender, Indian headlight, 1946-53 finned front brake drum, and 1938-53 sidecar with a 1940-53 sidecar fender installed on it. Since some Indians were manufactured for shipment overseas, this one has a kilometer speedometer.



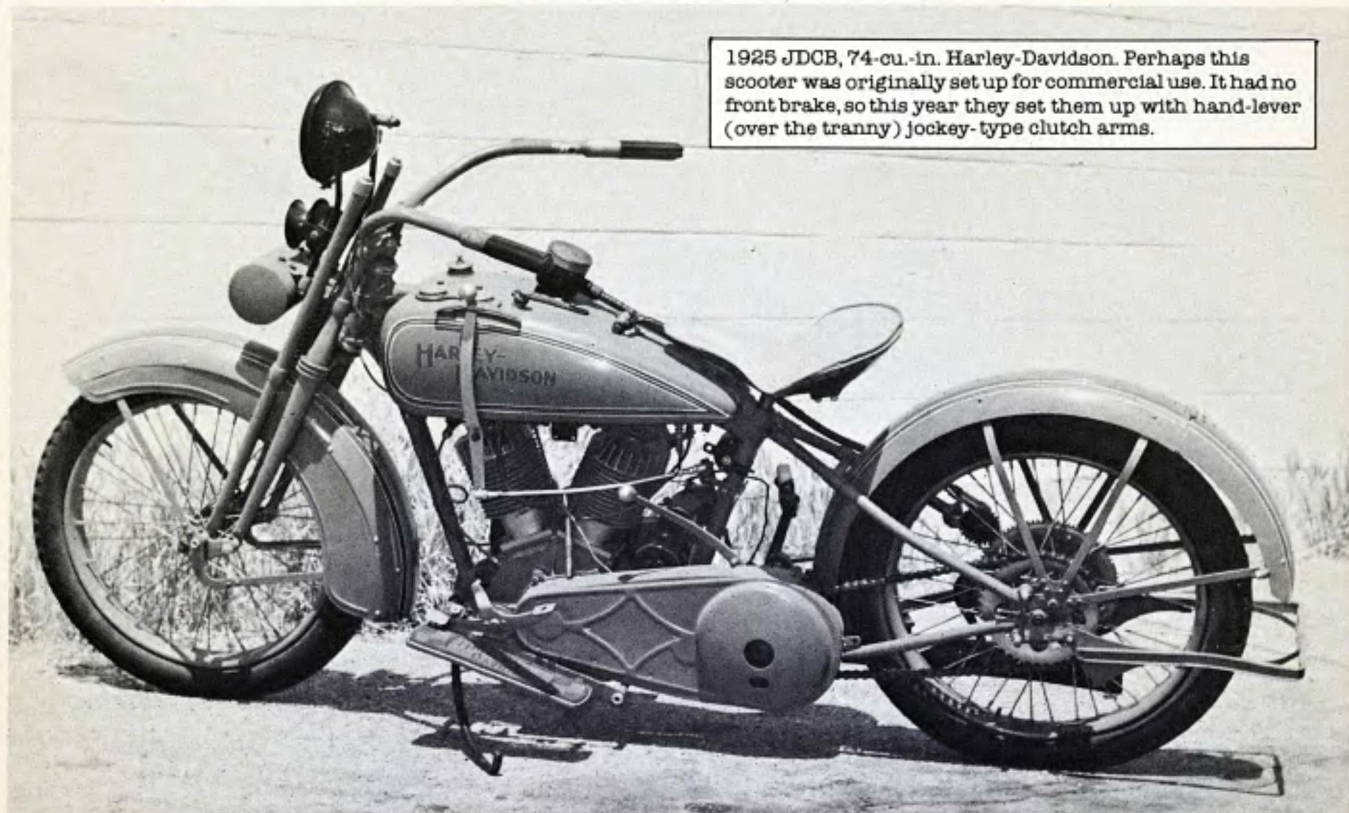
1924 JD, 74-cu.-in. Harley-Davidson. It came stock with no front brake, a foot-actuated muffler cutout, toolbox accessory on gas tanks, and enclosed seat springs.



1929 JD, 74-cu.-in. Harley-Davidson. It came stock with the 1929-30 dual headlights. This was the rare twin-cam model with front brakes. Another rare feature was the four-muffler exhaust system.



1925 JDCB, 74-cu.-in. Harley-Davidson. Perhaps this scooter was originally set up for commercial use. It had no front brake, so this year they set them up with hand-lever (over the tranny) jockey-type clutch arms.



1930 V (first year) 74-cu.-in. Harley-Davidson. This H-D has 1929-30 dual headlights. It was the last year of the round toolbox. Some of these bikes were stamped V and some VL.



1931 VL, 74-cu.-in. Harley-Davidson.
H-D went back to the single headlamp.



Photos by Pete Chiodo



1928 JD, 74-cu.-in. Harley-Davidson. This was the first year of
the front brake. It came stock with the muffler cutout and a
compression release. Some accessories were the speedometer
run off a rear brake ring gear and passenger pegs.

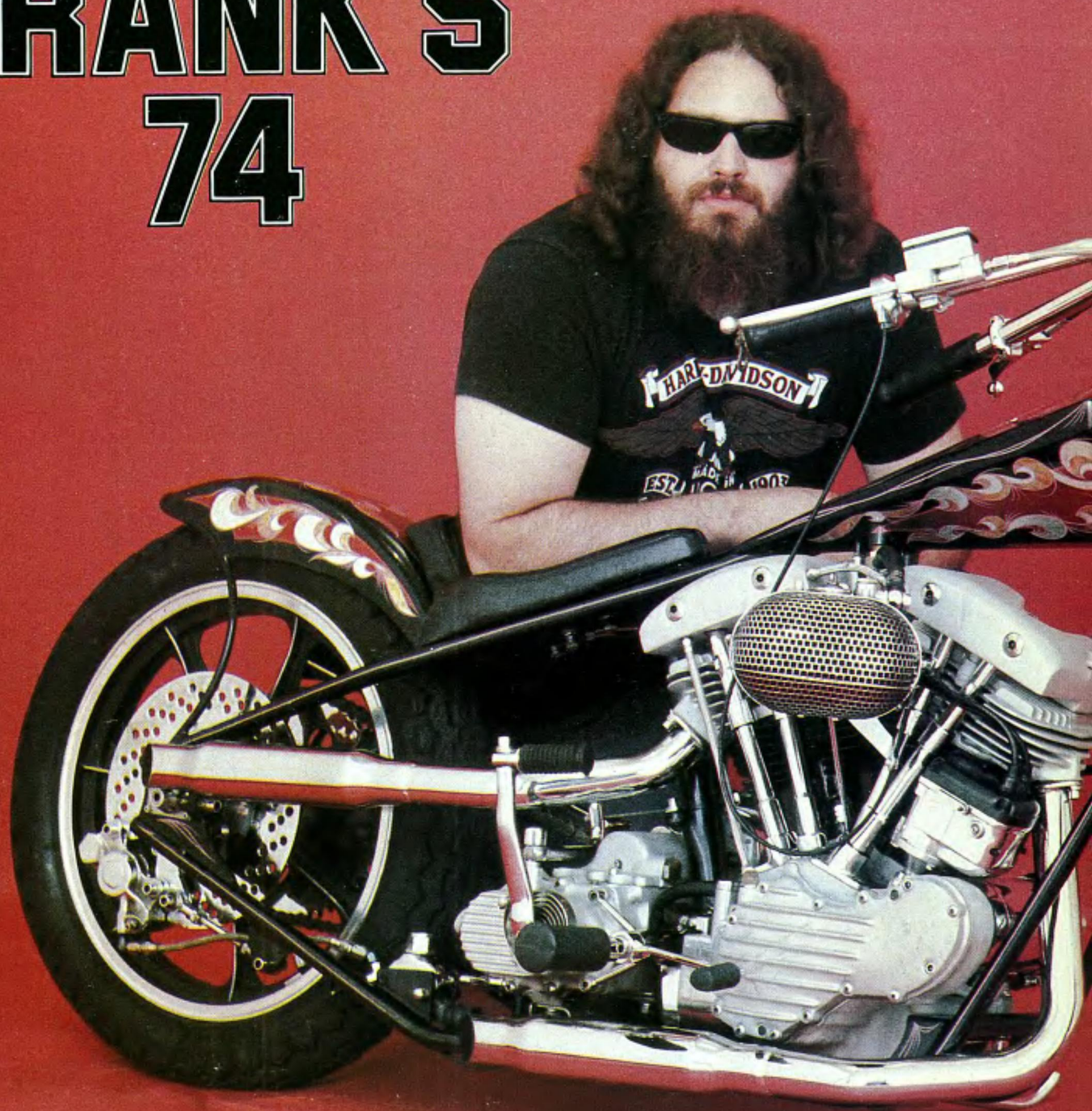


1934 VL, 74-cu.-in. Harley-Davidson. This bike has stock accessory front fender light and accessory stoplight switch. The taillight design on this VL was used in 1934-36.

1951 Chief, 74-cu.-in. Indian. Stock orange with telescopic forks, spring frame, hidden distributor, and fused electrical system. Prior to 1936, all Indians were built with left-hand throttles. From 1936 to 1953, throttle hands were optional.



FRANK'S 74

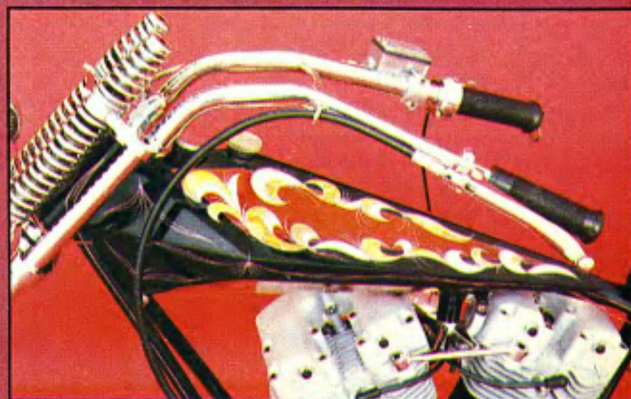


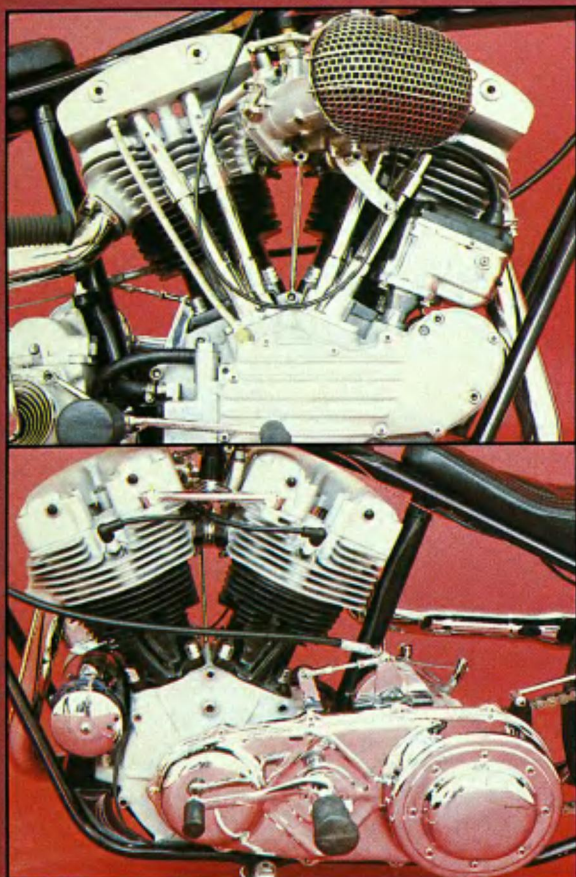
We planned a shovel, a pan, and a knuckle for our 74th issue. The pan—no problem. The knuckle—we ran across a couple that were 61-inches—they were out. We found a good one, though. That left the shovel. We wanted to feature a fancy bastard. So Frank, since he wasn't satisfied with the bit on the staff's bikes a few issues ago, volunteered his.

Our discussion over usin' Frank's bike didn't end with a simple "okay" from every member of the staff. The verbal abuse began with "He can just kiss my ass, too," from

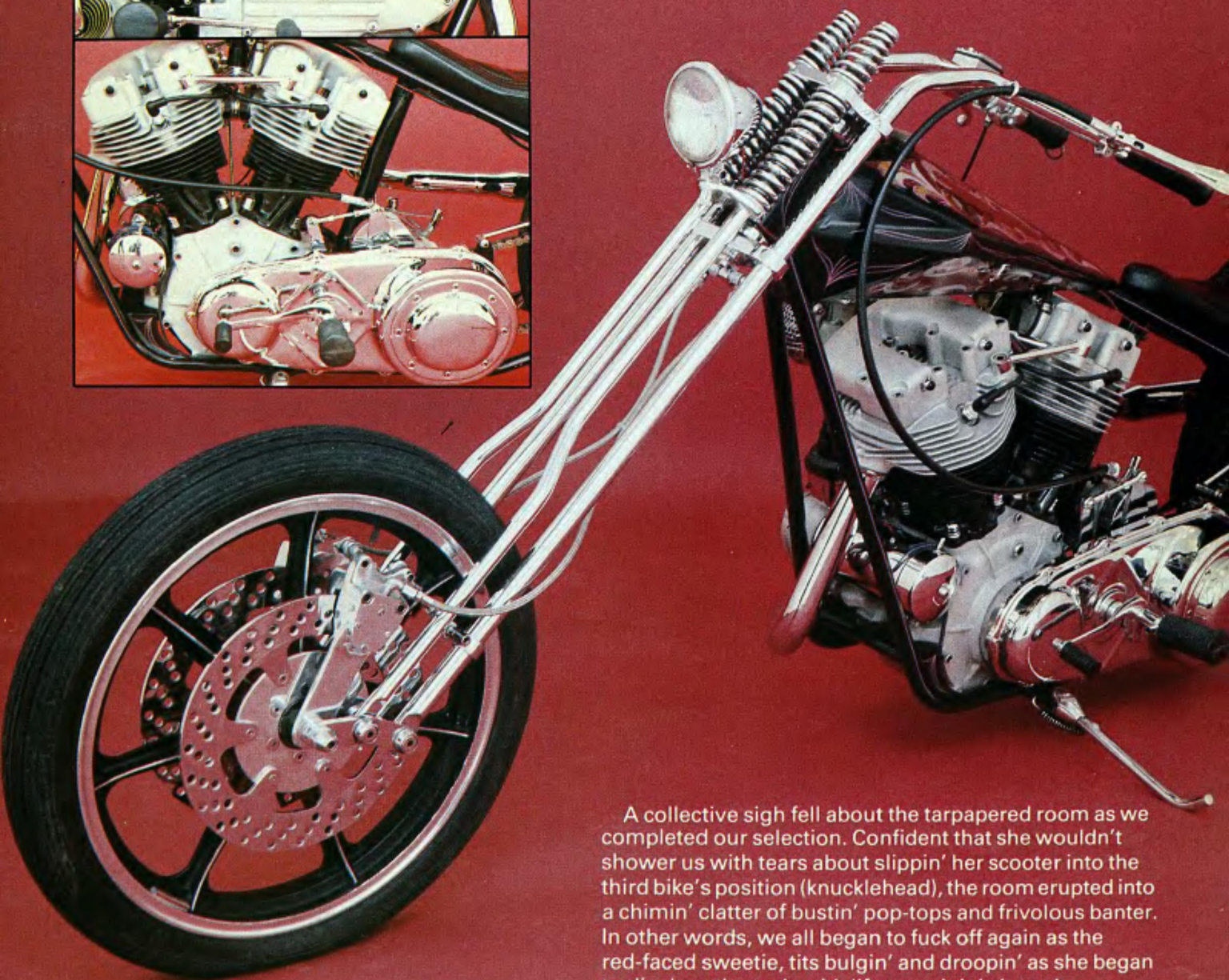
Renegade, who immediately pointed out the fact that Frank's lower end was of the 1950 pan vintage. Snake started snivelin' that his bike ain't ever been in the magazine. Just about the time everyone finished lettin' out all their festered frustrations and relaxed with the company bong, Weed's ol' lady started to cry. Nothin' like a bawlin' (the watery-eyed version) broad to puncture an inflated discussion. She had just got her pieced-together panhead on the road and thought in her little, tear-soaked mind that she, too, deserved a little credit.

**Gotta Admit
We
Cheated**





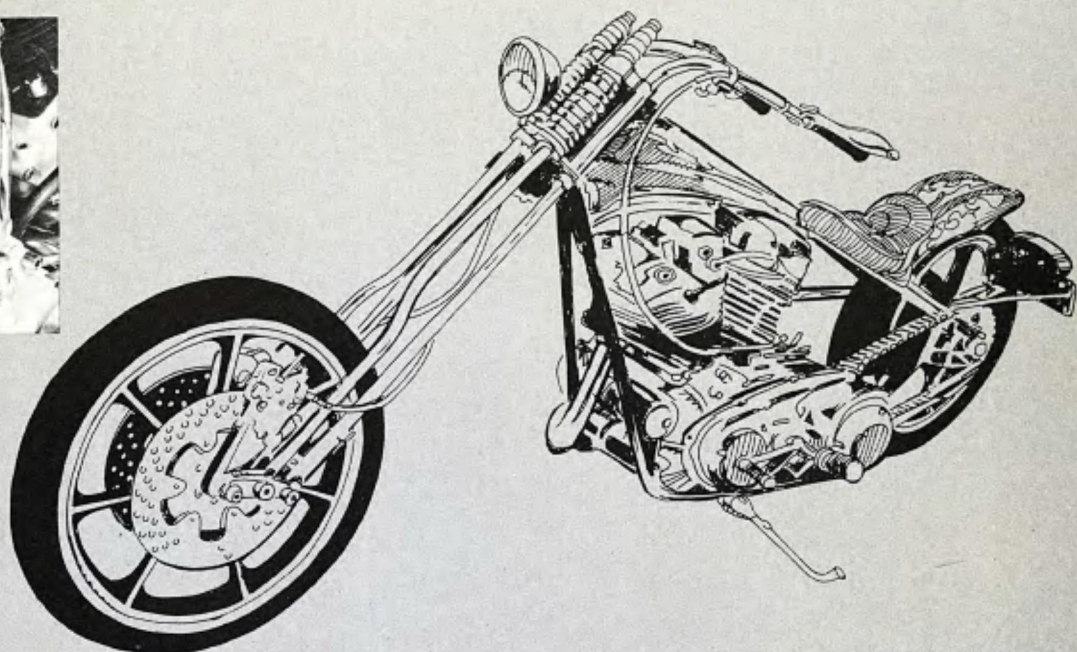
Consequently, and in an orderly, awesome silence, we voted to use Frank's bike. Weed's ol' lady took a hit off the bong someone had just filled with beer, and nearly drowned. Every man in the gloom-filled garage remained straightfaced as the first bike feature in Issue 74 was expeditiously taken care of. Still gaggin', chokin', and blue-faced, Weed's missus knelt on the greasy floor and clutched desperately at her throat. Needless to say, we moved hastily through the seemingly careful selection of a panhead.



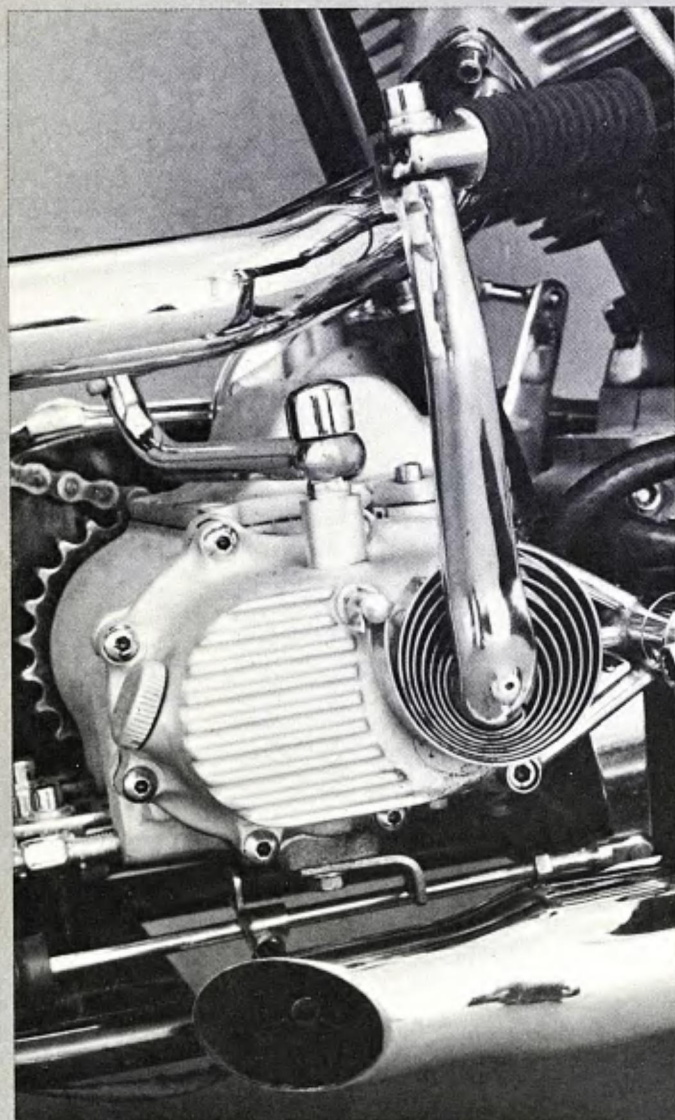
A collective sigh fell about the tarpapered room as we completed our selection. Confident that she wouldn't shower us with tears about slippin' her scooter into the third bike's position (knucklehead), the room erupted into a chimin' clatter of bustin' pop-tops and frivolous banter. In other words, we all began to fuck off again as the red-faced sweetie, tits bulgin' and droopin' as she began to displace the suds with life-sustainin' air again, returned to normal.

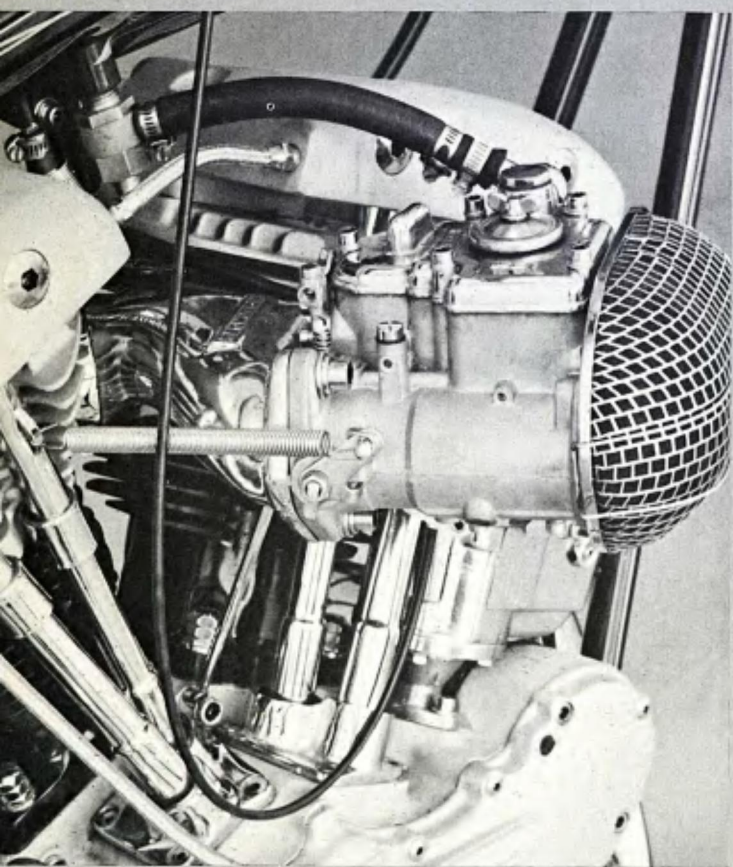
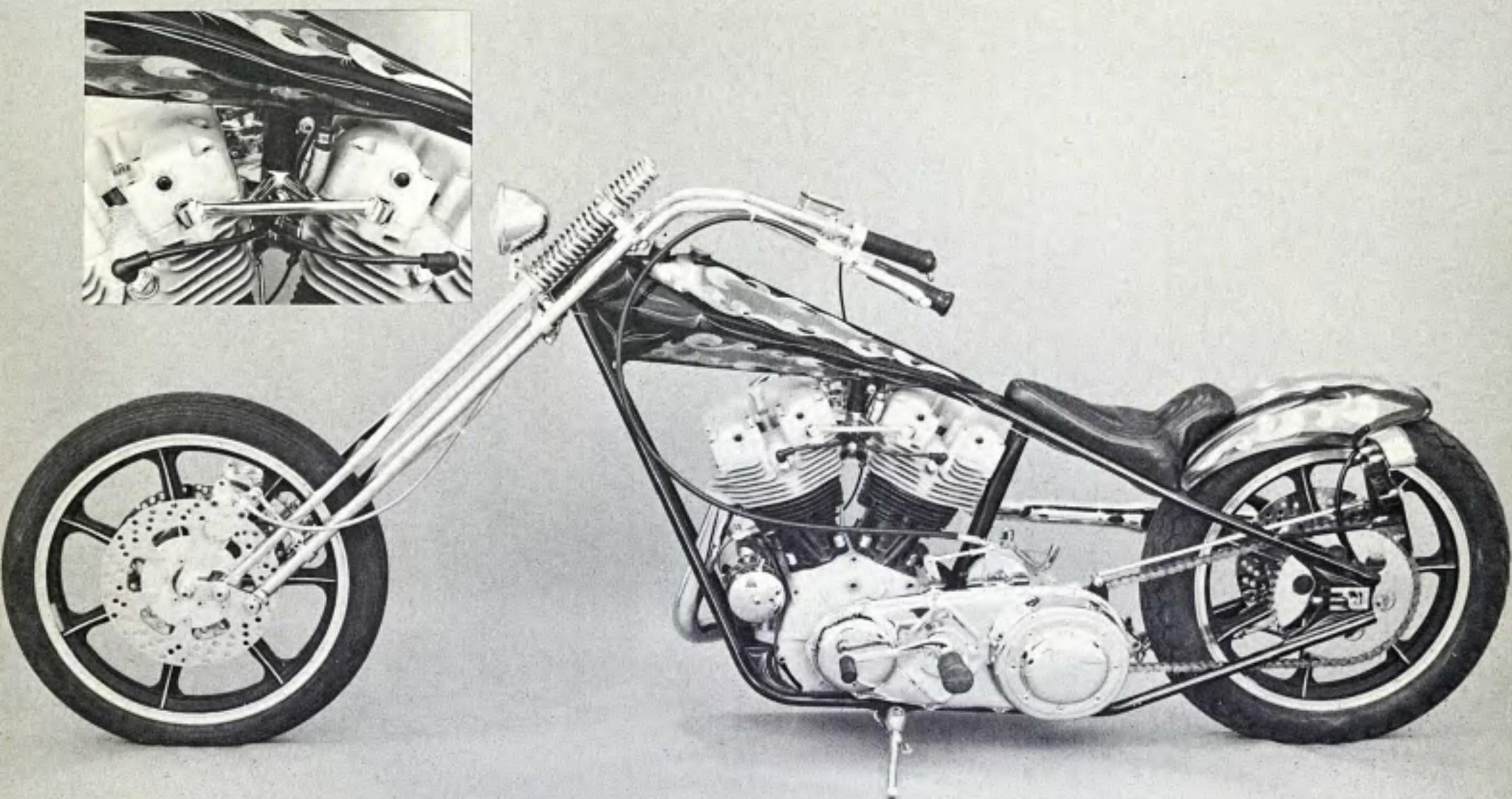
So Frank's bike made it. And he gloats like a shiny new set of golden arches. But Frank (recently from the East Coast) is a good muthafucker, or he wouldn't be on this staff.

—Bandit



Photos by Pete Chiodo





Owners: Frank Kaisler

City: Los Angeles, Maryland

General

Frame

Fabrication by: owner,

Year: 1974

Year and make: 1947 big twin

Builder: Arlen Ness

Model: FL

Type: rigid

Value: best offer

Rake: a little

Assembly: owner

Stretch: yeah

Time: seemed like forever

Other alterations: attached fender

Chroming by: Standard/Jammer

Accessories

Engine

Bars: owner/Arlen's

Year: 1947

Risers: none

Model: FL

Fender(s): owner/Arlen's

Rebuilder: owner

Headlight: Cycle Fab.

Ignition: magneto

Taillight: Jammer

Displacement: 74 cu.in.

Speedo: none

Lower end: smooth

Front pegs: H-D

Balancing: A.Lowe

Rear pegs: none

Pistons: T.R.W. forged

Electrics: solid state reg.

Cases: panhead

Gas tank: Bob Monroe

Heads: opened-up shovel

Oil tank: in frame

Cam: FL lightened

Oil system: oil runs through frame

Lifters: solid

Primary cover: Routts

Carb(s): Weber

Seat: Wes Brown/Arlen's

Air cleaner: Magnuson

Sissy bar: none

Pipes: owner/Flip

Height: fender straps

Muffler(s): burned out

Material: 3/8 in. round

Transmission

Forks

Modifications: Andrews/late model

Type: springer

Year: 1950

Extension: 8 inches

Shifting: foot

Builder: Arlen Ness

Engine sprocket: 23

Special features: strong

Trans sprocket: 24

Wheels

Wheel sprocket: 50

Front:

Rear:

Size: 19 in.

Size: 18 in.

Hub: Morris

Hub: Morris

Rim width: WM1

Rim width: WM2

Tire: Avon

Tire: Jap

Brake: dbl disc

Brake: single disc

Painting

Molding: Flip

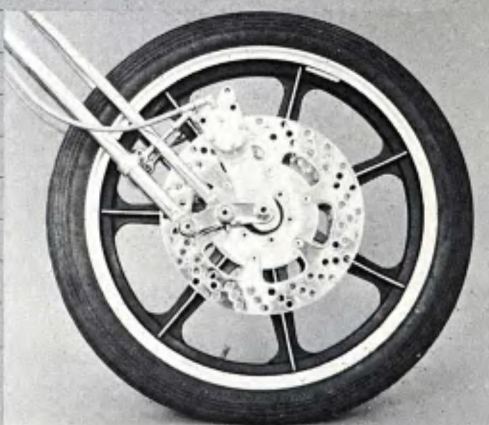
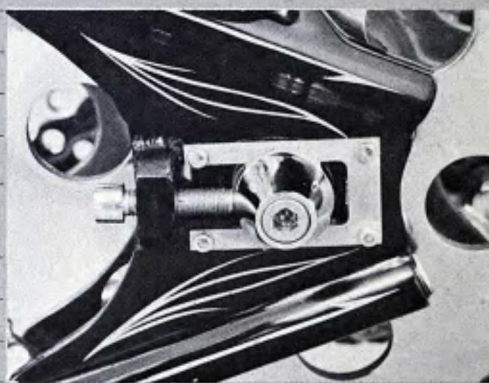
Painter: Flip/Neil

Color: black

Type: lacquer

Special paint: silver & gold leaf

Special thanks: Bill Baines, Mike Nobile, Flip, Neil, Mr. Bird, Arno, Gene, Wes Brown, Arlen, Dick, Barney, Mil, Paul, Andy.



Only a 74

by J. J. Solari



Dear Doris:

I'm in Bakersfield now. The furniture's moved in, and you and the kids can get a Greyhound and come out anytime. You're probably sitting there waiting for a phone call instead of this letter, but the phone hasn't been connected. I suppose I could go out and hunt one up, but I just can't be bothered right now. I've had a rough trip, we don't have a car anymore, and I've been smoking a lot of dope. And I don't even smoke dope.

There's this thing called the Ridge Route, Doris. It's about an eighty-mile upgrade that starts just outside Los Angeles, and ends either in death or in Bakersfield. Well, I know I'm in Bakersfield because every ten minutes the whole city changes its smell. That's not really important; but the point is, I didn't wind up in death. Why, I don't know. It kept coming by and sticking out its tongue and wincing up its face and putting its thumbs in its ears and going yugga-yugga hello, often enough.

You see, the car blew up just outside San Fernando. That's where the Ridge Route starts. This made me pretty depressed, and the more I looked at that U-Haul trailer full of furniture, the more depressed I got. It was cold and night was just coming on. I have just about enough mechanical ability to put water in whatever that thing in the front of the car that the water goes in is, and, well, things kind of added up to where I more or less lost my mind for a while. I must have collapsed because the next thing I remember there was this extremely ugly, dirty man and his wild-woman girlfriend kneeling next to me, my cheeks and sprinkling moisture on my face. The moisture, Doris, was coming from between the woman's legs. She was squatting with her pants down, and reaching underneath herself like a... oh, I don't know... a chimpanzee, perhaps... collecting small trickles into her palm, and then flicking them upward onto my face. When I started to come to and realized what was landing on me, I began to spit violently because there was all this urine in my mouth. The man gestured to the female to "Hold off, now, I think he's comin' around." I sure didn't feel like I was coming around, but in his opinion I was "gettin' color," as he put it. I was probably turning green, and since that was the color he was, I suppose he was filled with optimism.

What these two things were, Doris, were two hardcore motorcycle people. Not the kind in the TV ads, Doris, but the kind on the cover of that horrible magazine we've been seeing more and more of lately. The ones that wear the devils, and skulls, and boots, and clothes with entire sections completely cut out of them on purpose. The human oil slicks, Doris—I woke up to two of those. Anyway, he lifts me to my feet and says, "We seen you collapse here by the trailer. You fuckin' need a smoke?"

Well, I did need a smoke, and the next thing I knew there was this round piece of wood, like a duck call, being shoved in my mouth, and he says, "You take a deep breathing suck on that, my friend. You'll feel like your troubles is somebody else's in just a second." Well, hell, I needed to breathe, that's for sure, and if I had to go through that dowel to do it, it was sure better than suffocating to death.

Well, I guessed wrong on that one,

because a minute later I had the distinct impression that the passing trucks were now taking a detour right through my face. The whole world sounded like one big semi, and I dove to the ground and put my arms over my head. A moment later I felt myself being pulled to my feet by the back of my coat.

"Just like bein' inside a locomotive, ain't it?" the crazyman said. I didn't know what to answer. I didn't believe I'd actually heard the question, there was so much noise in my head. "Give 'im a beer," he then said to his woman. I grabbed the thing and drank it down like water, and gradually felt myself start coming back together. When my vision began to clear I could see better that what I was dealing with were probably the two dirtiest human beings on the whole earth. I mean, they were just plain filthy. And that was nothing. You should have seen the motorcycle they were riding.

If he had been getting mad at the way I was staring at him, his scowl brightened to a big brown smile of joy when he saw me staring at his bike.

"Like 'er?" he said, as though he was actually proud of the damn thing. "That's my sweetheart 74. Best, most wonderful goddam motorcycle in the whole wide world. You've just made a fuckin' friend for life outa me, givin' my baby the ol' big-eye like you just done. Wanna go for a spin?" I didn't even want to go for a closer look, much less a ride. It was the most repulsive-looking piece of machinery I'd ever seen, Doris. It looked like it had been built by divers submerged in sheepshit, then packed in more sheepshit and left in the sun to age for twenty years—and finally handed over to this guy to grubby it up a little. And he'd done it, too. If you'd a leaned it against a dirtpile and then stood back fifteen feet, it woulda disappeared. The thing was an out-and-out raggy mess. The middle of it actually seemed to sag. If there was any metal at all underneath all the loose strands of cloth and cakes of adobe, there was no sign of it. If you'd held it up to the beacon of a freight train, it would have reflected no light whatsoever. It looked like a kind of second-rate mud sculpture. And it was his baby. And Mothra was its mother. It was just a mess.

"It's sure a nice one," I told him.

He instructed the female to bring me another beer, which I drank immediately, and then he ambled over to the front of the car and lifted the hood. He didn't undo the latch, or anything, he just lifted the hood. When the pieces that held it closed landed at his feet, he belched and scratched at his stomach and then leaned into the car's guts and remained hidden in there for a while, one arm raised up out of the thing like a stick, holding up the hood. Then he reappeared and slammed the hood closed and said, "Well, you run outa oil, an' you run outa water, you run outa transmission fluid, an' the brakes is bone dry. You wanna drain the gas tank too, we'll just set the thing on fire right 'cheer. Might as well get some use outa it—I got some hotdogs on my scooter."

So that's the first part, Doris. The car was destroyed. He said it would take something like a nuclear torch to ever get the engine unstuck again.

Well, I just went to pieces all over again, despite all the beer and whatever it was that

was in that duck call. The two of them came over and propped me up again and said that I was taking the whole thing a little too hard. "You can still get a boner, can't ya?" he said to me. "You ain't got the piles, have ya? You ain't got third stage syphilis, have ya?" He brought a few more things to my attention that were supposed to make me forget the car was ruined; and I just finally sighed and thanked him and said that I'd get out of this mess somehow, and that I appreciated his stopping. He wouldn't hear none of it. "You gave my sweet 74 the big-eye, an' any man that does that becomes my fuckin' pal. An' pals help each other." I looked over again at his 74. I didn't know what a 74 was, but I assumed it was the bike's age in centuries. I looked back at him and thanked him again and told him everything was fine and I'd manage. He put the duck call up to my mouth again and told me to breathe deeply. Since my nose was stuffed up from my emotional state, and since I was once again suffocating, I didn't have much choice. After one or two semis swerved off the road, drove through my face, and continued on up the highway, I said, "All right. For some reason, I don't really care if you help me or not, anymore." He said, "That's the spirit," and ambled over to the U-Haul and examined the contents. He seemed very pleased that there weren't any refrigerators or stoves or washers or dryers in it.

"You're just packin' tables an' lamps an' beds an' chairs, an' shit. That's real good. That's real good," he said, nodding his head at the crated stuff. I told him I didn't know what was "real good" about it, since the thing that was pulling it could no longer even travel over a cliff at any rate of speed. He then pointed at himself and said, "I'm haulin' it for ya. My baby'll tug that load like it was a balloon." I pointed over at the bike in disbelief and said, "Thaaat?" Just as I was pointing, a truck roared past, and the mechanical dirt clod swayed back and forth in the wind, listed 'way off center, and fell over sideways.

"No problem," he said. "She'll do it or die tryin'." I pointed at the rusty carcass and said she had already died just trying to stand up.

"She's just nappin'," he said, walking over to it and lifting it back to its wheels with one hand. Half of it was still scattered on the ground.

"It's already started to decompose," I said, looking at the debris.

"No problem" was all he said.

He then put his hands on his hips and stared at the U-haul. "The way I see it," he said, after a long, silent examination, "we dump that fuckin' trailer an' the weight should be just about right."

"That 'fuckin' trailer' is the only part of this whole assembly that's halfway operating," I said, "and you want to dump it. I don't even own it."

"So much the better," he said. "It won't have no sentiment attached to it." I told him it still had a fifty-dollar deposit attached to it, not to mention all the information on my driver's license at the gas station I got it from. But he just uttered a crude, obscene version of "tut-tut," or something, and instructed his woman to get on the mudpie and ride to a highway phone and give the location of the trailer for

—Continued on page 105

Freedom Ride

On Discriminating Establishments

How many of you bros have seen one of these signs hanging in front of your local pub, cafe, or greasy spoon, or have been told by some shabby roadside motel owner that "Because you're one of that kind (of what?) you can't eat or sleep here"? We've all been there before and still those signs exist. As soon as one sign crops up, other businesses, thinking that they can get away with it, establish the same policies. They don't remember the business exec who started a brawl the week before or the local bowling league whose rowdy party nearly demolished everything in sight. But they do recollect "that dirty biker" over ten years ago who, after receiving endless verbal abuse from one of the local regulars, defended his honor and punched out "poor old Ernie, the nicest guy in town." Yeah, and since "that dirty biker" started the trouble, as the management sees it, all bikers (and only bikers) are troublemakers and should be kept out in the future. Well, this year we in the state of Connecticut saw a rash of these signs appear on many of the public accommodations in the surrounding area and here is what we did about it.

It was the last two weeks of August when six hard-ridin' bros put together "Freedom Ride 78," their answer to these signs; but only after many exhausting and vain attempts to find a Connecticut state agency that was sympathetic to their problem. While phones continuously buzzed all over the state, flyers were printed, bike shops were contacted, a meeting place was negotiated, routes were set up, and the plan of attack was coordinated and focused on one of the first cafes to post the sign. The date was uncertain until the town of South Windsor set the date for their annual country fair. We felt the coordination of these events would split the law enforcement's capabilities by a considerable margin. We also drew up an alternative plan so that



if all else failed, the rally would end up at the fair. (We heard that alcohol would be served on town property, a violation of their town ordinances.) By the way, our prime target was kept under wraps until the last moment. At that time there were twenty-six establishments posting such signs, so we knew that any place who had been unfair to bikers recently would be nervously wondering whether or not they were our objective. Skeptical local news media—TV, radio, and newspapers—were also informed of our peaceful demonstration against unpopular policies; but only one paper showed up attempting to get the real story. The Manchester police were notified twenty-four hours before the rally was to occur and were told only that we were meeting in their town, going directly to the town line, and traveling into a neighboring community. They were also told



that we had set up our own security force, identifiable by a red, white, and blue armband.

At exactly 7:30 p.m. on Saturday, September 9, 1978, a cavalcade of between 300 and 400 motorcycles of all sizes set out to a cafe (destination still unknown to many) that denied them their constitutional rights under the First Amendment. They had been instructed to remain peaceful (our main objective was just to take up every parking space, thus tying up his business) and to obey all state laws. Emphasis was put on the remaining peaceful and they were told that as long as they remained orderly, they had the right to "peaceably protest unpopular policies." They were also asked to let the spokesmen of the group do the talking in order to avoid unnecessary confusion. Our security was instructed to spread out the bikes as much as

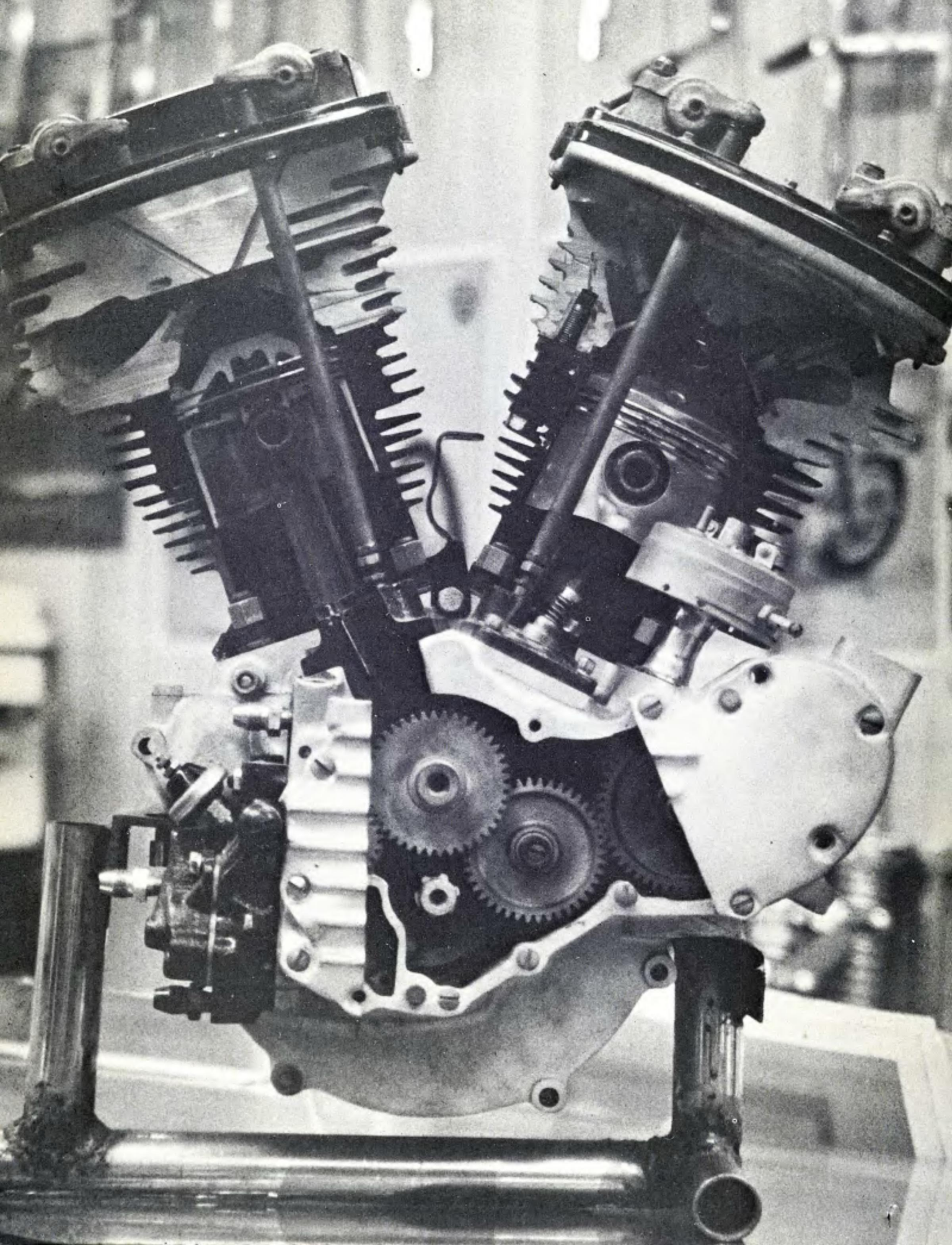
possible to give the appearance of twice as many bikes as we really had. It was really something—nothing but headlights as far as you could see. Some of our people dressed "straight" so we could send them ahead into the cafe to observe the management. They said that they could hear the rumble about five minutes before we got there. As soon as the management heard this, they locked and barred the door; and for nearly an hour they refused to let anyone (even the police) in or out of the building.

At about 9:00 p.m. they agreed to negotiations inside the bar between themselves and three spokesmen for the bikers. For nearly two hours talks were arbitrated by Sgt. Giulini of South Windsor police, who was very instrumental in the outcome of the meeting. By 11:15 p.m. a tentative settlement was agreed upon in which bikes could be parked in any space in the lot, leather jackets would be admitted once again, and the general harassment of bikers would be curtailed. The policy of no club colors, no spiked wristbands, and no Buck knives would continue. We, at this point, considered "Freedom Ride 78" a victory over discrimination against bikers' rights. (The agreement was finalized the following Monday at the cafe attorney's office.)

To sum up this whole rally, we'll quote part of Sgt. Giulini's police report of 9/9/78: "the demonstrators were orderly and . . . all problems were quickly . . . corrected by their fellow protesters." After thanking one of our bros for jump-starting a police cruiser that had a dead battery (in the excitement the officer had left his lights on all evening), they commended us on our overall organization and our ability to express our point sensibly. They also admitted that they had learned a little more about our problems; and they seemed to be more sympathetic to our cause. Despite the fact that everything went so smoothly and without incident, some of the local news media either inaccurately reported the outcome, sensationalized and misled readers, or refused to cover our *peaceful* demonstration at all. In addition, a valiant attempt to discredit one of the rally's organizers and the whole intention of the rally was initiated by one of the local police departments (not South Windsor's), and was capitalized on by a certain local paper. But, the fact still remains that the sign saying "No motorcycles allowed" no longer stands in that certain cafe in South Windsor. A thanks to all the brothers and sisters who participated, and a special thanks to the South Windsor Police Department and Andrew Liddell of the *Willimantic Chronicle* for their cooperation. Without them this victory would not have been possible.

In the week that followed, reports came in that 75% of the other businesses who had posted these signs had taken them down. But we will not rest until they are all down. At this very moment plans are being made for our next step in the fight on discrimination against bikers. And we will always remain *free and equal*.

—Rev. Kaiser and
Merv the Perv



SPLIT 74

All The Mysteries Revealed

Bouncing around the country scrounging old H-D stuff for Spider, I tend to run into all kinds of weird shit the factory did a detailed job of producing years ago. Now, being sure what Spider wants or doesn't already have is enough to warp anybody's mind. So I try to check out every stash lead I can—that is, besides going to all the swap meets and intimidating any old friends who are collectors, too. Anyhow, recently, while back east, I ran across the modified panhead engine you see here.

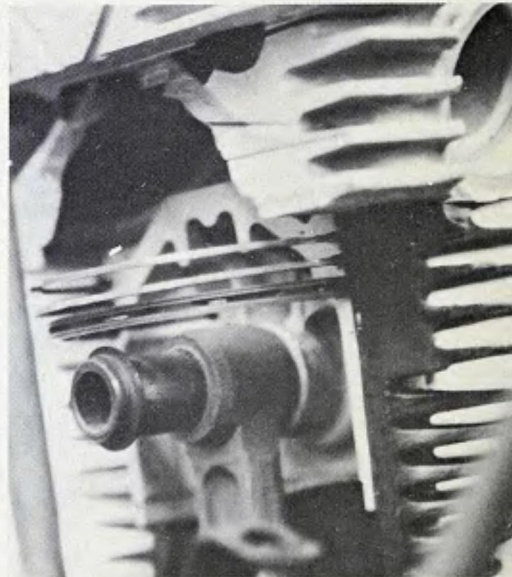
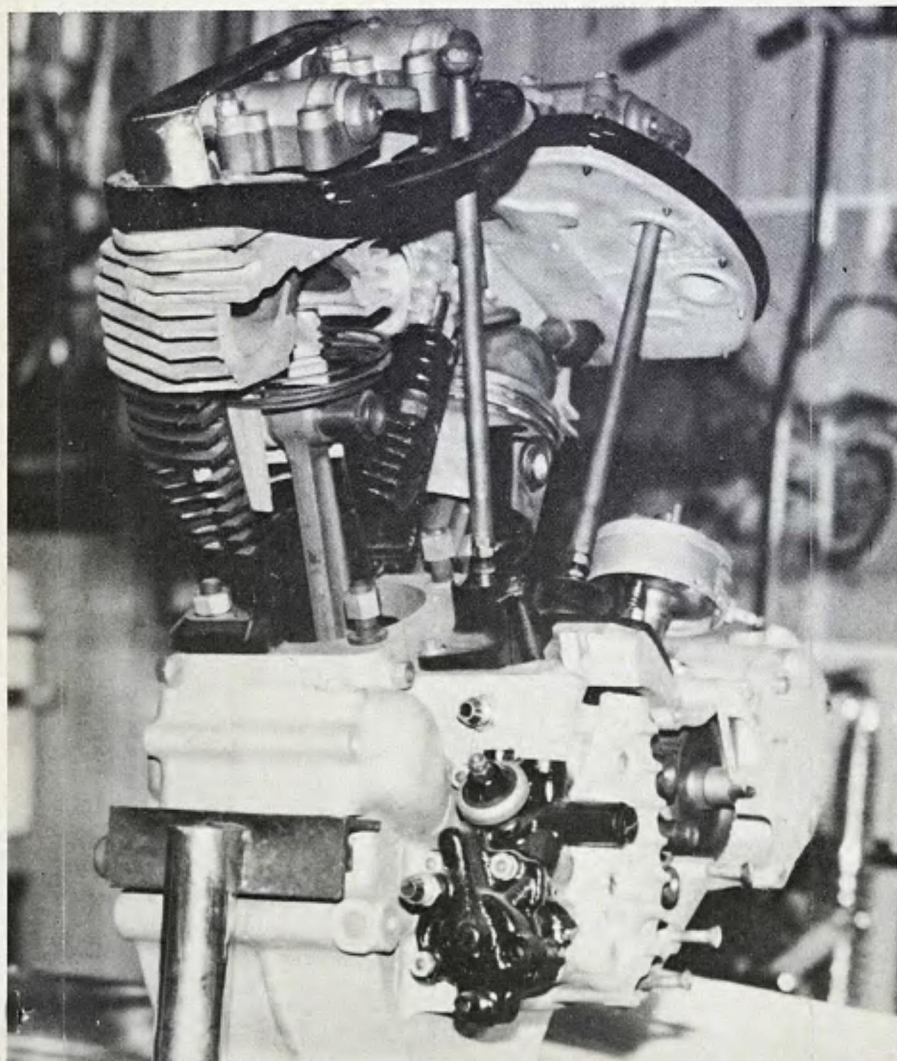
Now, you understand, this isn't

one of those factory-lightened racing engines that set a world speed record for being the fastest around the boards. But plenty of these reliable mills still hold records for being the fastest barhoppers in many areas around the country. Some enterprising bro decided he would like to have a panhead engine, which would show off all the mechanical mysteries that make the big twin so dependable, holding down a counter at his shop. Well, I found this dissected V-twin on the parts counter of Bill's Custom Cycle in Berwick, Pa. A friend of Bill's had

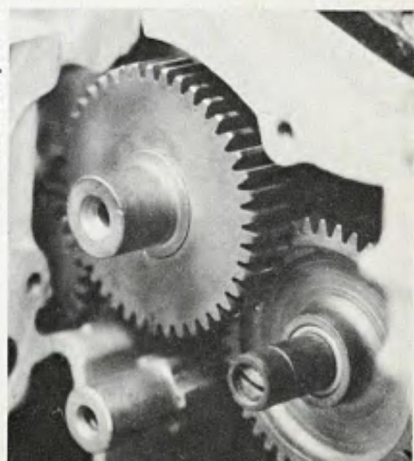
begun picking up busted parts around the shops. He'd hit any shop that would allow access to their scrap parts bin. Then he disappeared and eventually, fitted cut, filed, sanded, glass-beaded, and painted all those parts until he formed the mock, working mill you see here. Finally he returned the mill to grace the counter at Bill's shop.

Most of the collectors around here would build a fireplace just so that a collection of all old worn-out parts could grace the mantle.

— Frank



Photos by Frank



Harley Huntin'

by
Michael Zimmer

Saturday really began on Thursday when I asked Kraut if he knew where I could find an old Harley sitting in somebody's barn. Kraut's maybe fifty-five years old and never owned a bike in his life; but, as was the case with a lot of the locals around this part of the country, he was a walking historian of the last thirty years. He knew most of the people and a lot more, like who married John Scum's daughter after she dear-Johned her boyfriend in Korea and who traded old Elmer White's span of mules for an army surplus jeep minus the rear end. I figured it wasn't a half bad bet he'd know where there was a bike quietly rusting away under a load of chicken crap. As it turned out, he knew where there were three. Bingo!

"Honest Jackson, they call him," Kraut said in a voice thick with sauerkraut and sausage. "Only I wouldn't call him that to his face. His is the last house on the old spring road right before you get to the river. It's a 1948 and I ain't seen him ride it since 1958. He's still got it, but I doubt if he'll part with it."

"The second one lives in Minard. Johnny Byers. He had an ad in the paper maybe ten, fifteen years ago but couldn't get rid of it. For a while it just sat in a shed, covered with an old tarp. Sharp bike, too. Yellow and red with silver-studded, leather saddlebags. I'd say it would be a late fifties or early sixties. I don't know which house he lives in but they say it's right across from the post office. Should be easy enough to find it."

"The last is probably going to be your best bet. Guy's name is Sanders or Sonders and he lives in Bishop, right on the river. Used to have a Triumph shop but Harley was his baby. They say he's got a dozen old bikes sitting in a converted barn and enough parts to fill the loft."

"That's all I can tell you about him."

That's all I can tell you about any of them. The last guy I saw was Jackson and that's been two or three years ago, so I wouldn't get your hopes up too much."

"What the hell," I said. "It's a start." Lord only knows I'd started on a lot less.

I got off work Saturday at noon and by 12:30 I was at the Falcon's house, picking up him and his twelve-year-old brother, Chip. We all crowded up in the cab of my '57 Ford pick 'em up and Falcon rolled a joint and lit up. We smoked that one and another before we reached the old spring road. I drove right to Honest Jackson's place without any trouble at all.

"Garage door's open," Falcon said.

I nodded and stepped out. It was a raw, blustery day and it was clouding up in the southwest. I buttoned the heavy coat I was wearing and stepped into the garage.

"Hello," I called, "anybody around?"

There was movement back in one dark corner and a head poked up over some boxes. "Lo. What can I do for you?"

I gave him my name and stepped farther into the garage. "Kraut Smith gave me your name. Said you had an old Harley you might want to sell."

He grinned and shook his head. "No. I've got a Harley but I don't want to sell it."

"Don't? Sure?"

"Yeah. Me'n that old hunk go back a ways. I wouldn't part with her for any price."

As a general rule, I would've stuck around and tried to get him to change his mind, but I could see he meant what he said so I didn't even try. I just said my goodbyes and went back to my truck. Back on the road again, I put one of Steppenwolf's early albums into the tape deck and turned it up loud to balance the heater, which was going full blast.

"Where to now?" Falcon asked.

"Bishop. If what I hear is right we may both find a bike."

"I can go maybe four hundred," Falcon frowned. "I don't know what I'll be able to find for that."

"Always a chance," I shrugged. What the hell—I only had six hundred in my Harley fund. We reached Bishop at about two that afternoon and drove directly to the river. "Damn," I swore softly.

Falcon looked at me. "You saw what I saw?"

I nodded and Chip said, "What?"

"That trailer we passed coming into town," Falcon said. "Saw six or eight bikes parked outside, and several were choppers."

"Club in the next town upriver, ain't there?" I asked.

"Yeah. Renegades, I think."

I'd forgotten about the Renegades. Suddenly our chances of finding a bike in this town were cut in half—but we had to keep trying. We stopped at a gas station and asked about Sanders or Sonders. The attendant had heard of neither.

"Used to have a Harley shop," Falcon prodded.

"Lots of Harleys around," the attendant said, "town cop rides a Harley. Why don't you ask him?"

The town cop was parked in the local used car lot and at first I didn't even think he was going to speak to us. Finally he opened up a little and said, "Don't know him but there's supposed to be a guy maybe eight, ten miles up the road who's got some old bikes. Might try there."

Eight or ten miles the cop had said, so when the odometer reached nine I swung off at the first house I came to. Nobody home. We drove on for another quarter mile and spotted a trailer off to the left. I pulled in and

Illustration by Duffy Duggan

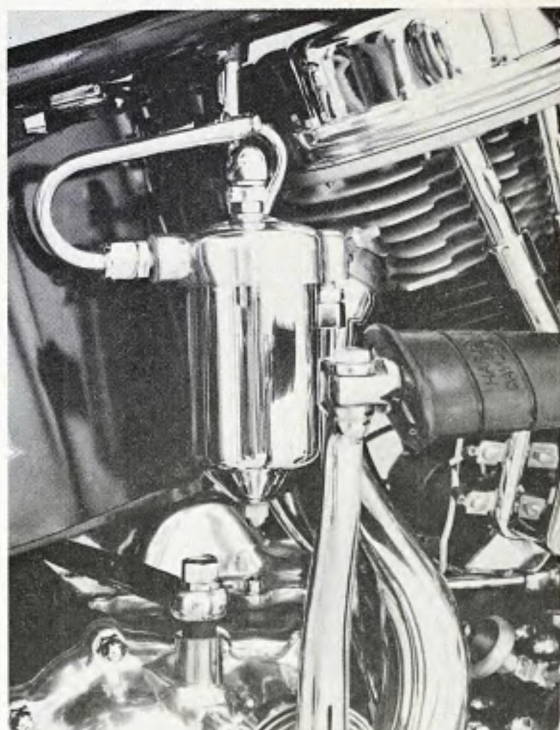
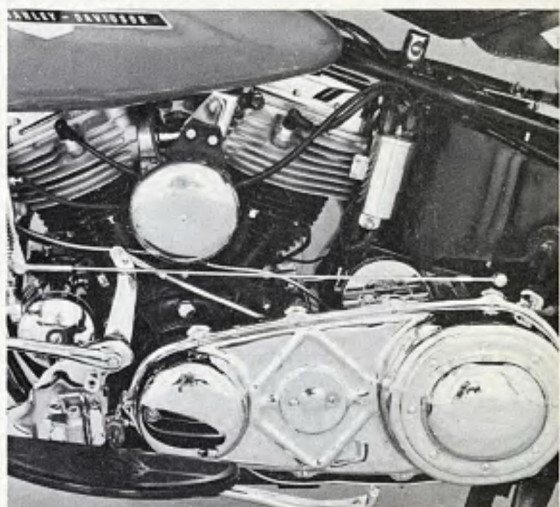
—Continued on page 97





Why This?

***The Bro Built This 74
To Look Like It Used To***



And three years ago, Bob rode this pan off a cliff at the Kern River. He didn't have any reason for that balls-out maneuver, either. At least the man had his timing right.

A lot of bros build pretty custom bikes right outta the chute. They don't wait to see if the original form was more comfortable, handled better—whatever. Many scooter builders purchase the raw material, truck it home, and tear it to hell. Six months later, they reassemble it, completely transformed into some unique, new creation. Nothin' wrong with that. I've done it a couple of times, myself. But sometimes it's not a bad idea to putt around on that fat garbage wagon for a while, dump it a couple of times, maybe run it off a cliff like Bob did his pan. Basically, rip it to pieces and find out what's good and bad before it becomes pretty and fragile.

Before Bob destroyed the scooter in '76, he had painted it with primer and had just managed to bring it up to running when it sailed out across the Kern River. No great loss—he didn't destroy five hundred bucks' worth of chrome, a thousand in fancy accessories, or a three-hundred-buck paint job. He only wasted a rusted exhaust system, an already tweaked pair of handlebars, a couple of heavily-dinged fenders, two leaky gas tanks, a pitted dash, a cracked oil bag, and a well-scraped primary.

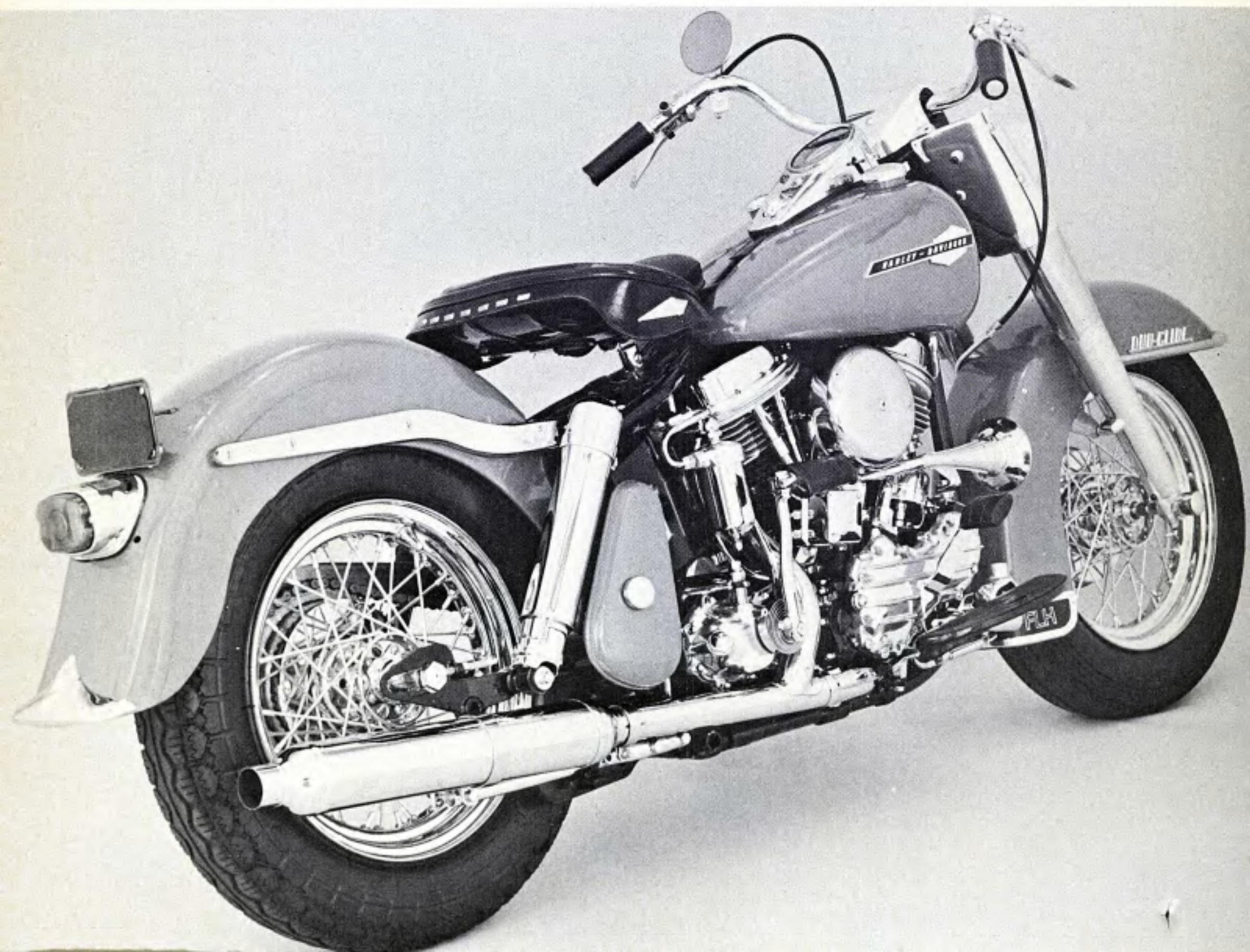
He learned something, though, while riding the primed Hog. He liked the fat tanks because they took him many miles without a refill. He had also ridden many rigid frames and found he enjoyed the spongy rear end. And he discovered that handling the short, stable glide was easy livin'. So this is what he built.

—Wilburn Roach









Owners: Bob Klein

City: Pacoima, Calif.

General

Frame

Fabrication by: owner

Year: 1960

Year and make: 1960 H-D

Builder: H-D

Model: FLH

Type: swingarm

Value: \$4,500

Rake: 30 degrees

Assembly: owner

Stretch: none

Time: 10 months

Other alterations: H-D centerstand

Chroming by: Carter Plating

Accessories

Engine

Bars: stock

Year: 1960

Risers: none

Model: FLH

Fender(s): H-D originals

Rebuilder: owner

Headlight: stock

Ignition: stock

Taillight: stock

Displacement: 74 cu.in.

Speedo: stock

Lower end: stock

Front pegs: running boards

Balancing: Glendale H-D

Rear pegs: none

Pistons: H-D

Electrics: 6v. bat., 2-br. gen.

Cases: painted

Gas tank: 3-gal. fatbobs

Heads: outsider oiler

Oil tank: stock

Cam: H-D

Oil system: dependable

Lifters: hydraulic

Primary cover: Paughco

Carb(s): Linkert

Seat: Bates solo

Air cleaner: stock

Sissy bar: none

Pipes: original

Height:

Muffler(s): quiet

Material:

Transmission

Forks

Modifications: none

Type: glide

Year: 1960

Extension: none

Shifting: clutch booster

Builder: H-D

Engine sprocket: 22

Special features: original

Trans sprocket: 25

Wheels

Wheel sprocket: 51

Front:

Rear:

Painting

Size: 16 in.

Size: 16 in.

Molding: none

Hub: H-D

Hub: H-D

Painter: owner

Rim width: 5 in.

Rim width: 5 in.

Color: purple pearl

Tire: Pirelli

Tire: Goodyear

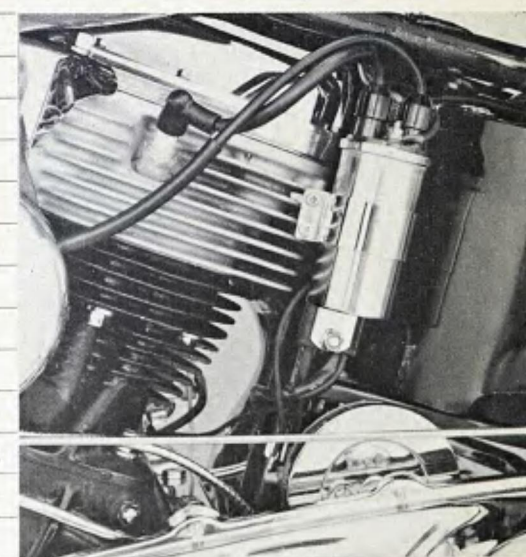
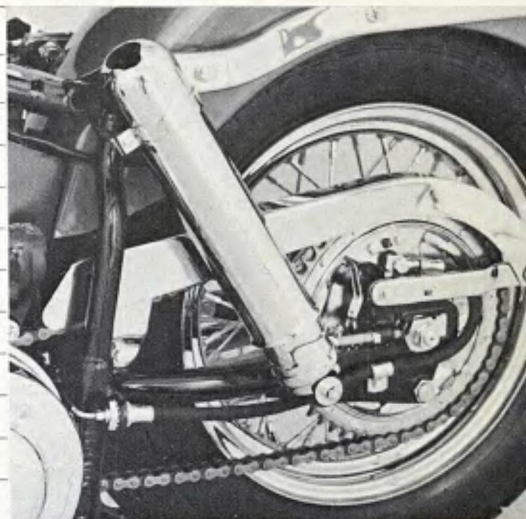
Type: acrylic lacquer

Brake: drum

Brake: hydraulics

Special paint: none

Other special modifications:



Photos by Pete Chiodo

How To Build A 74

That's right—this blither intends to be directly related to the fine art of building a 74. For the purpose of such a pressing project, we sent the cub into the green hills of Oregon to find our old brother Wilburn Roach. The old coot usually slips through the city 'bout twice a year, writes a bike feature, and splits, after he empties all the local liquor stores of their precious supply of Jack Daniel's.

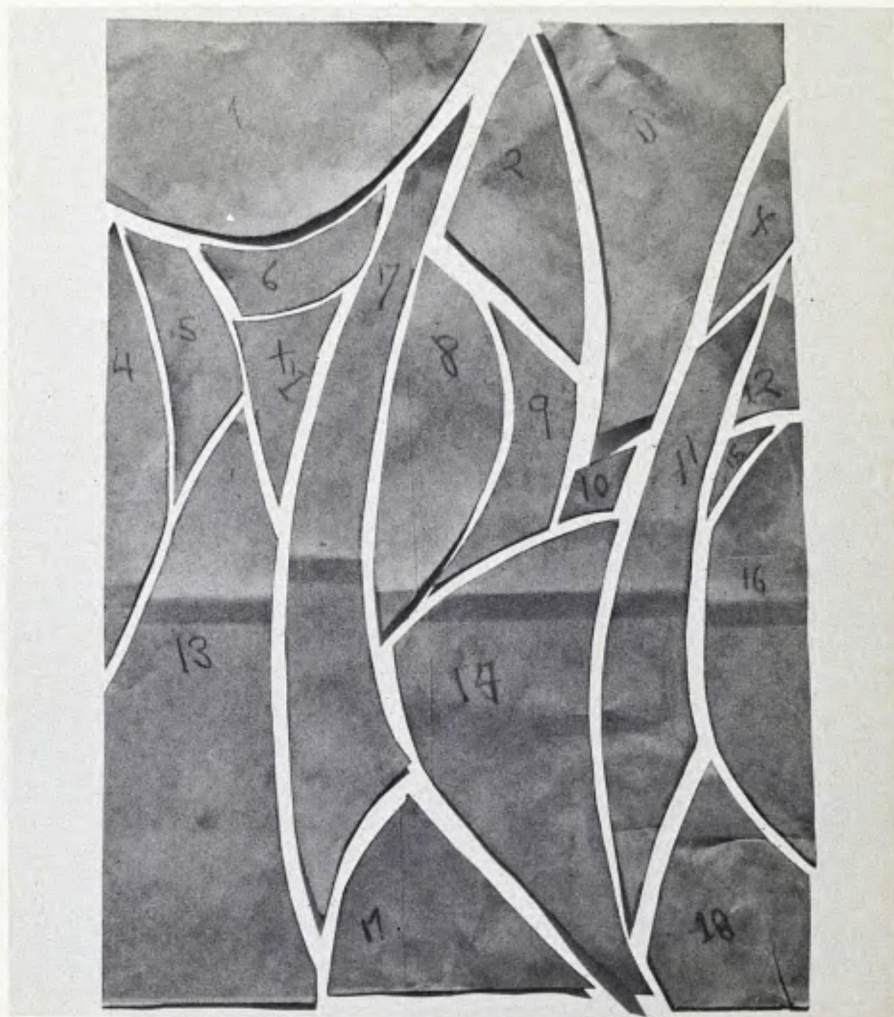
But for issue 74 we sent, by cub courier, a sealed message to ol' Burnt Roach to get his dragass back to his milk crate, which was still holding up a partially molded and primered wishbone frame that one of our latest batch of sweeties has been workin' on for several months. We keep 'em in the sack too much.

Roach showed up on his usual ride, a 1936 knuckle that's still circulatin' 1936 oil. It's the only bike many of the bros have ever seen that actually leaks oil from the handle bars. The bike doesn't even qualify as a live rat—the muthafucker is dead. The knuck was running so damn well that it only took the Roach three weeks to get from mid-Oregon to mid-California. By the time he coasted in, the only productive thing the Roach could accomplish was downin' a bottle of Jack and passin' out on the conference table (or the work bench). The vise I so desperately needed to use, he kidnapped as a pillow.

But occasionally, 'cause it was to be my ass lost if the article wasn't completed, I'd wave an opened pint of Jack Daniel's under his bearded nose. His almost-all-red eyes would flicker and spring open wide and the pinhead pupils would dart at the black label and the bottle filled with dense brown liquid. Then his crusty mug would quiver a grin, two rows of bark-colored, jagged teeth would flash dully, and a fog of rotten eggs would flow from his lungs into my face. As he reached intently for the bottle with a hand that looked like a wornout ridin' glove, he would mumble, "Roll a joint, son." Half of the bottle of Jack was gone 'fore I could hand him a lit number.

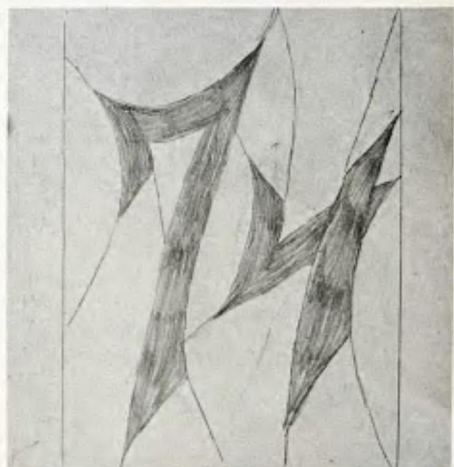
"About the 74 project, Mr. Roach."

Spittin' marijuana smoke, Jack, and bits of teeth he growled, "Call me Burn, boy, call me Burn. First draw dem plans."



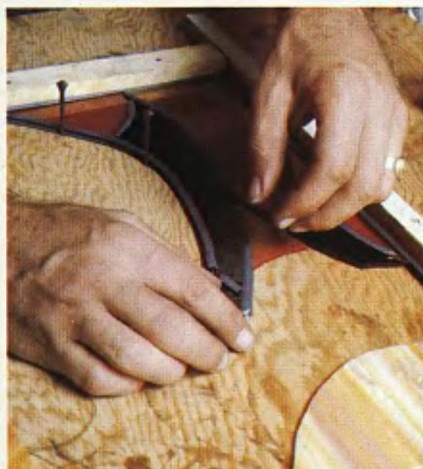
He washed down the words with the last of the whiskey and passed out. The Roach went out burning yet another stain into his lip, giving that lip the appearance of an old, worn-out, 21-inch Avon that just rolled through a fresh pile of dogshit.

That routine continued through every step of the project. After, "Draw dem plans," I managed to get him to approve them, by holding the design behind another bottle as he guzzled it. Next, he drooled, "Cut the fuckin' pattern, boy." So I went to our community desk (a Craftsman tool box) and copped a pair of scissors. About to begin, I jumped as ol' Wilburn grumbled, "Best leave room for lead, boy." Tremblin', I cut the





Photos by Pete Chiodo



slopped chili in his bearded face and spit an occasional bean on the glass I was gingerly cutting, I attempted to cut each piece to size and form the pattern puzzle once again out of it. "I'm gonna need some more whiskey, weed, and a woman later—so I'll tell ya what to do now," he instructed with watery eyes and through steaming jalapenos. "After yer through there, tear a piece o' plywood off that wall and nail a couple boards—maybe some o' that woodwork around that door will do. Be sure to git 'em square. Stretch the lead what came wrapped in dat dere bedroll and start solderin' the bastard together."

The next thing I knew he was fast asleep again. Only this time, he parted



pattern and marked each piece so I knew what went where and which side went up. Just as I finished, the ol' man's head rolled off the vise and, with a smack met the two-by-eight underneath.

He grumbled something, then sat up as straight as the board he'd smacked. "I'm hungry. Bring me some chili and a handful of jalapenos." He spun around and his coffee-and-road-map eyes cut right through me. "Ain't got the glass cut yet, huh, boy?" I didn't know where to go—the kitchen to grab a sweetie, or to the package of glass strapped to the greasy sleeping bag on Wilburn's knuckle. "And make that shit hot to da touch and taste. Got that, kid?" I went to the kitchen. While ol' crusty mug



the jaws on the vise in an effort to keep his head from slippin' off. While he snored and the empty bowl of chili heaved and dipped on his whiskey gut, I dug the lead (like I-beam) outta his bed roll and stretched it to make it stiff. Then I started puttin' the pieces together, separated by the lead I was cuttin' with a rusty razor blade packed in Wilburn's bedroll.

After solderin' one side and carefully turnin' it over and solderin' the other side, which took about four hours, I wiped it off and hung it in the only window in the garage.

It weren't no motorcycle, but it sure came out nice—don't ya think?

—His Son



National

Abate
Easynews

"If it's for the betterment of biking, we'll print it."

One For Michigan



Well, there you are, been on the road all day so you decide to stop and get some grub and maybe a brew to fill the empty spot that's been talking at you for the past half hour. Up ahead you see a cozy-looking little eatery so you pull in. You hit the kill button and let 'er roll into a spot close to the building so you can keep an eye on 'er. Just as you swing your leg over the seat your eye falls upon a sign that you had failed to notice when you first pulled in. No *Motorcycles*. You blink your tired eyes and do a slow burn as you kick 'er back to life. Pointing the front wheel back out the way you came you twist the throttle and go through the gears. Once in high you start looking for another place to stop. By this time your belly has stopped talking and is now jumping up and down demanding to be

fed, so you're a little less choosy as to where you eat. Even a greaseburger would taste good about now so when you see the "Golden Arches" up ahead you decide to pull in. But what hits you in the eye as you turn in? Another sign. No *Motorcycles*.

Does this little scene sound familiar? More and more places are trying to ban motorcycles, and most private businesses are pretty paranoid when more than three scoots pull in at one time. It seems that no matter how you're dressed, if you ride on a scoot, you can forget about parking on the lot. So what's the point? What am I getting at?

Meijer Thrifty Acres has seen fit not only to tolerate motorcycles but actually goes so far as to give us a place of our own to park, exclusively! When's the last time you parked your scoot in a store parking lot and

didn't have to worry about some nurd in an Edsel opening his door and knocking your scoot over? And not only is this space reserved for cycles only, but it is right up front and not off in some corner.

About now you're thinking that this is some kind of commercial for Meijer Thrifty Acres; but let me assure you that this is not the case. This newsletter generally contains information that keeps you up to date on what's happening with scooter-related laws and events and I thought it was about time that we reported on a small bit of good news where we gained a little bit of ground instead of lost a little. You can shop where you please but it's nice to know that at least one big company gives a shit about us as bikers. Here's hats off and a big thanks to Meijers. We hope the rest of the world takes your lead and recognizes us as people, too. —from bro Jeddy, ABATE of Michigan, P.O. Box 1032, Dearborn, Mich. 48121.

Faster Law

If you want some info on the opposition to the 55-mph national speed limit you can write the National Drivers Association at P.O. Box 1268, Arlington, Va. 22210, COOL of Kansas at P.O. Box 8113, Topeka, Kan. 66608, or Natl. Committee to Repeal 55-mph Law, Box 22, Collinsville, Ill. 62234.

Radar Rip



Motorists caught speeding by radar-type devices used by the Florida Highway Patrol and other police in Dade County got their trials postponed Wednesday after judges were shown a film in which a tree was clocked at 86 mph.

In another example shown to Judge Alfred Nesbitt and other county judges, a house was clocked at 28 mph.

The films were made by reporters for Miami television station WTJV, which is broadcasting a series on potential problems, including the accuracy of the radar-type speed detection devices.

Nesbitt, who ordered the cases postponed, said a test case would be selected soon in which defense attorneys and representatives of police agencies would be called to testify about the accuracy of the devices.

Bob Mayer, a reporter for WTJV, said the series showed the most common devices used by the Highway Patrol could be adversely affected by radio transmission from citizen band radios and other devices.—from STOP, Rt. 2, Box 654-M, Rapid City, S.D. 57701.

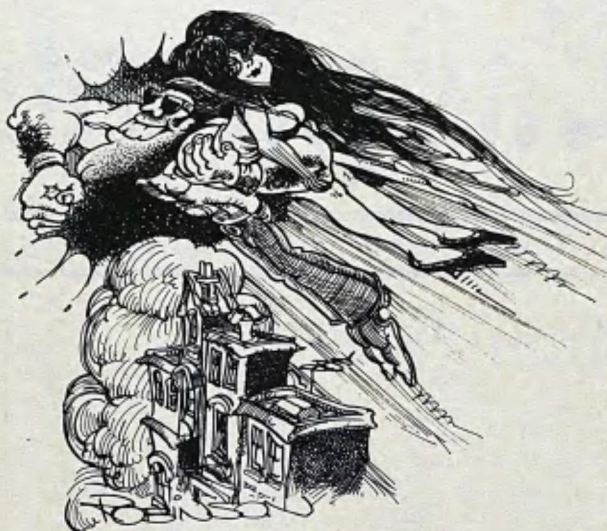
Bro Biker Honored

"Nobody stopped! Nobody stopped!" I couldn't get her to stop screaming that," recalled the one man who did pull his van off busy Pacific Coast Highway to aid a 9-year-old girl who was leaping in front of dozens of cars in a frantic effort to summon help.

What telephone repairman Klaas Hoekstra learned when he finally calmed the hysterical girl was that her 6-year-old girlfriend may have just been molested in a field alongside the highway.

After finding the second youngster, half naked and crying, wandering in the field, Hoekstra ran back to the highway and tried to flag down another motorist. "I bet ten cars swooshed by me before I had to run onto the road to get someone's attention," he said.

Finally, a motorcyclist stopped. While the two men were deciding what to do next, the alleged molester sprang from a nearby hiding place and started running across the field. The motorcyclist, Gary Makar, promptly took out after him on his bike and wrestled him to the ground while Hoekstra drove to a nearby service station with the girls to call police.



The two heroes—Hoekstra in his best suit and Makar in his faded blue jeans—received commendations for their willingness to "get involved" from Orange County Sheriff Brad Gates and Supervisor Thomas Riley.

"You guys aren't going to make too big of a deal out of this, are you?" Hoekstra asked reporters after the presentation. He said he didn't want to make "too much of a circus" out of the ceremony because of concern for the feelings for the girls and their parents.

But the 44-year-old Hoekstra clearly still was

angry that dozens of motorists traveling the Coast Highway early in the afternoon of March 12 were not willing to help a 9-year-old girl who—in the words of the sheriff—was "in obvious distress."

"I thought the little girl was going to get killed," he recalled in an interview. "She was actually stepping in front of cars to try to get them to stop. The cars would just go around her."

Hoekstra, who lives in San Clemente with his wife and two children, was driving his Pacific Telephone Co. van between jobs south of La-

guna Beach when he spotted the girl, "with her hands raised and her mouth wide open," on the opposite side of the divided four-lane highway.

The first place Hoekstra could turn around was a mile and a half down the highway. After waiting for a signal to allow a U-turn, he returned and "found her doing the same damn thing." Five minutes passed between the time he first spotted the girl and the time he reached her side, Hoekstra estimated.

Makar, 25, a Laguna Hills landscaper, said he was "too busy" apprehending the alleged molester to worry about his own safety.

When the suspect darted out of some roadside brush, Makar first had trouble getting his motorcycle started to give chase. "He got a good lead on me, but I caught right up to him when I got going . . . I tackled him, we wrestled and fought for a while, then he said, 'I've had enough.'"

The commendation noted that Makar disregarded his own safety in apprehending a suspect who had "access to a loaded weapon" in his car, which was parked nearby.

Tenn. Helmet Repeal

If you are a biker in the state of Tennessee and wish to see an end to the helmet law and in general add some more freedom to your life, then there is something you can do about it. There is a committee working solely toward the repeal of the helmet law. Write them in support of the repeal. Also pass petitions among your brothers for the repeal. And send your letters and petitions to the Committee to Repeal the Helmet Law, P.O. Box 90211, Nashville, Tennessee 37209.

Burger Univ. Serious

The dean of the university was getting to the meat of his lecture.

"The Whopper patty," he intoned. "It is six inches in diameter. It is one-quarter inch thick. It weighs 3.6 ounces."

Students took notes furiously. A new class at Burger King University was getting into full swing.

While other winter visitors basked in the Florida sunshine, BKU students were intently probing the intricacies of meats, buns and grills.

BKU is an ultramodern management training facility located near Burger

King Corp.'s headquarters in suburban Miami.

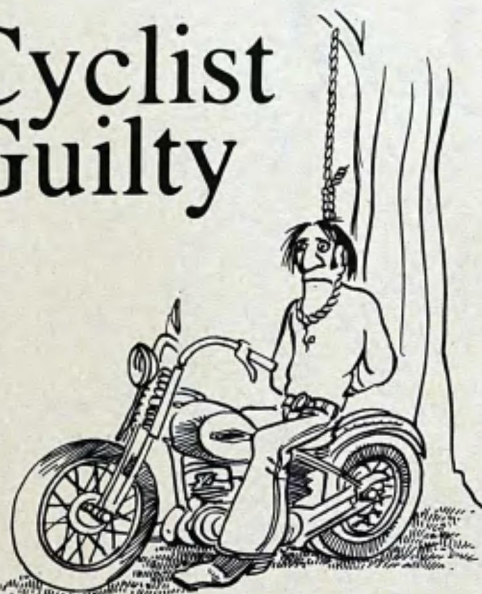
The "university" tag may draw a few smiles, but nobody at Burger King U. takes it lightly. Bill Lee, the dean, is called the dean. Faculty members refer to themselves as professors. Course work is intensive and students study seriously in classrooms clustered around a sophisticated multimedia center. School officials talk of one day having courses accepted for regular academic university credit.

In its computerized efficiency and dedication,

BKU says a lot about America's fast-food business, a \$20 billion race that has raised the simple hamburger to near nobility and business competition to a sweeping battle of slogans, prizes, patties, buns, and clowns.



Cyclist Guilty



(Editor's note: When a cyclist is run over by a motorist, a simple "I didn't see him" gets the motorist off without so much as a citation. But see for yourself what happens when a biker hits a kid in the street.)

Bayside, L.I.: The death last year of 10-year-old Adam Barone was a small news item, a three-paragraph tragedy. Recently, the man accused in his death was found guilty of criminally negligent homicide.

Peter Sangas, 22, of Bayside, the driver of the motorcycle that struck Adam on May 25, was found guilty after a three-week trial.

Sangas, an honor student at Queensboro Community College, was driving home from an examination at 3:10 p.m. that Thursday when the accident occurred.

Adam, a fourth-grade student at PS 203, was struck and killed on his way home from school at an intersection that was not patrolled because the crossing guard had been removed as a result of the city's fiscal crisis.

Adam attended the Oakland School at 53rd Avenue and Springfield Boulevard. Soon the school will install a plaque in the library in memory of Adam Barone. No one from his family will attend.

"They are still grieving," said Alvin Yurman, principal of the school. "They cannot bear to bring the subject up again."

"But what about Peter?" asked Sidney Sparrow, a criminal lawyer for the past 43 years. "He was a victim, too."

"The boy was tossed 85 feet," said a spokesman for District Attorney John Santucci. "Every rib in his body was broken. Both his legs were broken. Our experts testified that Sangas had to be traveling at 61 miles an hour to do that much damage."

"And his first consideration after the accident was to recover his motorcycle," said the spokesman. "That was all he wanted to know about—when he could get his bike back."

"That is not quite true," said Sparrow. "That is how they contaminated the jury—with that kind of prejudice and passion. In his summation, the district attorney asked the jury to picture Peter riding his motorcycle with his hair blowing wild in the wind."

"The truth is that he was wearing a helmet," he added. "The truth is that he was not speeding and he sat in the police car, weeping, after the accident. When he saw that his motorcycle was still out in the middle of the

road, he wanted to remove it. That is the truth." Peter Sangas still attends Queensboro College, where he is concert chairman of the student government. Several faculty members testified on his behalf at the trial. "People do not understand," he said recently.

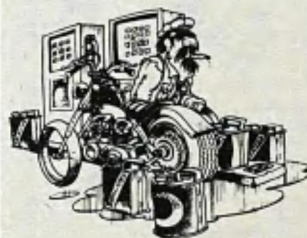
"There is not a single day when I do not think about it. Every day. All day. I can't understand. It was an accident."

"Everyone tells me that it won't go far. But it keeps going. I didn't think I'd get arrested. But I did. I didn't think it would go to trial. But it did. Now they tell me I won't go to jail. But I don't believe that. I don't believe anyone. It was an accident. Doesn't anyone understand?"

"They confused the jury with a lot of charts and unproven theories," said Sparrow. "He was not speeding. The boy darted out from behind a school bus."

There is now a school crossing guard at the intersection where Adam died. It is the one beneficial aftereffect upon which all sides agree. Sangas could receive up to four years in prison. "We are going to ask for the maximum," said the spokesman for Santucci.

Gas Rationing and Bikes



Recently announced gasoline rationing proposals classify motorcycles as recreational vehicles and limit them to one tenth of the fuel allotted to passenger cars. If that isn't good enough for ya, gas coupons will be in 5-gallon increments on a "use-it or lose-it" basis. If your scooter won't hold five gallons, you lose the rest. Along with all this happy shit, there are proposals to close gas stations on Sundays or weekends. Your complaint should be directed to U.S. Dept. of Energy, Public Hearing Management, Room 2313, Box U.P., 200 M Street N.W., Washington, D.C. 20461.

Join the Organization for Street Bikers!

National Abate
P.O. Box 162062
Sacramento, Ca. 95816



It is National Abate's goal to provide a common ground on which you can unite to provide for you, the concerned motorcyclist, a loud and strong voice against mandatory motorcycle laws. It is also National Abate's goal to bring together all the motorcycle enthusiasts in your area who are seeking Brotherhood and wishing to belong to a fraternal organization.

National Abate is dedicated to you, the motorcycle enthusiast. National Abate will donate, in your name, five dollars to the Non-Profit Motorcycle Action Group of your choice.

I understand that National Abate will publish information regarding legislation that may affect me as a motorcycle enthusiast and that included with my membership will be the address of my nearest National Abate chapter or information regarding how to start a local chapter in my area.

- ☐ National Abate membership and favorite organization, \$10.00
- ☐ National Abate membership only, \$5.00
- ☐ Information on becoming an approved charter.
- ☐ Information on becoming an approved organization.

Name, nickname, or mark _____
Address, P.O. Box or G.D. _____
City _____
State _____ Zip _____

-----Thanks for not giving up—We never will.-----

A Tribute to Brothers Lost



Space limitations dictate that the free listings for this column be published on a first-come, first-served basis. **Note:** No names will be accepted which are not accompanied by a return address which can be verified. Send your In Memory Of listing (bikers only) to Memory, Box 52, Malibu, California 90265.

In memory of John "Hag" Higgins, a true bro who will be remembered always. T.J. and the rest.

Regardless of what you said, "Match Head," you could fuck with the best of them. Ride free, young pup. G. T. Baracuda.

In memory of "Vulture," one helluva 15 muthafucker. We'll see you in Hell, 'cause you sure ain't goin' to Heaven. Dragons MC and Armoured Angels MC, Harley riders of Australia.

In memory of "Little Bro John" Dicks, who lost his life in a crash. Loved by many, hated by none. Bro Bob, Zanesville, Ohio.

In memory of "Snake Oil," lost at Waterloo when an asshole in a car pulled in front of him. Chris and Dingus, N.Y.

In memory of David Conkell, who burned to death in his sleep. From his wife, Melie, and the baby he never got the chance to see.

In memory of Bob Bloomquist, gone but not forgotten. Blue Ruins M/C, Iowa, Nebraska.

In memory of "The King," who took the longest ride of all. Missed by Dixie, Terry, Li'l Greg, and tons of brothers.

In memory of Doug "Pig Pen" Powers, a true 19'er. Gone but never to be forgotten. The memories will always linger. Rest in peace, Carolyn.

In memory of J.E. and Dusty, Ryders M/C, affiliated with Chosen Few M/C. From all your bros in Canada.

In memory of "Zig Zag," the highest tribute that a bro can pay a dead Vago is not to have any more of them. Donna Kelso.

In memory of Terry Lee Martin and Raymond Donald Patterson, who died in an auto wreck with their ladies. We all remember. Your bros at M.C.T.C.

In memory of Hank, who meant a lot to a lot of people. From Cadillac Jack, Sadie, and all the bros and sisters in Phoenix, Ariz.

I've seen a lot of love, but I'll never see another love like I had with you. Ron Keller. Thank you for the nine years. You'll always be in my heart. I love you, Mary.

In memory of Bob Sliker. You rode hard and died fast. "Shotgun" and your bros from The Falconcrest, Indian Falls, N.Y.

In memory of Vic. Gone but not forgotten. Hunk.

For Kenny Neumyer. He loved life, his bike, and his bros. Fat Kat and Animal.

In memory of Keith, from the Hell's Henchmen M/C.

In memory of "Matchhead" Harris. If you'd sold that rat bike and put some Harley wings in a fuckin' cage window you'd have been a plastic biker but you'd be alive today. Ride on, bro. Kraut and P.J.

To Dennis, our Triumph-riding brother. You'll live in our hearts forever. Bo and Vicki.

In memory of Joe Glibreath, born May 10, 1955, and died Sept. 4, 1976. I am shattered by his loss, because I loved him so dearly. Mrs. K. Haines, his mother. Grants, N.M.

Male Call

As you know, we give free copies of Easyriders to all prison libraries. This allows as many prisoners as possible to read each copy. We get many requests for individual free subscriptions which are impossible to grant; it would be too costly. But we will now sell subs at a reduced cost for people in prisons. All you have to do is send \$7.50 for twelve issues. (\$7.50 saving over newsstand price) to Prison Subs Dept., Easyriders Magazine, Box 52, Malibu, California 90265.

Note: some prisons have restricted correspondence lists. If you are unable to receive mail except from those people specified on a restricted list, it is a waste of your time and that of the people who write to you after reading your ad in Male Call. Please make sure you will be able to receive the mail you solicit before requesting space in this column.

24 yrs. old, with ice-blue eyes and down for a deuce. How about some mail from the ladies? Randy Mienar #00838-178, 3150 Horton Rd., FCI, Fort Worth, Tex. 76119.

Doing fifty-five years for possession and got the blues, so write to me, ladies, and brighten my life. Richard Comiskey #250763-A, 1 Circle Dr., Sugarland, Tex. 77478.

I am a lonely young man. Been down too long without any mail. I would appreciate hearing from a young lady. Rondo Wilkinson #78-A-499, 135 State St., Auburn, N.Y. 13021.

28 yrs. old with brown hair. I'd like to correspond with young ladies. Douglas Adams, Box 747, Starke, Fla. 32091.

Down and blue. Need some letters and pictures to pull me through. Charles Jones #7070, Box 2, Lansing, Mich. 66043.

26-yr. old inmate wants friendship. Will answer promptly. Melvin Thomas #140-534, Box 69, London, Ohio 43140.

Misplaced Arizona bro. down for fifteen, got to hear from my people. Leigh Schrod #66291, Box 711, Menard, Ill. 62259.

Ladies, I'm lonely and lost. Help me. Carl Kruger #77-B-1909, Green Haven C.F., Stormville, N.Y. 12582.

If I don't hear from some hot-blooded chicks soon, I'll go nuts in this hellhole. Roger Smith #152-507, Box 69, London, Ohio 43140.

Lonely rock and roll animal in dire need of sexy lounge lizards to write and send pictures. W. D. Zaborski #B-93161, Box 107 (K-12), Tehachapi, Calif. 93561.

38-yr.-old inmate, doing life. No mail, no visits, no T.V., nothing. Write and try to make me happy. Rusty Carline #9036, Box 2, K.S.P., Lansing, Mich. 66043.

19-yr.-old, warm-hearted male is ready to correspond with any and all chicks. I love you all. Scott Schaffer #104347, Box W.R., Green Bay, Wis. 54305.

Mail counts in here. Do me a favor and write, ladies. Bruce Taylor #73-D-0024, Drawer B, Stormville, N.Y. 12582.

I'm a motorcycle dude and I need your letters. Johnny Wagner 50 Collier St., Binghamton, N.Y. 13901.

I've got no family or friends, and I'll answer all letters from ladies who care to write to me. John Godown, Box 97, Stewart, Nev. 89437.

I'm 23 yrs. old and need to correspond with women. Donald Worth #7807, C.B. A-1 Right, 1701 Fairfield Way, Richmond, Va. 23223.

28-yr.-old smuggler, five years on the run in Europe before gettin' caught, needs to correspond with ladies. James Cohen #A-83904, RR3, Box 1000, Lincoln, Ill. 62656.

San Quentin inmate wants to hear from California girls. Woody Wilcox, Box B-7240, Tamal, Calif. 94964.

Inmate would like to hear from all chicks, good or bad, pretty, ugly, old or young. I've been down a long time and need all the mail I can get. Alfred Jennings #95272, Box 97, McAlester, Okla. 74501.

I've got dirty-blond hair and cat eyes. I'm lookin' for a sweet-smellin' woman. Gerard Pizzichillo #063795, H2-A2-111, Box 340, USI Camp Road, Sharps, Fla. 32959.

Downed dude is forgetting how to read. Send some mail and help me remember. Don Duffy #90720, Box 56, Lebanon, Ohio 43036.

Anxious to hear from some together women. I'm 28 yrs. old and will answer all letters. C. Alan Nixon #10951-16, 835 W. Morgan St., Raleigh, N.C. 27603.

Lonely inmate needs mail from anyone. George San Inocencio #76-B-0502, Drawer B, Stormville, N.Y. 12582.

If any mail ever comes, so will I. I'm 36-28-38, all woman, and I need some male. Annette Smith, Box 913, Orlando, Fla. 32801.

Fire signs are hot, so let me hear from Scorpio, Leo, and Sagittarius chicks. Randy Coker, 110 Hooper Ave., O.C.I. Tom's River, N.J. 08753.

Down for the first time, and lonely. I need letters from ladies. Jody Gabriele, 2-C, Y.D.C., Maximum Security Unit, Box 1427, New Castle, Pa. 16101.

Down three with three more to go, and I need mail and photos from ladies. Gary Miller, Box B-73059, Tamal, Calif. 94964.

Doing time in Kansas and need ladies to write. Steve Smith #32663, D Cell-house, Box 1568, Hutchinson, Kan. 67501.

I'll answer all letters from ladies who write and send me a photo. I'm interested in chicks 15-28 yrs. old. Steven Barker #285196, Wynne Unit B-4-4-11, Rt. 1, Box 1, Huntsville, Tex. 77340.

Scorpio down but still rising. Need letters from women who can spare a word or two and a feminine touch. Harvey Black #065709, Box 340, H.I.D., Sharps, Fla. 32959.

Lonely biker doing time needs letters and visits from chicks. Clyde Foster #044067, Box 747, 18-2207, Starke, Fla. 32091.

I'm interested in mature ladies, 23-30, who live in the Virginia area. Jon Heidinger #102613, Powhatan C.C., State Farm, Va. 23160.

Doing time and want to write to some lovely ladies. Dave Isaac #145-990, Box 5500, Chillicothe, Ohio 45601.

I'm 19, doing time, and very lonely. Need mail from girls my age. E. J. Karmuth #106412, Box 788, Mansfield, Ohio 44901.

Down and lonely, but I'll ride until the day I die after I get out, so write and make plans for the future with me. Bob Ballie, Box 212, Delta, Colo. 81416.

Get off your fingers and write, ladies, because I need your mail. Phillip Burdick, Box 686-B-82439, M.C.U. 318, Soledad, Calif. 93960.

Lonely biker doing time on drug charges. Need letters from all ladies. Randy Harrison, St. Brides C.C., 701 Sanderson Rd., Chesapeake, Va. 23322.

23-yr.-old Capricorn, doing two years. All young ladies 18-26 drop me a few lines. Will answer all. Thomas O'Keefe #23711, 3100 Wright Rd., Camarillo, Calif. 93010.

Send your letters and photos in a hurry, 'cause I'm lonely. Robert LaCroix #17606, Box 800, Ontario Y.T.S., Calif. 91761.

Ladies, this shot-down eagle would like to hear from you. Gary Kempton, Box 33-03808, Terre Haute, Ind. 47808.

Scorpio tramp, down and out, looking for some letters from open-minded, hot-loving honey. Keith Baumann #48833, Box W.R., Green Bay, Wis. 54305.

I need your letters, ladies, so drop a line and ease my time. James Kamoske, Box W.R., Green Bay, Wis. 54305.

A together young dude wants to hear from big and older foxy ladies. Milton L. Hicks, Box 65184 E/3, Reidsville, Ga. 30453.

Letters and pictures needed by this lone, some dude in the joint. Wesley McCorquodale, Box 69924, 4th Floor, Georgia State Prison, Reidsville, Ga. 30453.

Chicks, this southern California tramp needs mail. Randy Hurwitz #B-98706, Box 500, Chino, Calif. 91710.

Macho male would like to correspond with young ladies in California. Ronald Shipley #B-97160-8340, Box A-E, San Luis Obispo, Calif. 93409.

I'm doing four years and need a young lady to write and ease my time. Robert Schubbe #C-01837, Box 441, Chino, Calif. 91710.

Downed Ohio scooter tramp needs letters and pictures from ladies. Butch Winters #01665-190, Box 1000, Milan, Mich. 48160.

Hard bro needs correspondence with ladies. Michael Newgent #146-022, MCH, Box 534, Jessup, Md. 20794.

Inmate needs letters and pictures to ease some hard time. Kardos Brown #120-539, MCH, Box 534, Jessup, Md. 20794.

I'm down, lonely and lovable, and looking for a young, sweet, warm, understanding, uninhibited and sincere young lady 17-38. Will answer all letters. Gene Barfield #046040, 20-1112, Box 747, Starke, Fla. 32091.

Young bro needs down-to-earth ladies to write. Kenneth Strang #22430, Tloga Hall, Box 5600, Stockton, Calif. 95206.

Sincere convict wants female correspondence for perpetual relationship. Will answer all. Send photo. Richard Slayton #B-73791, Box 600, Tracy, Calif. 95376.

Doing time and lonely. Need people to write. Looks are no stopper; it's what's inside that counts. Allen Ferrell #115709, SBCC, 701 Sanderson Rd., Chesapeake, Va. 23322.

This bro has been out of touch and needs to establish relationship with ladies who care. Norman Board #78-A-3018, Box 367, Dannemora, N.Y. 12929.

38-yr.-old French, Italian, Indian, Irish, German, handsome, good, and lazy needs crazy chicks 18-30 to write to. Jim Peddicord #274972-A, Ellis Unit, Huntsville, Tex. 77340.

Pretty ladies, I'm down and lost and in need of your letters. Ron Michel #B-59384, Box 600, Chino, Calif. 91710.

Big horny dude needs words of lust from hot, horny ladies. Joe Dees, #053522, Box 89, Clermont, Fla. 32711.

Solid, tall, and good-looking tramp wants to hear from all ladies. Looks don't matter. If you dig scoots, write. Thomas Warren #20436-149, FPS, 15801 S.W. 137th Ave., Miami, Fla. 33177.

Fucked up easy, went down hard, but will rise again. Sincere ladies, please write. I'm 24 yrs. old. Tim Rail #8323, Box 2, Lansing, Kan. 66043.

Down and out. I need your mail, ladies, so write and make me happy. Bill Reincke #M-1423, Drawer K, Dallas, Pa. 15612.

Blond, blue-eyed, 29-yr.-old inmate needs a sweet thing to write to. John Burton #10352, Box 711, Menard, Ill. 62259.

Haven't seen the street since 1974, but furloughs start soon, so chick with intel. lential bent needed. Send flick. Dan Tito #F-9296, Box A, Bellefonte, Pa. 16823.

Young bro will be heading for California the first of 1980. Write and let's get acquainted. Victor Figueroa #77-A-4579, Box B, Dannemora, N.Y. 12929.

Son of Phoenix member would like to hear from foxy chicks. Tom Wright #G-82597, Box 515, Joliet, Ill. 60432.

Wish to find lady to settle down with when this is over. Gary Gattis, Box AE-6337, San Luis Obispo, Calif. 93409.

Young and doing time. Need some sweet young lady to write and send pictures. Jim Russo, Box 607, Carson City, Nev. 89701.

I'm looking for a young girl who can spare some time to write a lonely person. Steve Hurley #01112-103, Box 1500, El Reno, Okla. 73036.

19-yr.-old downed scooter tramp needs letters and pictures from young girls 16-25. I'll answer all. Tony Scurlia #23705, 3100 Wright Rd., Camarillo, Calif. 93010.

22-yr.-old bro down with a bit of time. Need letters from ladies. Ron Koziatek, Box R, Buena Vista, Okla. 81211.

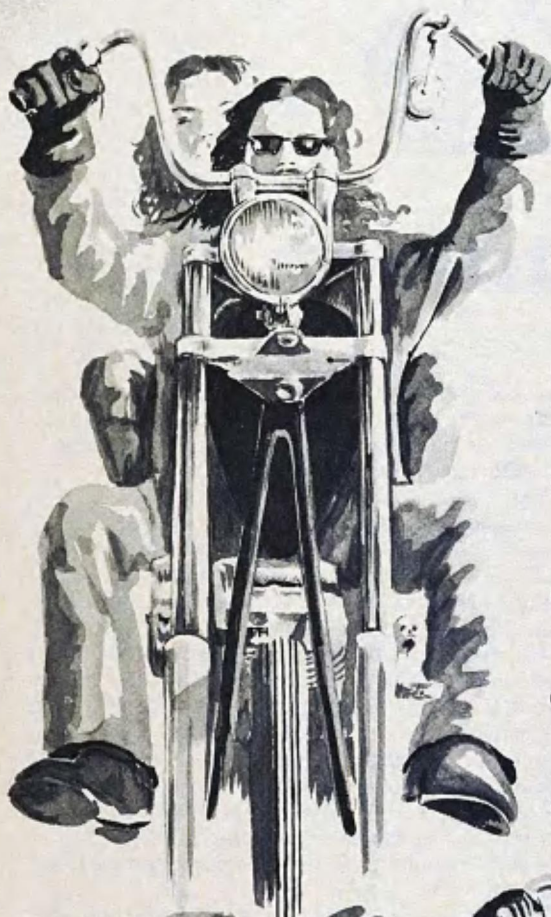
Inmate would like to hear from all ladies who are sincere. Bill Simanek #44237, Box 1010, Canon City, Colo. 81212.

Lonely bro doing time needs letters from ladies. Gary Dillingham #11154-OS, 835 W. Morgan St., Raleigh, N.C. 27603.

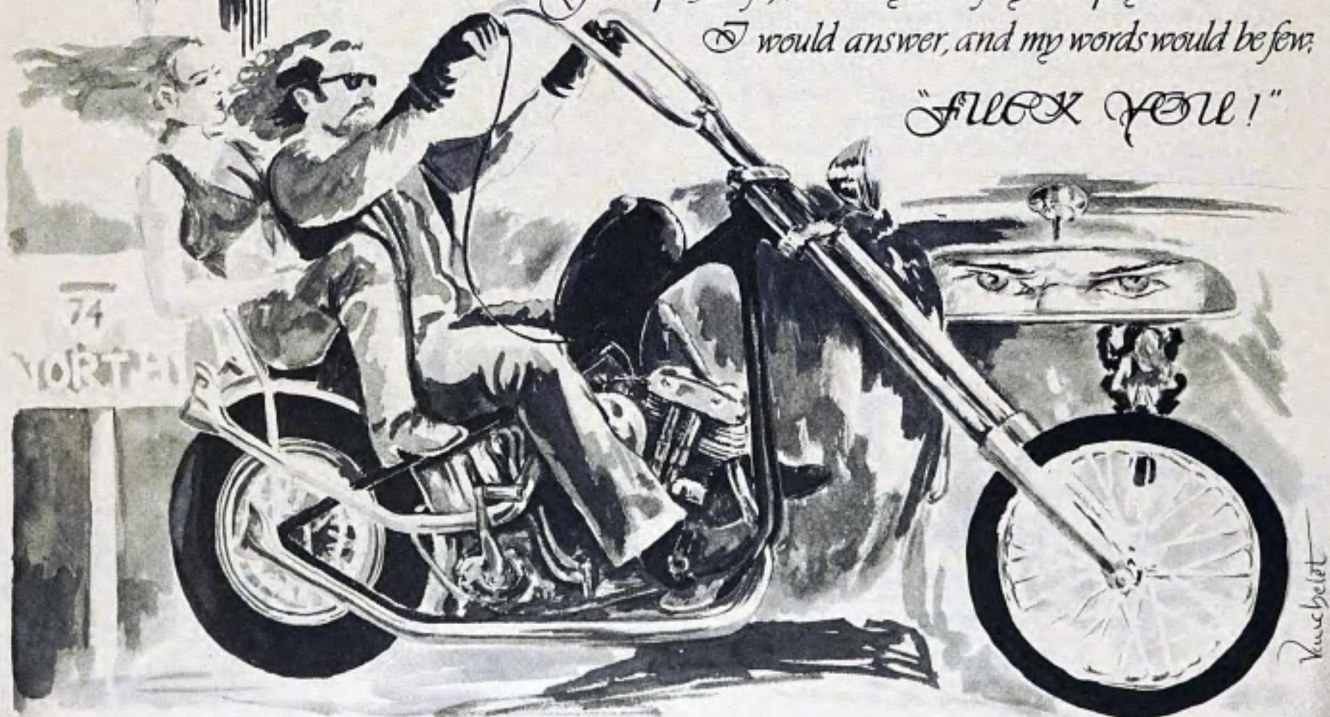
All Cleveland ladies, I need your love and support. Matt Patel #106612, Box 788, Mansfield, Ohio 44901.

Downed dude would like to hear from some fine ladies. P. Halden #23366, Box 1500, #7, El Reno, Okla. 73036.

Ode to the 74



500 pounds of black paint, chrome and steel,
With power that seems almost unreal.
Vibrating as it idles, the engine warms up;
Everything is shiny, every bolt, screw and nut.
A little lurch forward as I jam it in gear;
On gets the ol' lady, taking her place in the rear.
Up on to the highway, and back into 4th;
Our destination, just anywhere North.
The engine's running strong, and I can't hear a miss;
The wind hits our faces like a cold whore's kiss.
In the cars that we pass, I see some shaking their heads,
Thinking bikers like us would be better off dead.
Deep in their hearts, they would like to be as I,
But brainwashed by society, they keep living their lie.
If anyone, and I mean anyone, were to say:
"Give up this life, or with your life you'll pay!"
I would answer, and my words would be few:
"FUCK YOU!"



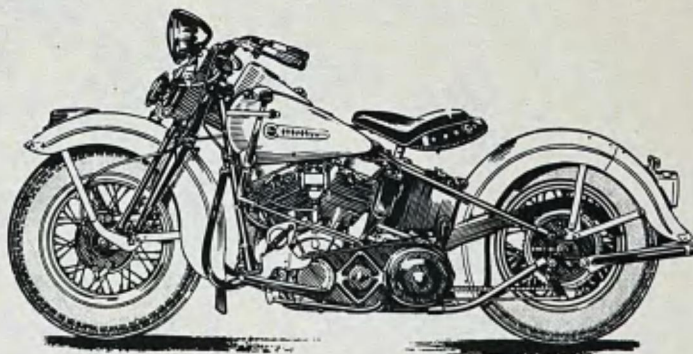
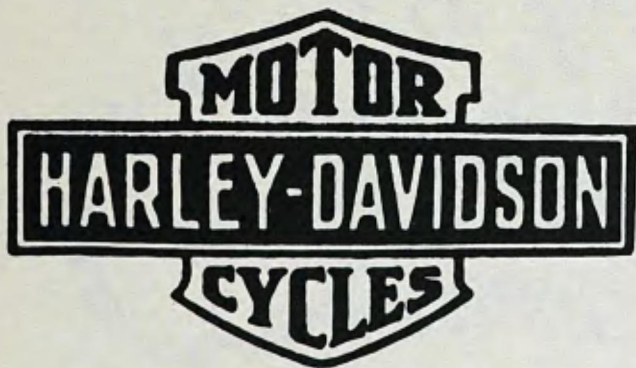
Break-in



Recommendations for '74s

1. Install engine with all the proper bolts, washers, spacers, and nuts. Do not tighten any mounting bolts until all are in place. Always use new lock washers and/or new lock nuts. And if you can get your hands on Loctite, use it.
2. Readjust chains, check chains and sprockets for excessive wear—now is the time to replace them. Lubricate both chains.
3. Tighten transmission mounts and rear wheel.
4. Check oil in transmission and replace if necessary.
5. Check and replace (if shovelhead) intake manifold O-rings (also O-ring-style panhead intake manifolds). Be sure the manifold is sealed properly and that there are no air leaks. Replace all hose clamps. Replace distributor and any previously disconnected wires; check connections. Check gas tank for rust. If it is dry or rusty, flush it out, seal it, and replace gas filter. Torque heads and follow by checking valve adjustments several times.
6. Make sure the carburetor is in good working order. Clean air filter. Make initial setting on carburetor per factory specifications.
7. Flush out oil tank. Refill with clean non-detergent 50-wt. oil. If it is extremely hot, use 60-wt. oil.
8. Be sure there are no tight bends in any oil or gas lines, and that the lines are clean. Make sure oil lines do not touch exhaust pipes.
9. When hooking up throttle cable make sure there are no kinks in the housing and that the throttle closes completely. Over-revving will damage a new engine.
10. Replace all exhaust manifold gaskets where needed. Check all exhaust pipe connections for leaks. Make sure that the pipes are mounted securely. Exhaust leaks **will** burn valves. If necessary, shim any loose fits.
11. Remove spark plugs and kick engine over until oil returns to oil bag. (Another idea is to remove the return line and collect the first quart of metal-shaving-filled oil to prevent it from returning to the oil tank.) Replace spark plugs.
12. Once the bike is started, let it run at a fast idle. Watch for oil leaks, air leaks, or exhaust leaks. If the intake manifold is leaking, the bike won't idle. Shut it off and cure the problem.
13. After the engine warms up, shut it down, retorquer the heads and barrels, let it cool, then readjust the valves.
14. Break the engine in slowly. A good idea is to let it run several times at a fast idle until warm, letting it cool before starting again. Change the oil, then ride it for the first time.
15. While riding, back off throttle every few miles to let engine wash itself down and cool somewhat.
16. Avoid heavy stop-and-go driving in high-temperature weather for the first 500 miles.
17. Change the oil as often as possible (every 100 miles) for the first 500 to 700 miles. Then replace the 50-wt. oil with 60-wt., unless living in a cold climate. If all those steps are carefully followed the engine should last through approximately 4,500 bar stops. Unless you fall down a lot.

—Weed 'n' Wrench





Astrological Profile for Leo

As I've said before, every Leo thinks he was born with a star on his ass and sure doesn't mind showing it. Naturally, Leos expect applause—but that's okay, because they deserve it most of the time. They are the showmen of the zodiac and the whole world's their stage.

Leos are also the most generous of the signs and don't mind sharing their last bit of cash or laying on some well-earned compliments. Some are not even opposed to handing out a mercy fuck every now and then.

It's easy to recognize a Leo. They don't just arrive—they make a grand entrance. All they lack is a spotlight and neon signs. Famous among Leo men are Mick Jagger, Robert Redford, George Hamilton, Robert Mitchum, Carroll O'Connor, and David Steinberg. Females of note include Mae West, Lynda Carter, Sally Struthers, Valerie Harper, Lucille Ball, Cindy Williams, and Ruth Buzzi. And they're all in the limelight.

As generous as Leo is, he hates ingratitude. When he blows his horn, he expects to have his ass kissed—verbally if not literally.

Otherwise, he may tell you to take a flying fuck and even show you how! Sometimes the Leo generosity borders on being a showoff. Blowing bucks is a typical Leo attention trip.

On the positive side, Leo is one of the most loyal signs of the zodiac. Leos have class and aren't afraid to show it, even when their pride is a bit deflated. Also, they usually fight fair and aboveboard when doing battle for what they believe in.

Negatively, they blow their own horns too much and tend to leave the crappy jobs for others. They just can't be bothered with petty details or dirty work.

Leos generally have strong constitutions and tremendous recuperative powers. They are prone to heart trouble and injuries to the spine, back and shoulders. They also suffer from poor circulation.

Leos are very creative and do everything on a grand scale. There is seldom anything small about them or their actions. They have a special gift for bringing ideas to life. Appreciation is as important to them as food. They also make dynamite bed partners. Everyone should have a Leo—at least once!

Aries (Mar. 21—Apr. 20)

If you're workin' yer ass off and gettin' farther behind, ya got a lotta company! You may need to change jobs, or worse yet take on extra work for a while. But don't get yer balls in a sweat 'cause next month clears the air of bum head trips an' horny hangups. You'll have a gonad-ticklin' opportunity knockin' at the door soon. Before you make a final decision, make sure the door swings both ways.

Taurus (Apr. 21—May 20)

Sometimes it seems like everything you touch turns to shit. This is another weird month where anything could happen and probably will—like, yer ol' lady will start shoppin' at the nearest porno bakery or start recyclin' yer asswipes. You may wake up with cobwebs on yer crank from some really old hair pie. Until the 18th, extra bucks come as easy as pickin' yer toes. After then, both bucks an' fucks aplenty.

Asstrology

By Denise (Dusty) Sage

Geminini (May 21—June 20)

You're a regular one-man bomb this month. Be careful or you'll go off when you least expect to; this explosive climax may not come in bed and it could end up in a courtroom. Work off some of that steam by wrenchin' on yer scooter. Coppin' an attitude will only leave you with a limp nut sack. If you can slide through this one without a scratch, you'll be lucky. Either hold yer mud or start countin' yer lumps.

Cancer (June 21—July 21)

Someone out of yer past sneaks up from behind—to pop yer cherry. This is one thrill you don't need. The only things you can count on are the hairs around your rooster. Don't be a sucker for a hard luck story, 'cause some turkey is tryin' to put the squeeze on ya. Get yer balls movin' in the right direction 'cause next month promises a rise in finances. But for now, go ahead an' enjoy the rise in yer drawers!

Leo (July 22—Aug. 21)

If ya followed last month's advice, yer mind hassles should be smoothed out an' you can relax and enjoy some outtasight trippin' and tokin' that's headed yer way. Keep it down to a low roar or you'll be too pooped to poke. Some damn good connections are comin' down—as long as they're legal, follow yer hunches. But keep tight-mouthed until the deal is closed, or someone will muscle in on yer goodies.

Virgo (Aug. 22—Sept. 21)

Looks like ya finally got yer head outta yer ass and into high gear. Instead of babblin' yer brainstorm away, put 'em to good use. At least one idea may end up in a business venture, but take your time in findin' a backer. Meanwhile, make good use of that die-hard battery in yer britches. Watch out for unexpected hassles or bumper attitudes that screw things up with co-workers or employers.

Libra (Sept. 22—Oct. 22)

This month ya come up with a clever way of slippin' through a shitty situation. You are in rare form struttin' yer stuff, and sure to do everything in style. If you're still tryin' to con yer way out of a shoddy deal from a while back, polish up yer silver tongue and lay it on 'em. The odds are in your favor so long as you take the time to feel things out. There's gonna be enough reamin' and creamin' to keep your crank at attention all month!

Scorpio (Oct. 23—Nov. 21)

Now's the time to give it all you've got—shoot off that wad you've been savin' for a special occasion. You can lay it all on the line an' get the results ya need. Just don't get too cocky over yer newstatus, 'cause too much braggin' could spoil yer new image. Anyway, eatin' a little humble pie never hurt anyone—hair pie, either.

Sagittarius (Nov. 22—Dec. 20)

Don't bother tryin' to head off some hassles comin' down between bros. It's as futile as tryin' to change a tire with yer teeth. Besides, why hang yer nuts in a sling over heavy hang-ups that aren't yours? Don't go throwin' yer opinions around and hang on to yer bread, too, 'cause it's gonna be damn hard to come by. Otherwise, it's a good month to get in the wind.

Capricorn (Dec. 21—Jan. 19)

If you didn't heed last month's advice and have a physical, you may have earned the nickname "bubble buns." Dieting may not be your bag, but if ya think this idea's fulla shit, try a laxative—ya need it! Yer busted britches ain't caused by that big bone of yours—those chubby cheeks are doin' it. Why not get a partner and fuck the fat off? Every time you get hungry, have a piece of ass. In fact, go right ahead an' have sloppy seconds.

Aquarius (Jan. 20—Feb. 18)

This is one long month of mind-fucks. The more resourceful you are, the more resistance you meet. All you get are excuses, which are like assholes—everybody's got one an' they all stink. The piece you get now may be love at first bite. Hang loose on any major changes until month's end—then rack up yer balls an' take yer best shot. By that time, things should be aimed in the right direction. Hang in there, you'll be a winner yet!

Pisces (Feb. 19—Mar. 20)

You're finally gettin' in touch with yourself—an' I don't mean yer bedside manner. Premature ejaculation may be the only problem this month; but, hell, that could happen to anyone. Obviously yer key word now is timing. Remember, if it don't fit, don't force it. The odds are in yer favor as long as you take the time to check things out—then double check to be sure.



—Illustration by Duffy Duggan

24 WIVES

by
Mike
Brown

**Dads! Don't sell
your virgin daughters until
you've considered my offer!**
Mike (telephone)

Ever seen an ad like this in the local paper? The odds are you haven't. Even if you did you would probably dismiss it as a come-on for an addition to a stable of prostitutes. It shouldn't be. Young teenage girls and even grown women should be treated as very valuable and portable assets. For example, under the present laws and social conditions, a man who loses all his material possessions in a flood or a fire, or even goes

to prison, will normally take years to recover them—if he ever does. Were my philosophy to be adopted by the public at large, a man could carry his daughters on a balance sheet and perhaps even use them as collateral for a loan.

Pornography and prostitution are, of course, not acceptable. In addition to the problems already discussed in the public prints, there is the further problem of rapid depreciation of assets. In an open market a nineteen-year-old virgin would probably bring at least the price of a new Harley-Davidson. A nineteen-year-old hooker or porno actress might bring fifty bucks. You might think the fifty bucks would come in daily, but it doesn't. A cash sale is always preferable to rental. Would you rather buy

and own a new car or rent one? What would the dealer rather do?

At this point I suspect a lot of folks would think me callous, ridiculous, and unfeeling. On the contrary, I realize that young virgins have feelings and I believe the prospective purchaser should take that into consideration. It is a well-known fact that most men are attracted by a pretty face. It is equally well known that most girls and even grown women are very body conscious, hence the tremendous market in bust developers, slimming aids, and the rest. Therefore, to make the girl feel like she is more than just a pretty face, I would suggest this: in making the transaction, have the girl's parents disrobe her completely in front of you for your

inspection. You open the hood of a car before you buy it, don't you? Walk around her and comment approvingly on her shapely breasts and legs, trim, flat waist, cute buttocks, and whatever else comes to mind to comment on. Women love flattery. A tip to the unwary here. If you get her home and you can't get her eyes to glaze over it would probably be best to take her back, before you break her in, and negotiate for a refund.

There will no doubt be objections from the clergy concerning the Scriptural unsoundness of my proposals. There shouldn't be. I will state for the record here and now that I believe myself as devout a Christian as anyone. I just read the Bible a little differently.

As I understand it, the Old Testament Law is still in effect: *Think not that I am come to destroy the law, or the prophets: I am not come to destroy, but to fulfill.*—Jesus Christ in the Sermon on the Mount, Matthew 5:17-19.

A lot of preachers will tell you that the Law was put away and then quote someone like the Apostle Paul as proof. You'll notice that isn't what the head man himself says. If you want accurate information, always go to the top.

Assuming my premise correct, consider this verse:

If a man find a damsel that is a virgin, which is not betrothed, and lay hold on her, and lie with her, and they be found; Then the man that lay with her shall give unto the damsel's father fifty shekels of silver, and she shall be his wife; because he hath humbled her, he may not put her away all his days. (Deuteronomy 22:28-29)

Which reinforces my contention that a daughter's virginity is to be sold by her father, not given away to some pimply-faced high school boy in a parked car. It is unlikely that anyone today can translate the monetary equivalent of fifty shekels of silver since "shekels" in the King James version is italicized, meaning there wasn't any word in that space in the original Hebrew and a translator just stuck it in to clarify or explain a passage. And they had inflation in those days, too.

One more passage in the good book should be carefully noted:

And if a man sell his daughter to be a maid-servant, she shall not go out as the menservants do. (Exodus 21:7)

Some translations of the Bible render "maid-servant" as "wife." That "wife" is the proper meaning appears to be supported in the next verse: *If she please not her master, who hath betrothed her to himself.* (Exodus 21:8)

Anybody in the government ever tell you that you couldn't own more than one motor vehicle? Apparently God doesn't think that way either:

If he take him another wife; her food, her raiment, and her duty of marriage, shall he not diminish. (Exodus 21:10)

This is, more than one wife is Biblically acceptable as long as wife number one gets the same food, clothing, and biological satisfaction that she got before you brought the new one home. The entire Bible is laced with stories of fellows who had numerous wives. If you read the book carefully you

will find that most of the references to "adultery" actually mean "idolatry," and the other two main no-nos are crimes against nature, such as homosexuality or bestiality, or theft; like coveting a neighbor's wife. Ever notice there are no prohibitions against a single girl coveting a neighbor's husband?

I suspect a lot of preachers will dredge up a lot of irrelevant passages at this point to prove me wrong and expound the doctrine of one man, one wife. A pernicious, nonsensical idea.

It would also be in order to list some of the benefits the wide-spread implementation of polygamy would have in this country.

Where, you are probably supposing, did the one-man, one-wife doctrine originate if it didn't come out of the Bible? About AD 398 at the Council of Toledo in Spain all the bigwigs of what we now know as the Roman Catholic Church got together and decided—as a matter of Church policy—that Catholic priests would not be allowed to marry and must remain celibate. That rule has been enforced right up to the present day, obviously, for Catholics only. At that same Council the one-man, one-wife doctrine was promulgated for the rest of the Church members. At no time did anyone there claim Biblical inspiration for the idea. It was simply an internal Church rule.

Up until the time of Martin Luther the one-man, one-wife doctrine was rather easy to enforce since there had been no printing presses and very few people had access to a Bible—or even knew how to read. Charlemagne must have been able to read since it is a matter of record that he had four wives.

Martin Luther plainly showed what he thought of the one-man, one-wife business when he officiated at the wedding of Phillip, Landgrave of Hesse, to two women in the same day. After the Thirty Years War the Frankish Kreistag (the equivalent of Parliament or Congress) passed a law that required every man to have two wives. The German Reichstag passed a law in 1945 removing any social stigma from any woman who wanted to have a child. The German male survivors of World War II must have been busy as beavers. Given the bungling of the three-ring circus currently performing at the White House, Congress, and the Senate, it wouldn't surprise me a bit if many of this nation's men get fed into the meat grinder in another war, sort of a monster encore for Vietnam. And Vietnam may be one of the major reasons for the

surplus of unmarried women now, since the true casualty figures were never published (in many cases individual units in one location lost more men in a single day than was reported for all U.S. casualties in all of Vietnam) and were probably closer to 250,000 dead than to the 55,000 normally reported.

At this point it would probably be in order to state that polygamy is not suitable for at least two segments of the population: the clergy and government employees. The clergy are prohibited by the third chapter of Timothy, and common sense would eliminate bureaucrats. Our tax burdens are heavy enough without the unbearable burden of supporting the care of breeding of "public servants." Bureaucrats and their ilk proliferate like the plague as it is.

It would also be in order to list some of the benefits the wide-scale implementation of polygamy would have in this country. You will notice as I list them that the benefits to the ladies are overwhelming compared with those that accrue to the men. No male chauvinism here. However, the men's problems solved by polygamy will be listed first since they are so brief and slight that they can be easily dispensed with.

Ever pick up some of the thicker high-circulation men's magazines that specialize in the exposure of female flesh and read the "letters to the editor"? There are always at least one or two letters from some poor repressed rumpkin sniveling about how he can't get it up because his preacher taught him "sex is evil" and it warped his thinking. Sex isn't evil. It's property. Shame on you if you dink someone else's ol' lady. You wouldn't use his motorcycle without asking, would you?

For the fellows who aren't strangled by mental problems it solves another common dilemma: running after it. The needed variety would be available right in his own house. Think of all the gasoline the nation would be able to conserve.

The women's problems that would be solved by the legislation of polygamy, or even just the practice, are legion. To list everything would require a large book, so I will touch lightly on just a few.

According to a major survey, 90% of the women in this country did not marry the "man of their choice" and are unhappy with what they've got. As a girl told me once, "all the best men are married." Which may explain why married men get more strange mouse ear than single ones do.

Women's sexual needs are different from men's in that, whereas they may not want to indulge as often, when they do their drives are far more intense. Ideally, a girl shouldn't have to put out three to six times for what she only wanted or needed once.

A form of rotating polygamy has been practiced in this country for many years. It is extremely detrimental to the wives since in many cases it involves a loss of security. It is called marriage and divorce. The proper remedy is not to kick the ol' lady out on her ear but, instead, to add to the domestic collection. Obviously, if you

—Continued on page 85

DOWNTIME

By La-De-Da

With this month bein' the celebration of our 74th issue we tried to slap a Downtime together that had something to do with 74s. And it had to be about the king of the road, Harley-Davidson.

I burned my poor ears to melted wax, poring over LP after LP tryin' to find the songs that got the cats nuts. Unexpectedly it came to me as I grimaced and grunted out a log in the head. While I was squattin' and straining, an old tube-type radio played on the shelf. It suddenly brought forth one of the most ear-wakin' riffs I've heard inna month. When the first line in the song had somethin' to do with that big engine Harley's been known to strap on their frames, well I knew I had to have it. But sure enough—I had the dial on one of them no-commercial, non-stop rock stations where the DJ comes on about once a week to let ya know what ya heard.

I didn't have time to stretch the crap and I wanted to get back to a carb I was rebuildin' in the shed out back, so begrudgingly, I got up off the stool, figurin' I'd probably never hear that one again. I tromped out into the rain, hop-scootin' on pebbles in the most direct line to the shed. I kept on playin' music trivia games in my head, but just couldn't remember ever hearin' it before. "Guess I'll have to rely on my krama."

Hot damn if I didn't hear the same ear-appealin' tune a week later. It turned out to be one of the Doobie Brothers' latest cuts. It was a shredder. However, when we made

a phone call to some agent in Tinsel Town, who supposedly represents the Doobs, to see if we could get permission to reprint lyrics—we were mealy-mouthed by some suede-shoe type talkin' out all sides of his skull. He didn't know diddly-shit about motorcycles.

Well, fuck it. We ain't goin' down on our knees for no one. So if ya wanna know what that hot-shit song is that's about our lifestyle, well, reckon you'll jus' hafta be sittin' on the shitter at the right time.

Enlightened Rogues/ The Allman Brothers Band:

Have you ever pulled out of the driveway headed on a weekender with the tune of the last song jumpin' around in your head? Besides tryin' to figure out where you can hide a radio or tape deck on your sled, you find yourself wanting some real travelin' music to ride with. Now I'm not suggestin' you run out an' buy a garbage wagon or anything. The next best thing is cocking an ear to the newest Allman Brothers release, **Enlightened Rogues**.

After a considerable R&R period the Allman Brothers are back to flyin' low. They replaced a couple of members and are back to the dual-guitar, double-drummer setup. It's as unmistakable as straight pipes on a 74 at 80. While I never thought that anyone could replace Duane Allman and Berry Oakley, the two new members, Dangerous Dan Toler and David "Rook" Goldflies, prove just the opposite. The incredibly



smooth, tight style of the **Fillmore East** and **Eat A Peach** albums are packed into this new cover. After hearin' the likes of "Crazy Love," "Can't Take It With You," "Pegasus," and "It Just Ain't Easy," it won't be easy to keep your seat.

The fact that a couple of the Brothers are into scooters is not one of those Watergate secrets, and it sure ain't hidden in these cuts.

Sheik Yerbouti/Frank Zappa:

I don't know what the fuck got into Frank. Seems like he's been sittin' rigid a tad too long. Festerin' Gettin' some raspy 'rhoids worked up on his underside. Deep itch. An attitude. Such is the frame of mind Zappa's latest **Sheik Yerbouti** was made out of. He's got it in for everybody under the sun. The man who brought ya "stink" and **Freak-Out**, and the **Grand Wazoo** is back at his bitin' best.

In these days where they wanna stick a stamp on everyone's forehead it's good to know there is somebody else out there willin' to go against the grain.

Some of the best non-puttin' times we've had were readin' Zap magazines and listenin' to early Mothers of Invention albums like **We're Only In It For The Money**, back in '67. It was one of the most enlightened pieces of rock in the last two decades. It combined radical lyrics with definitely the most bizarre music the hipsters had yet encountered.

Zappa was the first rock star of the sixties who ever showed a sense of humor. And he is still one of the few who retain a semblance of reality—for his songs are vignettes of everyday situations and events, things real people do. 'Course ya can't please everyone all the time. I had one dude whinin' that "ya can't tap yer foot to Zappa." Fuck it, maybe that's true, 'cause there are sections of fragmented conversations and disjointed musical beats, but to me and a helluva lot of other tramps this is where it's at. Gimme that weird shit. Half the fun is listenin' to see what

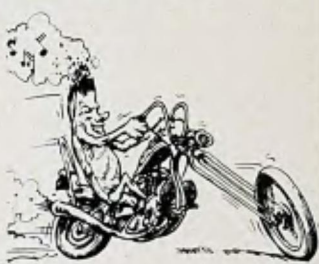
crack in the wall Frank's gonna crawl outta next.

Throughout the four-sided slab of vinyl he takes dead aim at what ticks him off these days. Zappa's got a tune and a comment for just about every slice of society. Whether he's ravin' about wantin' a "Jewish Princess" or the equally rude "Broken Hearts Are For Assholes," there is no slack for the meek. Dig these lines: "Ladies, you can be an asshole too. You might pretend you ain't got one on the bottom of you, but don't fool yourself, girl, it's lookin' at you. Don't fool yourself, girl, it's winkin' at you, don't fool yourself, girl, it's blinkin' at you. That's why I say I'm gonna ram it, ram it, ram it, ram it up yer poopchute. Cornhole." (Copyright 1977 Munchkin Music.) Lovely huh?

Then there's "Flakes." Not the kind ya pour milk on in the mornin', or the type ya stick in yer nose—but the ones who manage to fuck up whatever ya bring to 'em to repair. It's a dilly. Complete with a Bob Dylan sound-alike thrown in for good measure.

Other outlandish hits on **Yerbouti** are "I Have Been In You," a parody of Frampton's "I'm In You" drivel, "Baby Snakes," "Tryin' To Grow a Chin," "Rat Tomago," "Bobby Brown," "Jones Crusher," "I'm So Cute" (recorded during a sound check in London), and "Wild Love," "Yo Mama," "Dancin' Fool," for you disco freaks—and let's not forget about the rousing "Sheik Yerbouti Tango."

You might not be able to get gas for the scooter, but ya sure can get gassed by this one. Dig it. ■



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74

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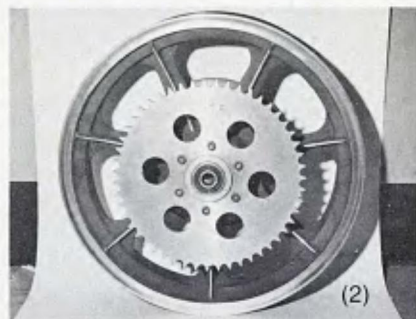
Tech Tip

Tall 74 Gears

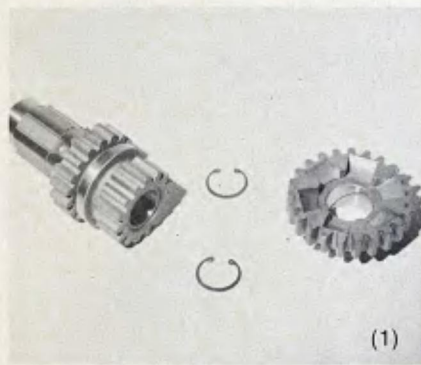


There are a lotta ways to improve your scooter over factory specs, but one of the simplest is to lengthen the final gear ratio. Many modified sleds have big inches or a hot cam lurkin' inside those greasy cases, and almost all of 'em are lighter than stock because of all the garbage that's been removed. In either case, a long-legged sprocket setup will take advantage of lower engine revs at that idiot 55 mph speed limit—meaning less vibration and less wear with no decrease in street performance.

On a big twin you can take several routes to taller gears. Internal ratios in the transmission can be changed without affecting the final gearing by using Andrews gears. The close-ratio first



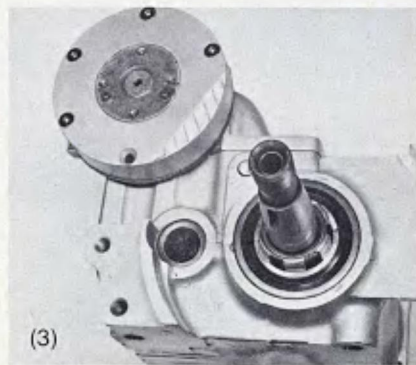
sidehacks). Up to 26 teeth are available from some places, but anything over 25 will probably require notching of the ratchet top so that the trans can slide far enough forward to allow the primary chain to fit over this huge mutha.



gear set does the trick by bringin' low up from 3.00:1 (stock) to 2.45:1 or 2.60:1. Makin' the ratio taller makes the gearing more useful in traffic, and the shift from first to second is smoother and easier. The special third gear clusters (1) even up the intervals between second, third, and fourth cogs for better snickin' through them, also.

To lengthen the final drive on most sleds, it's easiest just to stick on a rear sprocket with fewer teeth. With a late model 74 rear wheel with disc brake, or a custom wheel (2), you can do just that. But a lot of Hogs run the standard rear brake drum, which limits ya to the smallest sprocket that will fit over it—the stock item with 51 teeth.

Lookin' elsewhere on the 74, it's possible to stretch your gearing by increasing the size of the front engine sprocket or the transmission sprocket. The front double-row job is easier to get to, but a helluva lot more expensive. Stock size is 23 or 24 teeth (22 for

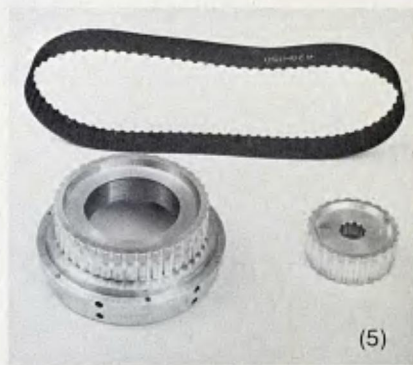


Screwin' around with the trans sprocket means that all the clutch crap has to be moved out of the way, but the cog itself will take less of a bite outta your wallet. Usually, a one- or two-tooth jump over the stock 22 (23 on late FXs) will do the trick, but you can go all the way to a 28 with a jockey top gearbox. To use this size with a ratchet lid, you'll have to mill a radius out of the ratchet drum and eliminate one of the screws (3)—not such a terrific idea. The biggest that'll squeak by on a late trans with ears on the clutch side is a 26, and only if you mill the bosses where the inner primary or bearing support mounts (4).



When you're decidin' which approach to take, keep in mind that, because of the multiplication factor through the primary drive and trans, two more teeth on the engine sprocket is the same as an increase of about three at the trans, and a reduction of almost six at the rear wheel.

After truckin' around awhile in search of the cog you need, you'll probably notice that some aluminum sprockets are available. These may not be as strong as a heat-treated steel number around the bolt holes or spline area, but if everything is kept tight they'll hold up okay. You can also have 'em hard-anodized (trade names are Martin Hardcoat and Sanford Process), which will reduce tooth wear and give a pretty good-lookin' grey surface.

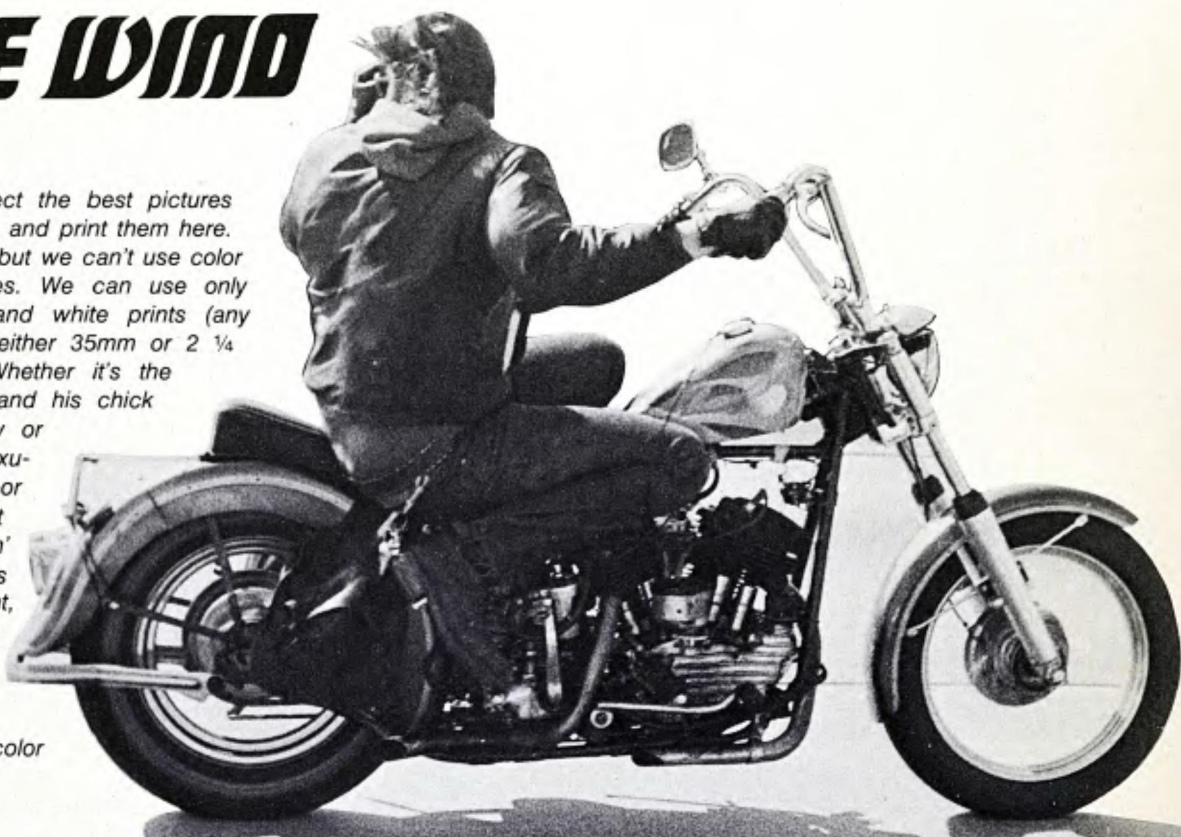


One final note—some of the belt primary drives on the market shorten the overall gear ratio of big twins because they use an oversized rear clutch pulley, which has the same effect as reducing the engine sprocket size. This change can be partially or completely offset, depending on how much it is, by a bigger trans or smaller rear wheel sprocket. One particular drive ends up with the equivalent of a 21-tooth engine sprocket; you would need a 26- or 27-tooth trans sprocket just to get you back to stock gearing. If you don't want the hassle, ask 'em what their reduction is. It should be about 1.60 to equal a stock primary, and around 1.55 for the equivalent of one tooth taller (23) engine gearing. At least two units are in the ballpark with these figures. You can usually tell by lookin' at the size of the rear clutch pulley. It's smaller than the clutch basket's diameter by even a taste (5), then everything should be cool.

—Gearhead

IN THE WIND

Each month we select the best pictures our readers send us and print them here. We appreciate them all, but we can't use color prints or color negatives. We can use only good, in-focus, black and white prints (any size) and color slides (either 35mm or 2 1/4 x 2 1/4)—nothing else. Whether it's the exhilaration of a dude and his chick flyin' down the highway or the let-it-all-hang-out exuberance of a biker bash or the eyeball-poppin' sight of a sexy honey showin' her stuff—these photos typify the fun, excitement, and freedom of biking. (Oh yeah—we \$20 for every black and white photo we use and \$35 for every color slide we use.)

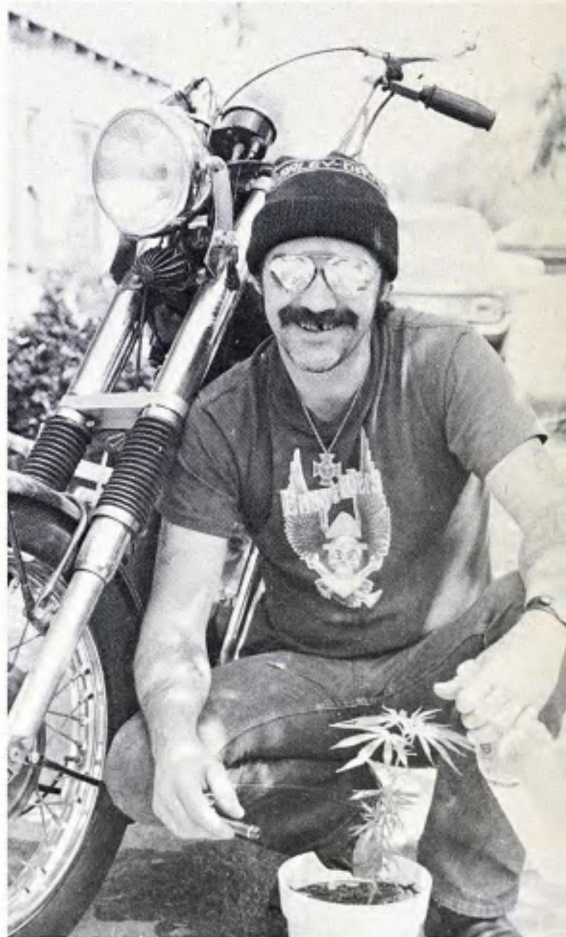


—from Vivian Alley, Surrency, Georgia

—from Buck Lovell, San Jose, Calif.



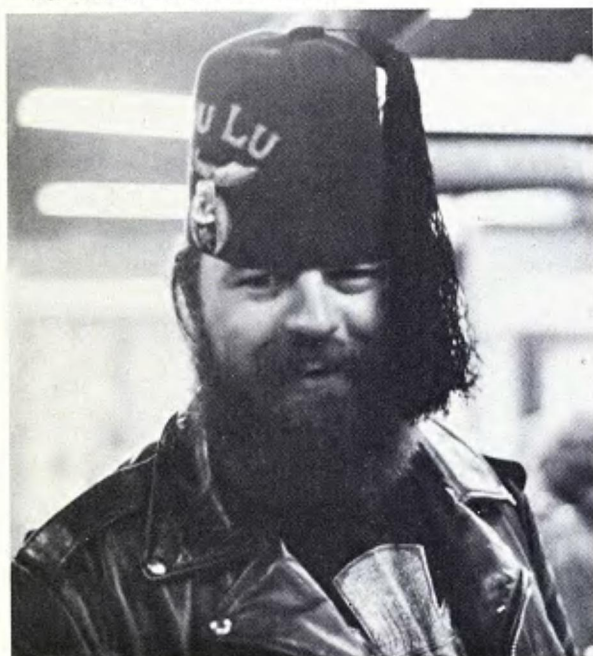
—from "Dirt that Moves," Baltimore, Md.



—from Duck, Pacoima, Calif.



—from Charlie Rohr, Kewaunee, Wis.



—from David Scheffler, New Britain, Pa.

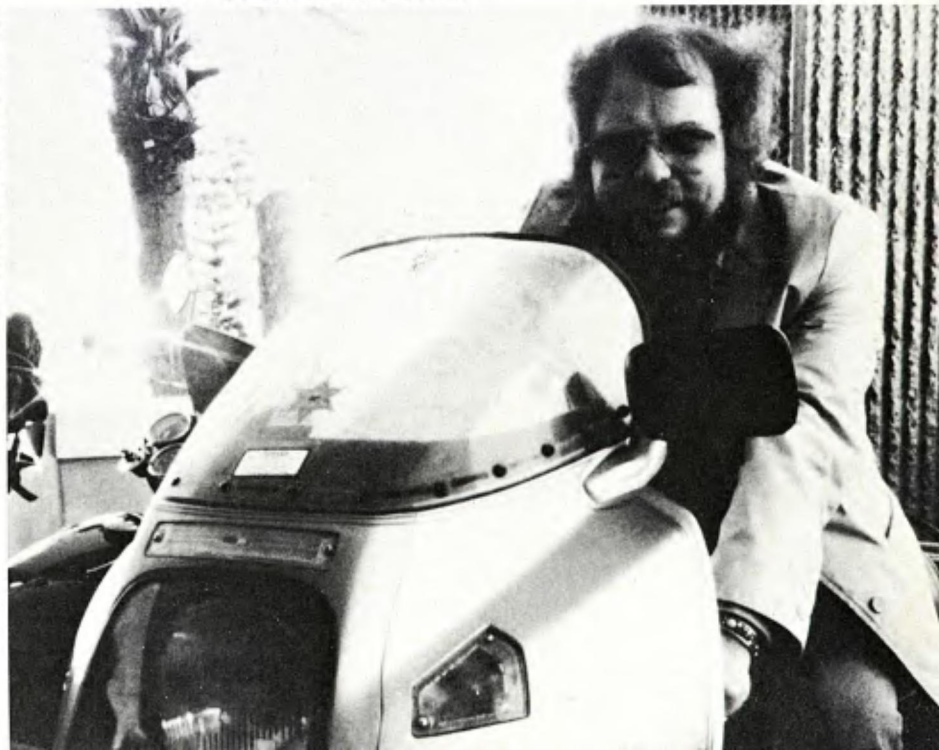


—from Lee Bauer, Perryville, Ohio



—from Trader Carl, Taos, New Mex.

—from Two Moon, Long Beach, Calif.





—from Frankie, San Diego, Calif.



—from J. D. Buckmeier, Baltimore, Md.



—from Tim Callahan, N. Andover, Mass.



—from Steve Bonge, Massapequa, N.Y.

—from J. D. Buckmeier, Baltimore, Md.



—from Mark Calhoun, Jalisco, Mexico





—from John Seginski, Reno, Nev.



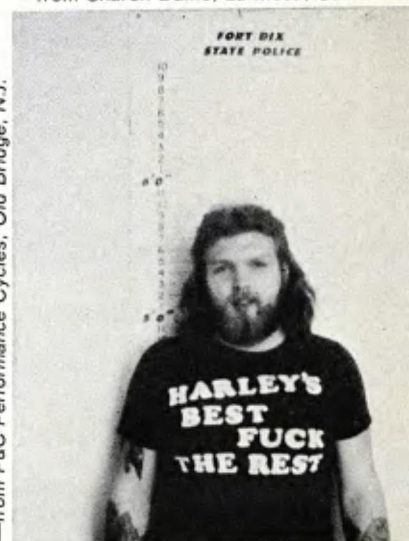
—from Mark Harrigan, Lafayette, Calif.



—from John Seginski, Reno, Nev.



—from Sharon Dame, La Mesa, Calif.



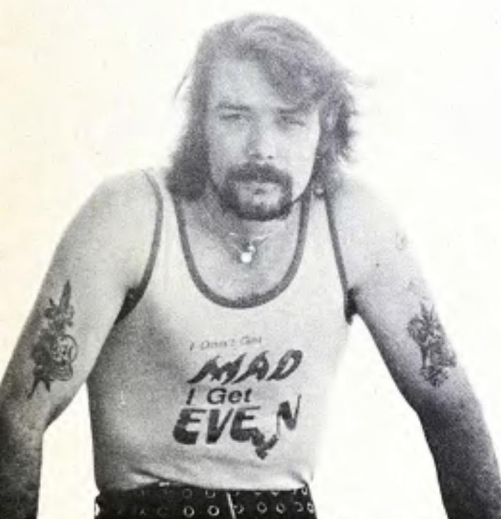
—from P&C Performance Cycles, Old Bridge, N.J.



—from Melanie, Sun Valley, Calif.



—from R. W. Coutinho Jr., New Bedford, Maine



—from Preacher, Lahaina, Maui



—from Melanie Scott, Baton Rouge, La.



—from Al Furlan, Jr., Niles, Ill.



—from J. Jordan, Newark, Ohio



—from Linda Barbour, Placerville, Calif.



—from Linda Barbour, Placerville, Calif.

—from Bruce Raynor, Vienna, Ohio



—from Scott Christy, Jacksonville, Fla.



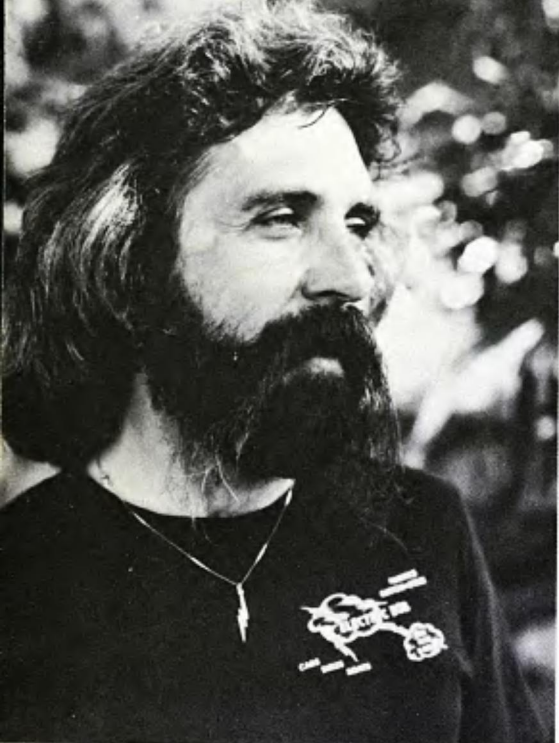
—from Stash, Atlantic City, NJ.



—from Pooh Bear, Baltimore, Md.

—from Lynda Marrokai, Santee, Calif.





—from Beyond, Silverstrand Beach, Calif.



—from Jacque Sterens, Brown Summit, N.C.

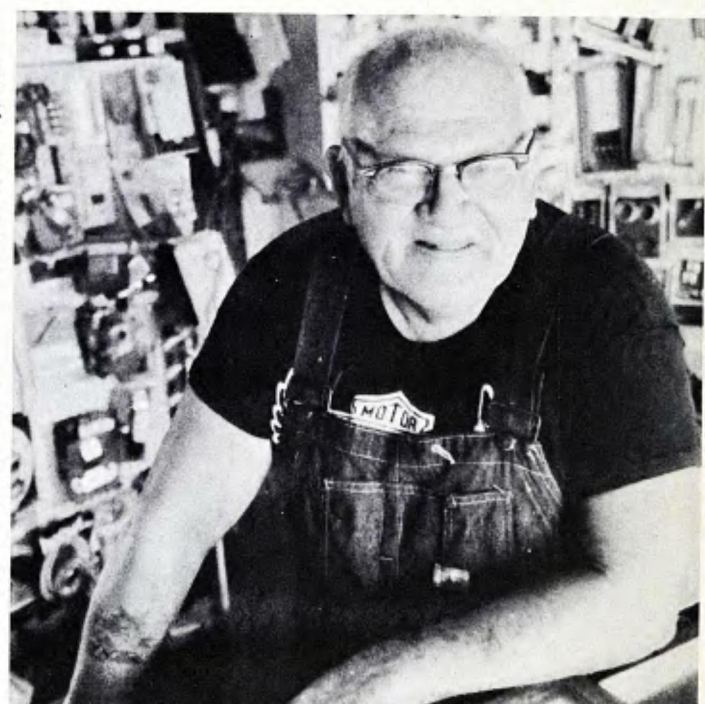


—from Funny Face, Advance, Mo.



—from T, Ybor City, Fla.

—from Cindy Betts, Orlando, Calif.



—from Preacher, Lahaina, Maui



—from Dirty Ernie, Beatrice, Nebr.





—from Donna Allstaedt, Mountainlake, Wash.

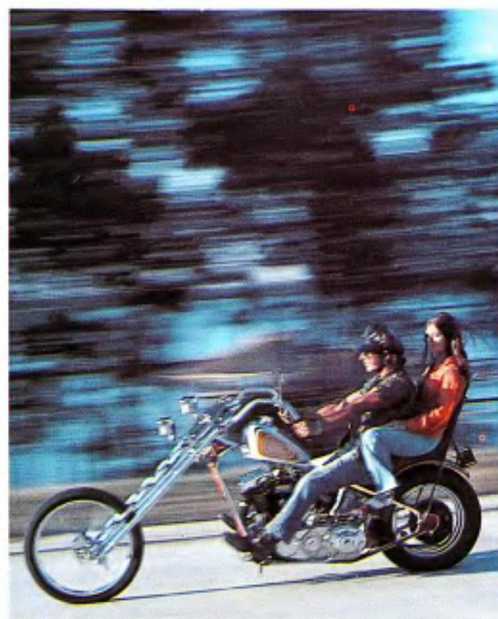


—from Richard F. Charon, Sport, La.

—from Jacque Sterens, Brown Summit, N.C.



—from Mike Springsteen, Demette, Ind.



—from Chris Pollari, Ontario, Canada



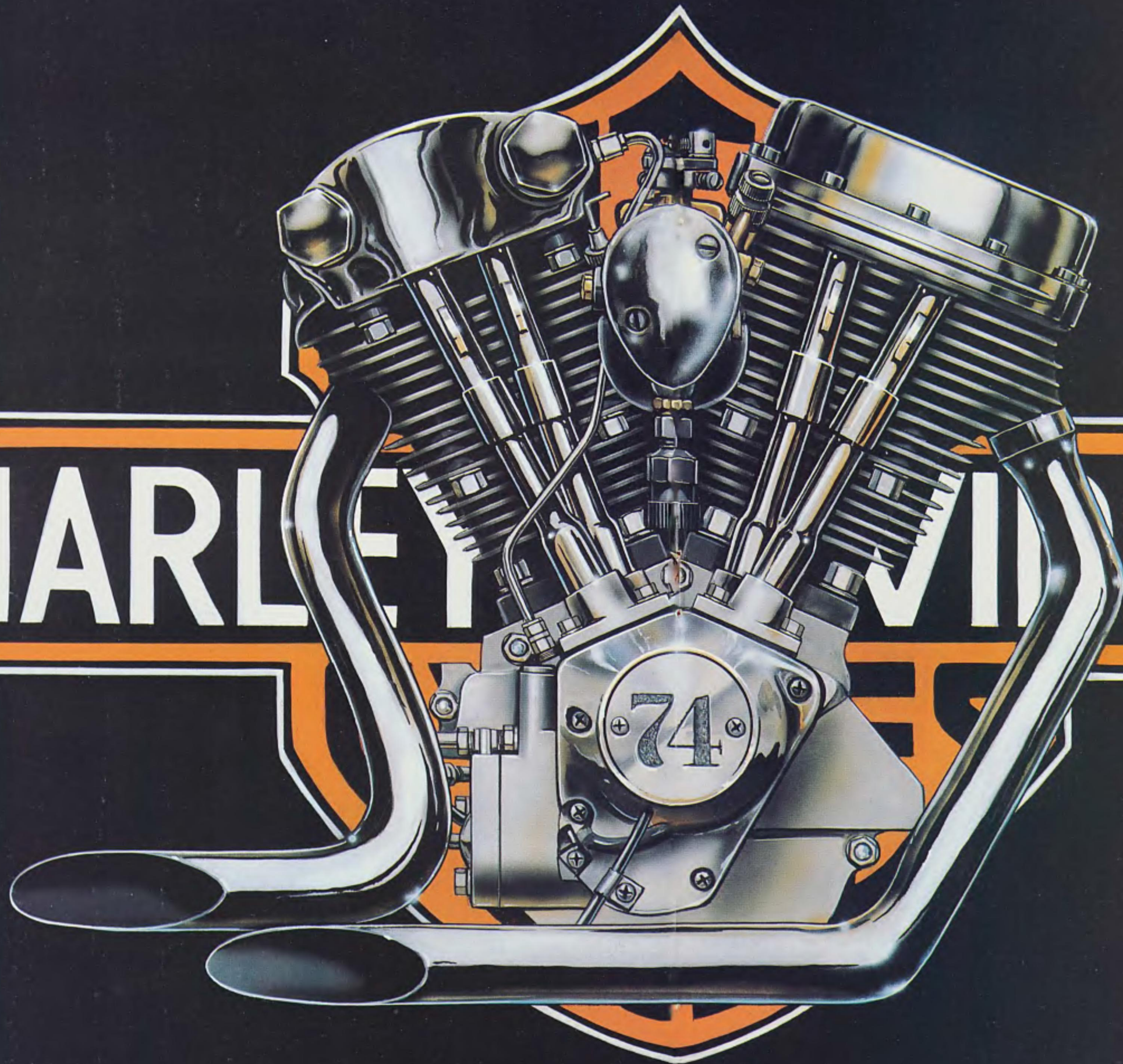
—from Bear, Miami, Fla.



—from Don Hughes, Phoenix, Ariz.

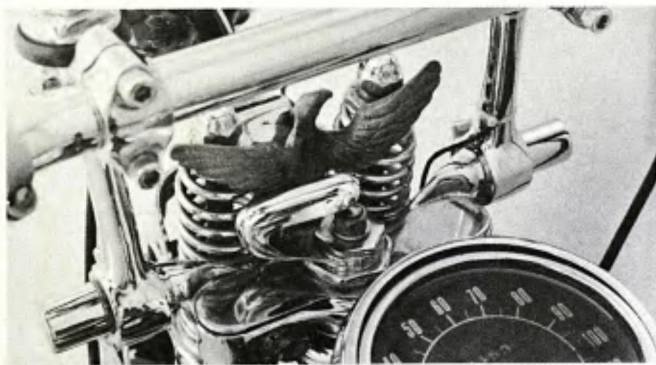


HARLEY-DAVIDSON



David Mann
Easyriders





47-74

Everything Was There

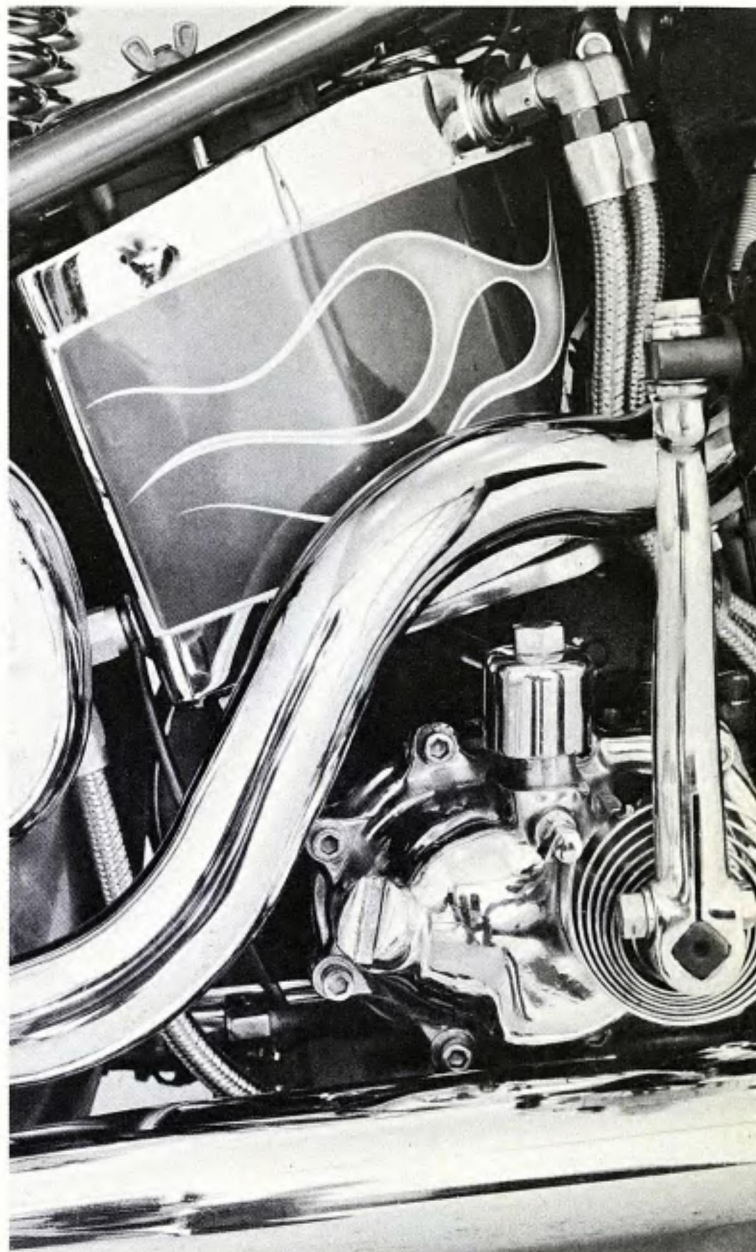


Don't judge a broad by her makeup. Isn't that an old cliché? or don't judge a bike by the paint job. Jim bought this knuckle a couple of years ago because everything was there, not because it looked good.

It hardly ran, it sweated oil constantly, and it billowed smoke like a coalburning locomotive. But all the right parts were in the right places.

Up to this point, I was tryin' my damndest to be positive and informative about buyin' used bikes, then brother Frank strolled in, pulled up a thinner can, and sat down. "Whatta ya doin', bro?"

I told him. I tried to explain that my line of thinking was

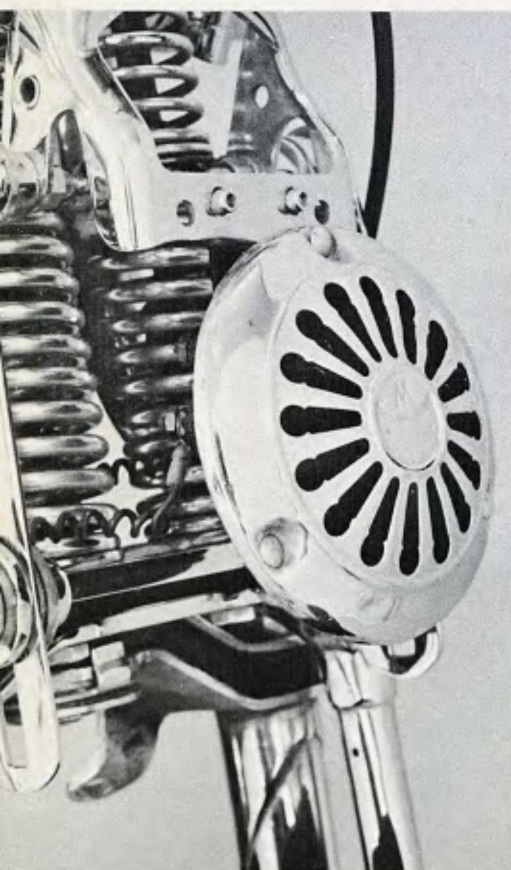
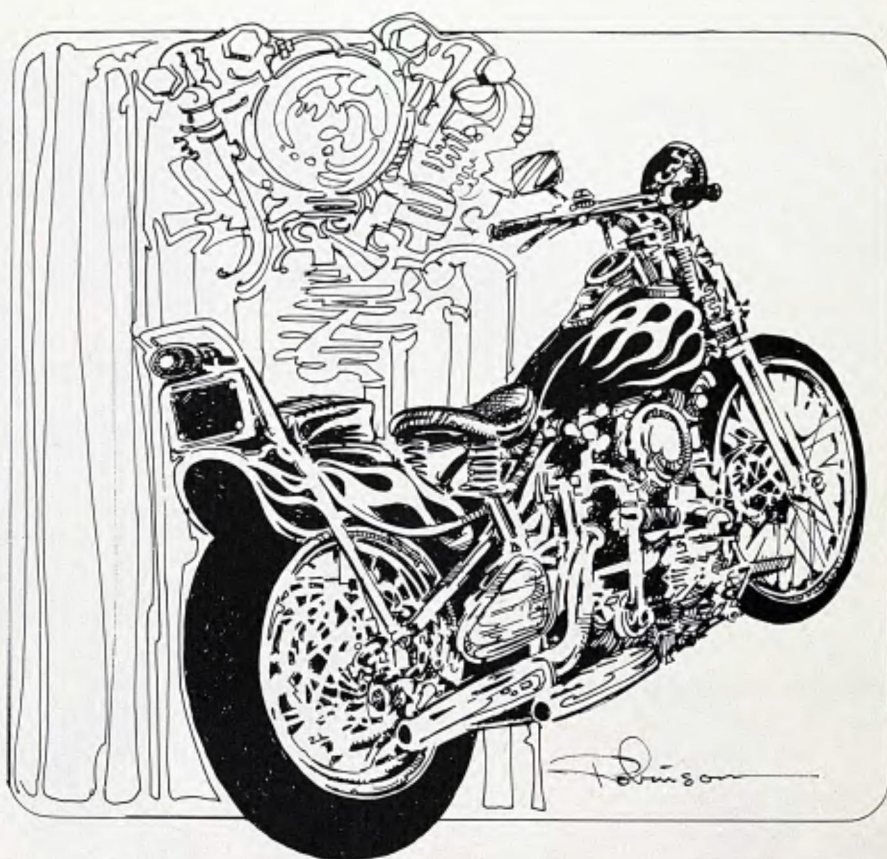


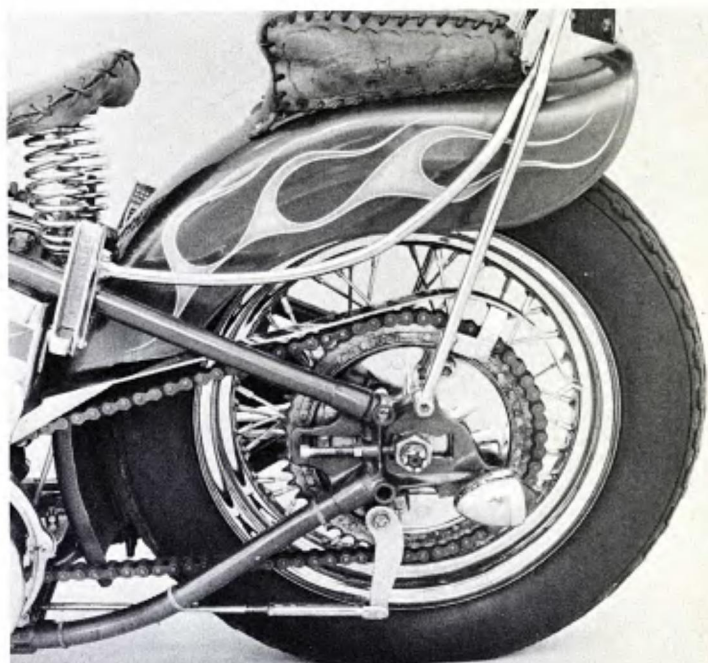
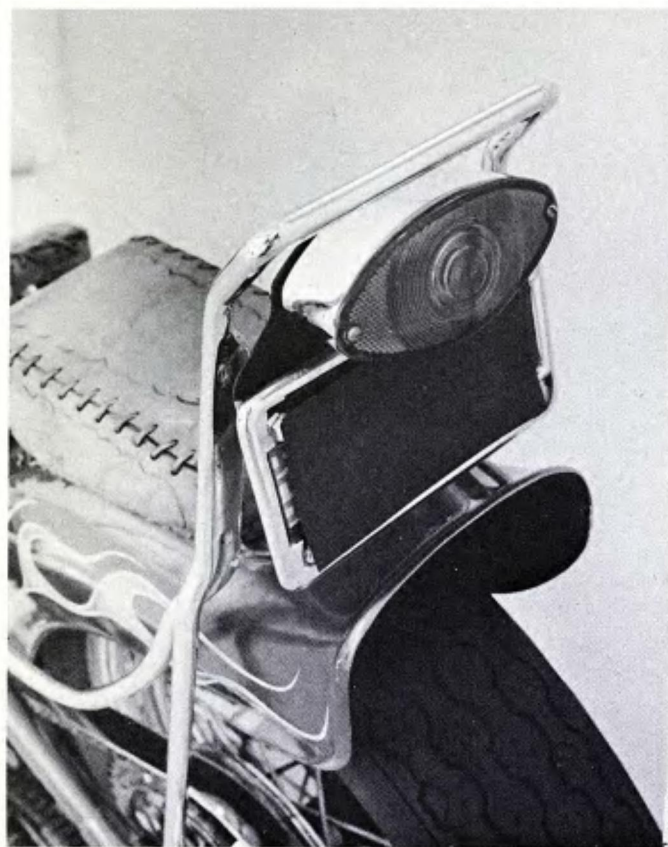
headed toward the idea that even if a used scooter up for sale looks real nice, it still might not run for shit. And that everything might need to be replaced to make it look and run like the buyer wants it to. But I only got partially into my helpful theory when Frank blurted, "Ya mean, just 'cause it's all there doesn't mean it's runnin'." That brought the entire direction of this saga to a crossed-up halt. He was right in a sense.

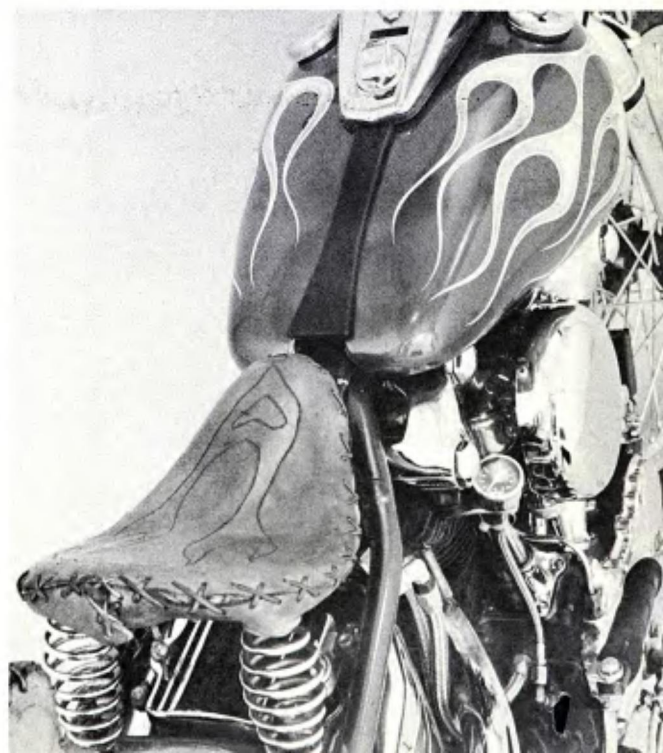
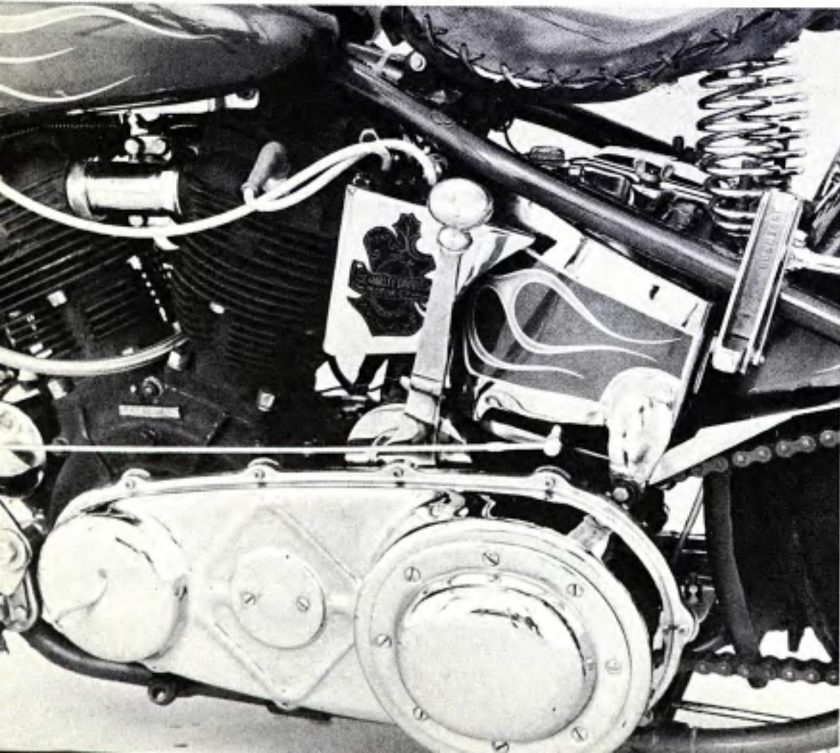
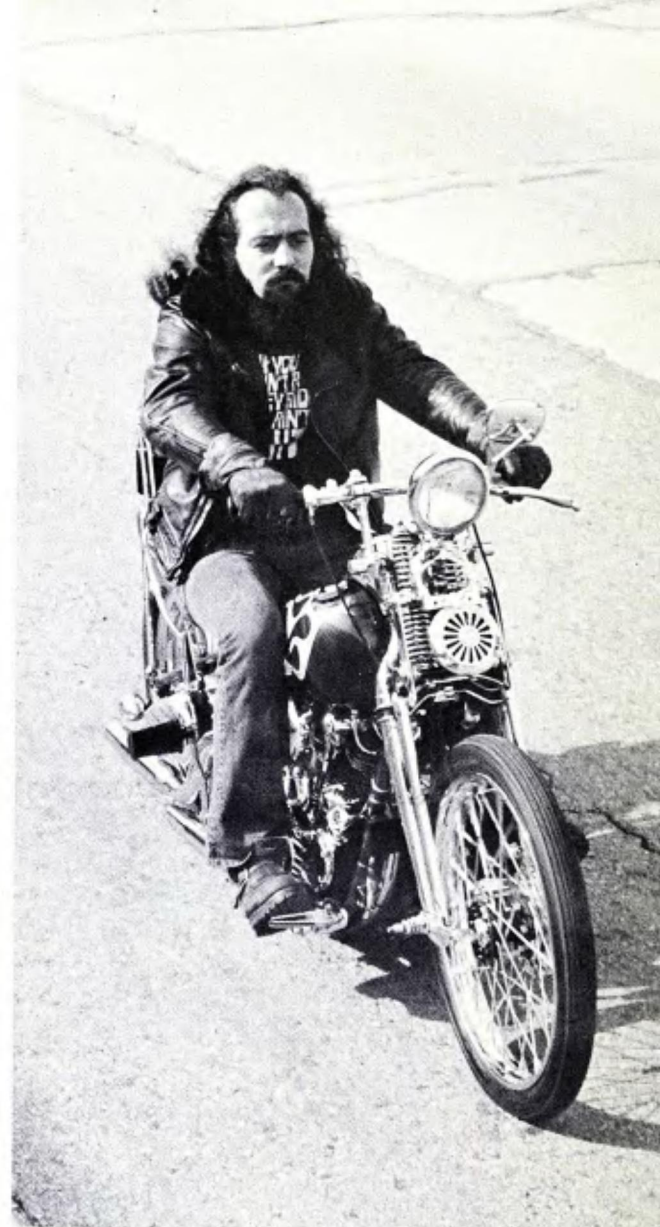
What it comes down to is this: If you have a specific style in mind, almost stock for instance, and you buy a scooter that ain't stock and ain't runnin' too well—then you not only have to get it runnin' but you also have to replace everything or modify everything back to stock.

But if you buy a scooter that's got all the parts you want, even though in need of repairs, at least you don't have to spend months waitin' or huntin' for parts. Ya know, I may have wasted this entire trip—but I do have one copout. Jim did it.

—Weed

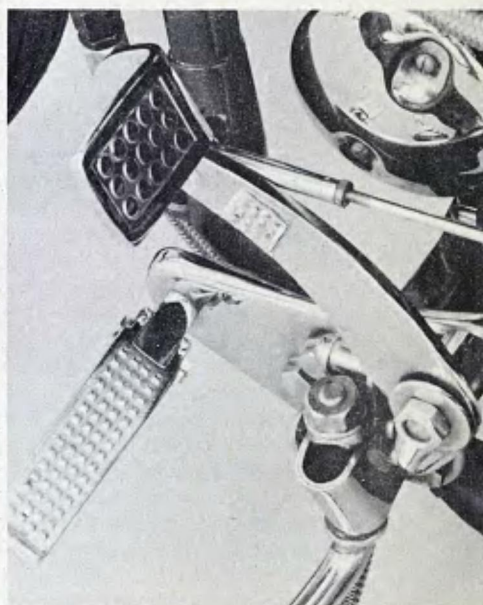
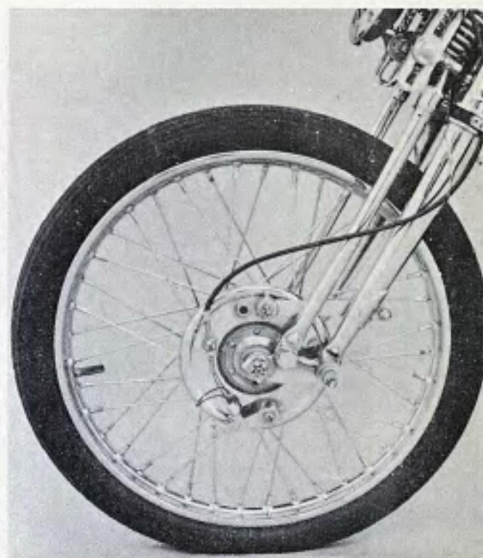






Owners: Jim Fracol		City: Carson, Calif.	
General		Frame	
Fabrication by: owner		Year: 1947	
Year and make: 1947 H-D		Builder: H-D	
Model: knucklehead		Type: rigid	
Value: \$6,000		Rake: 28 degrees	
Assembly: owner/Joe Palkovich		Stretch: stock	
Time: 1 year		Other alterations: none	
Chroming by: Ferrier		Accessories	
Engine		Bars: drag	
Year: 1947		Risers: Flanders	
Model: FL		Fender(s): Gary Bang	
Rebuilder: Charlie/Dick		Headlight: Bates	
Ignition: 6V. coil, manual adv.		Taillight: Gary Bang	
Displacement: 74 cu.in.		Speedo: H-D	
Lower end: stock		Front pegs: Gary Bang	
Balancing: Edlebrock		Rear pegs: Gary Bang	
Pistons: H-D .050		Electrics: 6V. 3-br. gen.	
Cases: H-D knuckle		Gas tank: 3-gal. fatbob	
Heads: H-D knuckle		Oil tank: stock center	
Cam: Andrews		Oil system: H-D	
Lifters: H-D solid		Primary cover: Paughco	
Carb(s): Linkert M-74 B		Seat: solo by Jack	
Air cleaner: round		Sissy bar: owner	
Pipes: Kevin Daly		Height: 10 inches	
Muffler(s): Super Max		Material: 7/16 in. round stock	
Transmission		Forks	
Modifications: none		Type: springer	
Year: 1947		Extension: none	
Shifting: jockey		Builder: H-D	
Engine sprocket: 22		Special features: ride control	
Trans sprocket: 24		Wheels	
Wheel sprocket: 51		Front:	Rear:
Painting		Size: 21 in.	Size: 16 in.
Molding: none		Hub: H-D	Hub: H-D
Painter: Ron Sours		Rim width: WM1	Rim width: 5 in.
Color: candy red		Tire: Avon	Tire: Carlisle
Type: lacquer		Brake: H-D drum	Brake: H-D drum
Special paint: flames			
Other special modifications: Phase III belt, Lockhart oil cooler, Earls stainless oil lines.			

Photos by Pete Chiodo



A Trip To Remember

By Duchess



So there we were, my girlfriend Judy and I, barely eighteen and bored to death with small-town life. Her older brother had recently given her his old, souped-up Ford—now that he was twenty-two, he needed something more sophisticated. We didn't care so long as we had wheels. The big thing on Friday nights was to congregate in the parking lot of Handy Andy's drive-in, go in a gang to skate at the Blue Rose roller rink, and the party at someone's house. This Friday night, though, we were on the prowl for something bigger—heavy partying, but we weren't sure where to go.

In desperation, we hit Mom's Chili Parlor on the far side of town. This place was so small that you had to go out in the street to change your mind. But it was always packed, drawing a crowd from the nearby college, plus the older guys from town. They served beer at Mom's and carded everyone, so Judy and I had stayed away until we could get past the front door. We could hear all the talking and laughter from the street, over the blare of the jukebox, and got kinda excited before we hit the front door. Before we could walk in, though, we both got swept up in a bearhug by someone coming out. It was Tom-Tom. And he was flying!

If there was a local hero in our little burg, it had to be Tom-Tom. He was a rock drummer, hence the name, and played in a group over at the college. Tall, angular, with a perpetual spaced-out grin on his face, Tom-Tom attracted people wherever he went. We all loved him because he was always ready to party. Our parents felt differently. Drumming just wasn't an accepted way of making a living—and they were kinda suspicious because he was always grinning. They were right. He'd turned us all on to pot and even

sneaked us into roadhouses from time to time. "And how are my favorite little chickies tonight?" He hugged us again.

"Bored," I replied, "we're bored to tears. Every Friday night at the Blue Rose gets to be a bit much, ya know?"

"Yeah," Judy chimed in. "Nobody wants to grow up but us. Hey, Tom, now that we're eighteen, will ya take us to the Pub?"

The Pub was the most notorious roadhouse in the county. Set back off County Line road, it was an old, rustic building with an immense parking lot always filled with motorcycles and hot cars. All the guys talked about going to the Pub and picking up girls. Tom used to tease and promise that he'd take Judy and me there when we turned eighteen.

"Gotta card ya first," he teased. "Don't want trouble with the heat. You know the odds—seventeen'll getcha twenty!"

Undaunted, we flashed our lovely, legal licenses and waited with smug grins for his approval.

"All right! Goodbye, midwest quail and hello, ladies. Tom-Tom Benton at your service. But first"—he grinned conspiratorially—"a word from our sponsor, Doctor Speedo." With that, he bowed and gestured toward his T-bird parked at the curb. "Step into the tent, folks, and let the good doctor cure all your aches and pains." Giggling away, we got into his car and watched as he produced a paper-wrapped package from under the seat. In it was a plastic bag full of all kinds of pills and capsules in a rainbow of colors. "This, my little chickadees, is Doctor Speedo's finest cure-all, better known as greenies, bluebells, purple hearts, and black beauties. Speed, beautiful speed," he trilled in his best Julie Andrews imitation.

We were bug-eyed and kinda nervous, not knowing how to respond. Judy's brother used to talk about "doin' speed," but we weren't sure this was what he meant. We may have felt ready for the big time, but underneath it all, Judy and I were still naive, small-town girls, who thought that getting stoned on pot was a big deal. I looked at Judy, Judy looked at me, and we both stared blankly at Tom. With a sudden burst of bravado, I grinned at him. "Hey, yeah, turn us on to some of those. This is the night we really fly!" Judy just nodded in assent. That's all Tom needed to hear. Grinning, he handed us each a dark, shiny capsule, produced a can of Coke from somewhere and instructed us to down 'em.

"Now, just lay back, ladies, an' let those black beauties kick out. Tonight we fly—to the Pub, to the moon, to who knows where." Something in our expressions must have caught his attention, because he suddenly got very serious and spoke quietly, "Don't worry, they won't do anything but hop you up, and you'll just jingle-jangle along for the rest of the night." Then he grinned the old Tom-Tom grin, and we grinned back, and he laughed, and we laughed back, and there we were on our way to the Pub, just laughing and grinning to beat the band.

As we pulled into the parking lot, we could see row upon row of big, shiny scoots and hotrods. Music was blasting out the windows and it sounded wild. I really tried to feel scared but at that moment all I wanted to do was dance. I just bounced from the car and we all headed inside, flashed our ID, and headed for the bar to order beer. It was hot, and smoky, and noisy, and full of older guys and chicks. Wow! This was really it. I turned to say something to Judy and there, next to me, was the hugest dude I'd ever seen in my life. He must have been eleven feet tall and weighed about four hundred pounds—honest. His hair was sorta long and he had a thick beard. I wasn't sure he was smiling at me, but I smiled anyway, just to be on the safe side.

"Hey, I'll girl," he boomed down at me, "what're ya doin' with a beer in yer hand?"

"Oh, it's cool. I'm eighteen." I wondered if he could hear my voice over the thunderous knocking of my knees.

"Oh yeah? That's nice. Sure do bounce a lot, don't ya?" Still smiling—I hoped it was a good sign.

"Yeah, I was just born to move. Know what I mean?" Did I say that? Amazing! I began scanning the jam-packed dance floor for Judy or Tom-Tom, but couldn't see them. Great, just great. Here I was stuck at the bar with Godzilla. Oh well, nothing else to do but brazen it out. Something was rumbling in my ear—he was talking again.

"I said, would ya like a little smoke? It's real Panama Red. You'll love it." An enormous paw the size of a catcher's mitt held out a joint to me. God, it smelled good. Besides, I'd never smoked any Red before and I had already made up my mind I was ready for the big time. So I took a hit and silently prayed that I wouldn't choke. Whew, made it! The next one was easier, and the next.

Sure was smoky in there. I noticed a thin trail of smoke coming up from a nearby ashtray in a most unusual pattern. It started out flat, like a thin ribbon, and then spread out in a fan, light in the ceiling, trailing over some people's heads in a figure eight, and the rest of it just drifting, drifting, drifting. . .

"Hey, you're back. Have a nice trip?" My new-found friend was once again addressing me. "Sure is smoky, huh? Whyn't we go for a ride an' get some fresh air?"

"Oh, well, unh, my friends, ya know?" I was panicked.

"Aw, c'mon. Ever been on a big bike before? You'll love mine—it's a real dream machine."

I couldn't figure out why he was talking so slowly, the words streaming out like ribbons, but I thought about a dream machine. . . and . . . it . . . sounded . . . dreamy. The next thing I knew, we were standing in the parking lot, Godzilla pointing proudly to this enormous black and silver beast and telling me, "Yep, my pride and joy. Took two years to build an' all the bucks I could scrape together; but it was worth it. No rinky-dink scooter for me—that's a big, bad 74, my ol' knucklehead buddy, the best an' truest friend a man could have."

Well, it was pretty—all deep black lacquer and gleaming chrome. There was delicate silver pinstriping on the tank and Harley-Davidson was written out in elegant silver script. I couldn't take my eyes off the lights reflected in the chrome and the pools of soft moonlight on the dark ground. I was staring into deep pools of silver-black water, shimmering silver-black pools. . .

My friend was straddling that enormous beast. He had started it and I heard a deep, throaty rumble in the background of his instructions to me—"On the peg there, hand on my shoulder, yeah, an' swing over. . ." I was seated behind him, my feet up on something he called pegs. The deep rumble was louder, hanging in the air around us, and suddenly those tires screamed into the night and we were moving and I was hanging onto his huge middle for dear life. There was so much wind that I had to shut my eyes, and then I couldn't hear anything.

We were floating down County Line,

—Continued on page 78

With this *Stash Pouch* you can securely stash all your valuables and they'll be completely unnoticed. It fits on any size leg and can hold a lot of weight without having to be held tightly to your leg. You can jump, run, whatever, and the *Stash Pouch* will stay in position—it does not slip down.

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Trying to be a gentleman, the horny dude turned to the chick and asked, "Tell me, do you object to giving blow jobs?"

"That's something I've never done in my life."

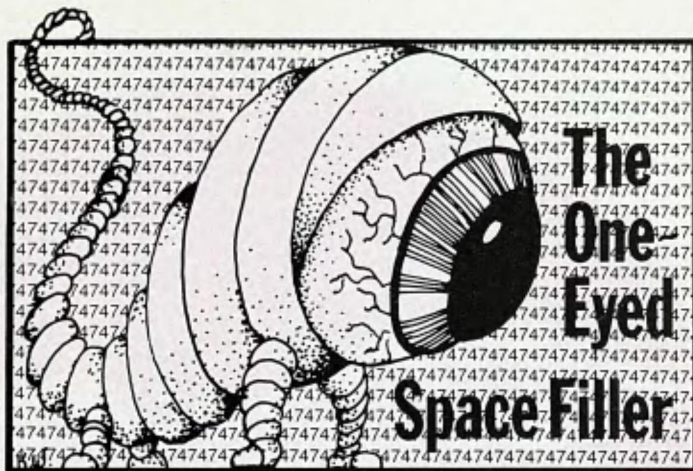
"Never given a blow job?" he asked, surprised.

"No," she said. "Never objected."

—Tom Hamilton
Melbourne, Aus.

"Well," said the disgruntled dude, as he walked out of the courtroom with his lawyer, "As I said before, when I make a beauty, it's a mistake."

—Tim Conley
Pittsburgh, Pa.



Then there was the dude who didn't think too much of wife-swapping, until he got a panhead for his ol' lady.

—Gene Prigge
Shell Lake, Wis.

The teacher was trying to explain the difference between singular and plural. She asked the class, "What do you call it if one woman looks out a window?"

"Singular," replied Junior.

"All right," said the teacher. "What do you call it if three women are looking out of a window?"

"Whorehouse," replied Junior.

—Hank Plante
Lancaster, Calif.

"Well," asked the bro, "did you take my advice an' kiss your chick when she least expected it?"

"When?" the dude answered. "No wonder she was smilin'. I thought you said Where."

—Jose
Tijuana, Mex.

Recipe for a salad for weekend runs: Cut up lettuce, tomatoes, cucumbers, and green peppers. Then add a dash of marijuana and let the salad toss itself.

—Robert Milani
Great Falls, Mont.

The Easyrider dictionary defines protein as a girl too young to fuck.

—Milton Bell
Stanton, Calif.



Easyriders

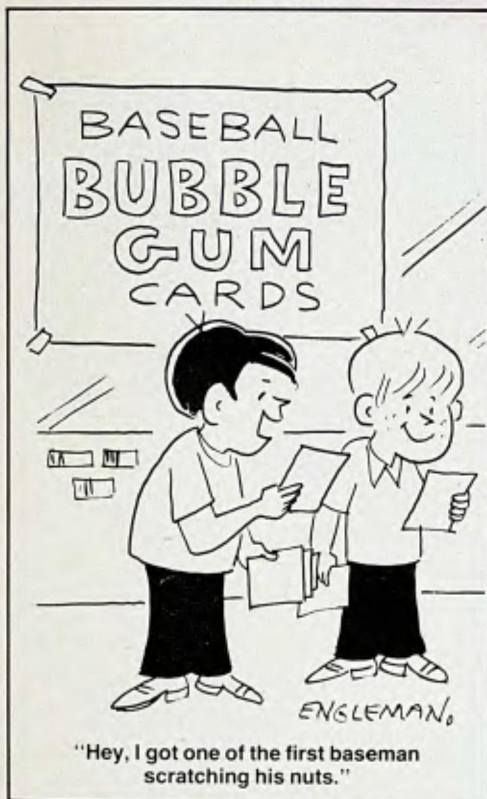
Gullyp



Easyriders

Doan

"The boys at the office gave it to me. They said it's the kind of hat a prick like me should wear."



"Hey, I got one of the first baseman scratching his nuts."

ENGLEMAN



Easyriders

Ted Robins

"...But first, our national anthem."



"Kinda makes ya wish ya were born a bike seat."

George took his younger brother to a whorehouse for the first time, and as the hooker was washing the kid's dork, he ejaculated prematurely.

"Aw, that's tough," the hooker sympathized. "Can you come again?"

"I don't know if my brother will bring me," the kid answered.

Connellsville, Pa.

—Vince Adams

"My mother always told me to be good," the young chick said afterwards, when the biker rolled over to light up a smoke. "Was I?"

—Carl Thomas Larson, Kan.

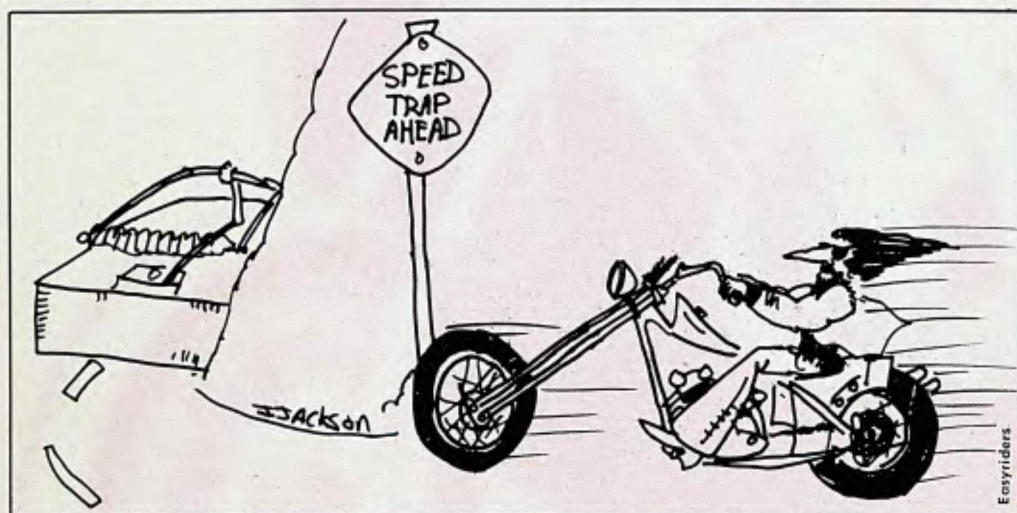


"There! Now if that don't get ya to shut yer yap when we're puttin', nothin' will!"

"Didn't you see that red light back there?" the angry cop asked the motorist.

"Fuck no, man," the stoned driver said. "I didn't even see the house."

—Dick Johnson Brooklyn, N.Y.

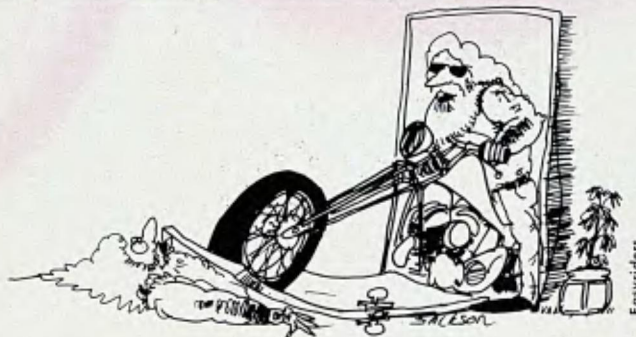


Driving his rig along the darkened highway, the truck driver suddenly saw a young couple fucking in the middle of the road. Honking his horn and swerving, he managed to skid to a stop only inches from the writhing couple.

"Didn't you hear me coming?" he shouted furiously.

"Hell yes," the young man answered, "but she was coming, I was coming, and you were coming—and you were the only one with brakes."

—C. Sanderson Glendale, Calif.



"Anybody home?"

The Cuban had hijacked an airliner and was on his way to America. Alone in the cockpit, unfamiliar with the controls, he managed to contact the airport at Miami, and explained that he didn't know how to land the plane.

"Be calm," the tower operator said. "How high are you, and what's your position?"

"I'm five feet four an' I'm in the front of the airplane," came the answer.

—Hiram Rivera Encino, Calif.

The young girl arrived at her new job, and the boss told her, "We'll expect you to do the same thing here as you did at your last job, Miss Smith."

"I don't mind," she replied, "but you won't insist that I swallow that stuff, will you?"

—Candy Kelly Montrose, Va.



"By any chance, are you one of those dogs that likes to suck eggs?"

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Performance HD, 3800 N. 34th Ave., Tucson
The Harley Shop, 1000 N. 1st Ave., Phoenix
Highway Choppers, 4223 W. Grand Ave., Glendale
Arizona Custom Cycles, 2901 W. Thomas Rd., Suite G, Phoenix
Czech's Cycles & Repairs, 4280 E. Speedway, Tucson
Ocean Side HD, 1275 N. Olive Creek Rd., Pigeon

CALIFORNIA

Cycle Parts Unlimited, 1660 Yosemite Park Way, Merced
The Purple Hog, 640 Thomas St., Santa Cruz
Two Stroke Trips, 701 N. Maple, San Francisco
San Francisco Harley, 1000 N. 1st Ave., San Francisco
Prisco Choppers Inc., 375 Valencia St., San Francisco
Golden State MC, 1660 Ave. 296, Van Nuys
D & G Cycle Parts, 1515 Santa Fe Rd., La Puente
MC Choppers, 1515 Santa Fe Rd., La Puente
MC West, 2399 Lincoln Blvd., Marina Del Rey
Little Man's Custom Cycle Parts, 1333 West 10th St., San Bernardino
Whitney Fabrication, 3251 Foothill Blvd., San Bernardino
B & B Tapered Aves, Huntington Beach
HD of San Rafael, 293 Francisco Blvd., San Rafael
Harley's Cycle Shop, 1000 N. 1st Ave., San Francisco
Merced Harley Davidson, 1415 Yosemite Blvd., Merced
Motorcycle Leather, 1814 Central Expressway, Pleasant Hill
Cycle Specialists, 321 Main St., Modesto
Street & Custom, 8548 E. Asher Blvd., Brentwood
Harley's Cycle Shop, 1000 N. 1st Ave., San Francisco
Central Valley Eng. & Fab., 411 N. Central Blvd., Fresno
Zach's New & Used HD Parts, 1111 University, San Jose

CANADA

HD Cycles LTD, 745 University St., Toronto, Ontario

COLORADO

Hatfield Harley Davidson, 1000 N. 1st Ave., Boulder
Conger's AMP HD MC Sales, 1000 N. 1st Ave., Boulder
D & C Enterprises, 1000 N. 1st Ave., Boulder
HD of Colorado Springs, 1000 N. 1st Ave., Colorado Springs
Two Wheelers MC Shop, 1000 N. 1st Ave., Denver
Brett's Burying Service, 1000 N. 1st Ave., Denver
Howell's House of Harley, 1000 N. 1st Ave., Denver
Rocky Mountain HD Motor Co., 1000 N. 1st Ave., Denver

CONNECTICUT

First Line Speed & Cycle, 1111 Main St., Danbury
Brother's Harley Davidson Inc., 1111 Main St., Danbury
New London County MC Sales, 1111 Main St., Danbury

DELAWARE

Herts for Health and Happiness, New Castle, New Castle

FLORIDA

H-D of Fort Myers, 1120 Southwest Fort Myers
Harley Davidson of Palm Beach, 1120 N. Military Trail, West Palm Beach
Medford Joe's MC Repairs, 1000 N. 1st Ave., Hollywood
Fletcher's Harley Davidson Sales, 1000 N. 1st Ave., Largo
B & D Choppers Shop, 1000 N. 1st Ave., Fort Lauderdale
Larry's Scooter Depot, 1000 N. 1st Ave., Fort Lauderdale
C & L Harley Shop, 1000 N. 1st Ave., Fort Lauderdale
Harley Cycle & Chopper, 1000 N. 1st Ave., Fort Lauderdale

HAWAII

Motorcycle Alley, 1000 N. 1st Ave., Honolulu
Harley's Cycle Shop, 1000 N. 1st Ave., Honolulu

GEORGIA

Blue Ribbon Cycles, 1000 N. 1st Ave., Atlanta
Blue Ribbon Cycles, 1000 N. 1st Ave., Atlanta
Phonics Cycle Accessories Inc., 1000 N. 1st Ave., Atlanta
Choppers Emporium, 1000 N. 1st Ave., Atlanta

IDAHO

Cycle Service & Sales, 1111 N. 50th Ave., Lewiston

ILLINOIS

Suburban Harley Davidson, 2215 Bard Rd., Palatine
Cycle Goodies, 1214 Hwy. 41, Leesburg
Wendy's Harley Shop, 1000 N. 1st Ave., Naperville
Gordon Shop & Go Choppers, 773 N. Broadway, Joliet
House of Cycles, 1100 N. 1st Ave., Joliet
R & H Choppers, 1000 N. 1st Ave., Joliet
Machinist Harley Shop, 1000 N. 1st Ave., Joliet
Triumph MC Service, 1000 N. 1st Ave., Joliet
Vila Park HD, 1000 N. 1st Ave., Joliet
H & L Sport & Cycle, 1000 N. 1st Ave., Joliet
Doug's Motorcycle Parts, 1000 N. 1st Ave., Joliet
Fantasy Choppers, 1000 N. 1st Ave., Joliet

INDIANA

Head Hunter Customs, 210 E. Main St., New Albany
The Cycle Shop, 1000 N. 1st Ave., Marion
Brand's HD Inc., 1000 N. 1st Ave., Warsaw
The Chopper Shop, 1000 N. 1st Ave., Warsaw
Dunk & Motorcycle Shop, 1000 N. 1st Ave., Warsaw

IOWA

Harley's Cycle Shop, 1000 N. 1st Ave., Des Moines

KANSAS

Blackwater Van & Cycle, 411 Jackson St., Topeka
Free Wheeling, 411 Jackson St., Topeka

KENTUCKY

Appleton Harley Davidson Sales, Inc., 1200 Industry, Lexington
Custom Cycle of Danville, 124 First Lane, Danville

LOUISIANA

Motorcycle Products Co., 2002 Barataria Blvd., Bogalusa
Wade's Harley Shop, 1000 N. 1st Ave., Bogalusa
Custom Cycle of Bogalusa, 1000 N. 1st Ave., Bogalusa
Custom Specialists Inc., 4803 North St., Baton Rouge

MAINE

Pete's Machine & Cycle Works, 1000 N. 1st Ave., Bangor
The Chopper Factory, 1000 N. 1st Ave., Bangor

MARYLAND

Brooklyn Cycle, 2100 Beltsville Rd., Beltsville
Hole & Hay Leather Co., 2100 Beltsville Rd., Beltsville
Flat 'N' Snake, 1000 N. 1st Ave., Beltsville
Eckel's Wheel Boutique, 1000 N. 1st Ave., Beltsville
Suburban HD Sales, 1000 N. 1st Ave., Beltsville
Eckel's Wheel Boutique, 1000 N. 1st Ave., Beltsville

MASSACHUSETTS

Cow's N Shop, 1000 N. 1st Ave., Framingham
C & L Harley Shop, 1000 N. 1st Ave., Framingham
C & L Harley Shop, 1000 N. 1st Ave., Framingham
C & L Harley Shop, 1000 N. 1st Ave., Framingham
C & L Harley Shop, 1000 N. 1st Ave., Framingham

MICHIGAN

Denny's Custom Machine Shop, 1000 N. 1st Ave., Bay City
Sully's Cycle, 1000 N. 1st Ave., Bay City
GM Cycle, 1000 N. 1st Ave., Bay City
Custom Cycle Creations, 1000 N. 1st Ave., Bay City
Warren Custom Plating, 1000 N. 1st Ave., Warren

MINNESOTA

Cycle Supplies, 1000 N. 1st Ave., Duluth
D & L Cycle Shop, 1000 N. 1st Ave., Duluth
Harley's Cycle Shop, 1000 N. 1st Ave., Duluth
Farnham HD Inc., 1000 N. 1st Ave., Duluth

Lakeside Cycle, 1000 N. 1st Ave., Duluth
P.J. Everything MC, 1000 N. 1st Ave., Duluth
Smith Bros. & Farnow, 1000 N. 1st Ave., Duluth
York Brothers Custom Cycle, 1000 N. 1st Ave., Duluth

MISSISSIPPI

Ocean Springs Custom Cycle, 1000 N. 1st Ave., Ocean Springs
Laid Stearns Custom, 1000 N. 1st Ave., Ocean Springs

MISSOURI

Cycle & Rider Acc. Comm., 4000 Turner Rd., Kansas City
Westside Choppers, 1715 W. Chicago St., Springfield
Don's Cycle Parts, 1000 N. 1st Ave., Springfield
Doug's Choppers, 1000 N. 1st Ave., Springfield
County MC Parts, 1000 N. 1st Ave., Springfield
John's Custom Motorcycle, 1000 N. 1st Ave., Springfield
Harley Davidson of Kansas City, 1000 N. 1st Ave., Springfield

MONTANA

Quality Custom Cycle, 2323 Belmont, Billings

NEBRASKA

Recycled Cycle, 1200 Kansas Blvd., Lincoln

NEVADA

Recycled Cycle, 1200 Kansas Blvd., Lincoln

NEW HAMPSHIRE

Brother's Custom, 211 Union St., Milford

NEW JERSEY

M. Holly Kawasaki, 38 Main St., Hoboken
H-D of Trenton, 1000 N. 1st Ave., Trenton
HD of Point Pleasant, 1000 N. 1st Ave., Point Pleasant
Cycles Inc., 1000 N. 1st Ave., Point Pleasant
Cycle Shop, 1000 N. 1st Ave., Point Pleasant
C & R Cycle Parts, 1000 N. 1st Ave., Point Pleasant
C & R Cycle Parts, 1000 N. 1st Ave., Point Pleasant
C & R Cycle Parts, 1000 N. 1st Ave., Point Pleasant

NEW MEXICO

All Cycles Parts & Acc., 112 Central Ave., Albuquerque
Big Ten Cycle, 1000 N. 1st Ave., Albuquerque
Cycles Inc., 1000 N. 1st Ave., Albuquerque
Cycles Inc., 1000 N. 1st Ave., Albuquerque
Cycles Inc., 1000 N. 1st Ave., Albuquerque

NEW YORK

KFX Cycles, 1000 N. 1st Ave., New York
Brooklyn HD Inc., 1000 N. 1st Ave., Brooklyn
J & B Cycle, 1000 N. 1st Ave., Brooklyn
The Shady Pasture, 1000 N. 1st Ave., Brooklyn
Albany Cycle, 1000 N. 1st Ave., Albany
Locomotion Choppers, 1000 N. 1st Ave., Albany
Brewster Harley Davidson, 1000 N. 1st Ave., Albany
HD of New York, 1000 N. 1st Ave., Albany
The Sports Shop, 1000 N. 1st Ave., Albany
V-Twin, 1000 N. 1st Ave., Albany

NORTH CAROLINA

Perry's Motorcycle Service, 1000 N. 1st Ave., Fayetteville
T Bird Cycle Shop, 1000 N. 1st Ave., Fayetteville

NORTH DAKOTA

Benne's Cycle Service, 1000 N. 1st Ave., Minot
Peters Fantastic Finishes, 1000 N. 1st Ave., Minot

OHIO

Custom KRC Sales, 1000 N. 1st Ave., Cincinnati
Cycle KRC, 1000 N. 1st Ave., Cincinnati
Freedom Harley Davidson, 1000 N. 1st Ave., Cincinnati
J & J Cycle, 1000 N. 1st Ave., Cincinnati
Austrian Cycle Supply, 1000 N. 1st Ave., Cincinnati

OKLAHOMA

Forman Harley Davidson, 1000 N. 1st Ave., Tulsa
K & N MC, 1000 N. 1st Ave., Tulsa
Wild Bill's, 1000 N. 1st Ave., Tulsa
Tom's Cycle Shop, 1000 N. 1st Ave., Tulsa
Peters & Motorcycle, 1000 N. 1st Ave., Tulsa

OREGON

Freedom Cycle Works, 1000 N. 1st Ave., Portland
D & G Cycle Parts, 1000 N. 1st Ave., Portland
Chopper Shop, 1000 N. 1st Ave., Portland
Cycloptic Choppers, 1000 N. 1st Ave., Portland
E & S Cycle Shop, 1000 N. 1st Ave., Portland
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PENNSYLVANIA

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Chopper Shop, 1000 N. 1st Ave., Philadelphia
Cycloptic Choppers, 1000 N. 1st Ave., Philadelphia
E & S Cycle Shop, 1000 N. 1st Ave., Philadelphia
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Baker Enterprises, 1000 N. 1st Ave., Philadelphia

Kustom Cycle, 1000 N. 1st Ave., Cleveland
The Harley Shop, 1000 N. 1st Ave., Cleveland
Jiff's Motorcycle Specialists, 1000 N. 1st Ave., Cleveland
Speed Enterprises, 1000 N. 1st Ave., Cleveland

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Forman Harley Davidson, 1000 N. 1st Ave., Tulsa
K & N MC, 1000 N. 1st Ave., Tulsa
Wild Bill's, 1000 N. 1st Ave., Tulsa
Tom's Cycle Shop, 1000 N. 1st Ave., Tulsa
Peters & Motorcycle, 1000 N. 1st Ave., Tulsa

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Freedom Cycle Works, 1000 N. 1st Ave., Portland
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Chopper Shop, 1000 N. 1st Ave., Portland
Cycloptic Choppers, 1000 N. 1st Ave., Portland
E & S Cycle Shop, 1000 N. 1st Ave., Portland
K & S Cycle Shop, 1000 N. 1st Ave., Portland
The Cycle Shop, 1000 N. 1st Ave., Portland
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Chopper Shop, 1000 N. 1st Ave., Philadelphia
Cycloptic Choppers, 1000 N. 1st Ave., Philadelphia
E & S Cycle Shop, 1000 N. 1st Ave., Philadelphia
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The Cycle Shop, 1000 N. 1st Ave., Philadelphia
East Coast Cycle Shop, 1000 N. 1st Ave., Philadelphia
Baker Enterprises, 1000 N. 1st Ave., Philadelphia

SOUTH CAROLINA

Motorcycle Salvage, 1000 N. 1st Ave., Charleston
Southern Choppers, 1000 N. 1st Ave., Charleston
D.C. Cycle, 1000 N. 1st Ave., Charleston
John's Cycle Shop, 1000 N. 1st Ave., Charleston
C & L Cycle, 1000 N. 1st Ave., Charleston

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Motorcycle Salvage, 1000 N. 1st Ave., Rapid City
Southern Choppers, 1000 N. 1st Ave., Rapid City
D.C. Cycle, 1000 N. 1st Ave., Rapid City
John's Cycle Shop, 1000 N. 1st Ave., Rapid City
C & L Cycle, 1000 N. 1st Ave., Rapid City

TENNESSEE

Motorcycle Salvage, 1000 N. 1st Ave., Nashville
Southern Choppers, 1000 N. 1st Ave., Nashville
D.C. Cycle, 1000 N. 1st Ave., Nashville
John's Cycle Shop, 1000 N. 1st Ave., Nashville
C & L Cycle, 1000 N. 1st Ave., Nashville

TEXAS

Motorcycle Salvage, 1000 N. 1st Ave., Houston
Southern Choppers, 1000 N. 1st Ave., Houston
D.C. Cycle, 1000 N. 1st Ave., Houston
John's Cycle Shop, 1000 N. 1st Ave., Houston
C & L Cycle, 1000 N. 1st Ave., Houston

UTAH

Motorcycle Salvage, 1000 N. 1st Ave., Salt Lake City
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D.C. Cycle, 1000 N. 1st Ave., Salt Lake City
John's Cycle Shop, 1000 N. 1st Ave., Salt Lake City
C & L Cycle, 1000 N. 1st Ave., Salt Lake City

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Motorcycle Salvage, 1000 N. 1st Ave., Burlington
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John's Cycle Shop, 1000 N. 1st Ave., Burlington
C & L Cycle, 1000 N. 1st Ave., Burlington

VIRGINIA

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Southern Choppers, 1000 N. 1st Ave., Richmond
D.C. Cycle, 1000 N. 1st Ave., Richmond
John's Cycle Shop, 1000 N. 1st Ave., Richmond
C & L Cycle, 1000 N. 1st Ave., Richmond

WASHINGTON

Motorcycle Salvage, 1000 N. 1st Ave., Seattle
Southern Choppers, 1000 N. 1st Ave., Seattle
D.C. Cycle, 1000 N. 1st Ave., Seattle
John's Cycle Shop, 1000 N. 1st Ave., Seattle
C & L Cycle, 1000 N. 1st Ave., Seattle

WASHINGTON D.C.

Motorcycle Salvage, 1000 N. 1st Ave., Washington
Southern Choppers, 1000 N. 1st Ave., Washington
D.C. Cycle, 1000 N. 1st Ave., Washington
John's Cycle Shop, 1000 N. 1st Ave., Washington
C & L Cycle, 1000 N. 1st Ave., Washington

WEST VIRGINIA

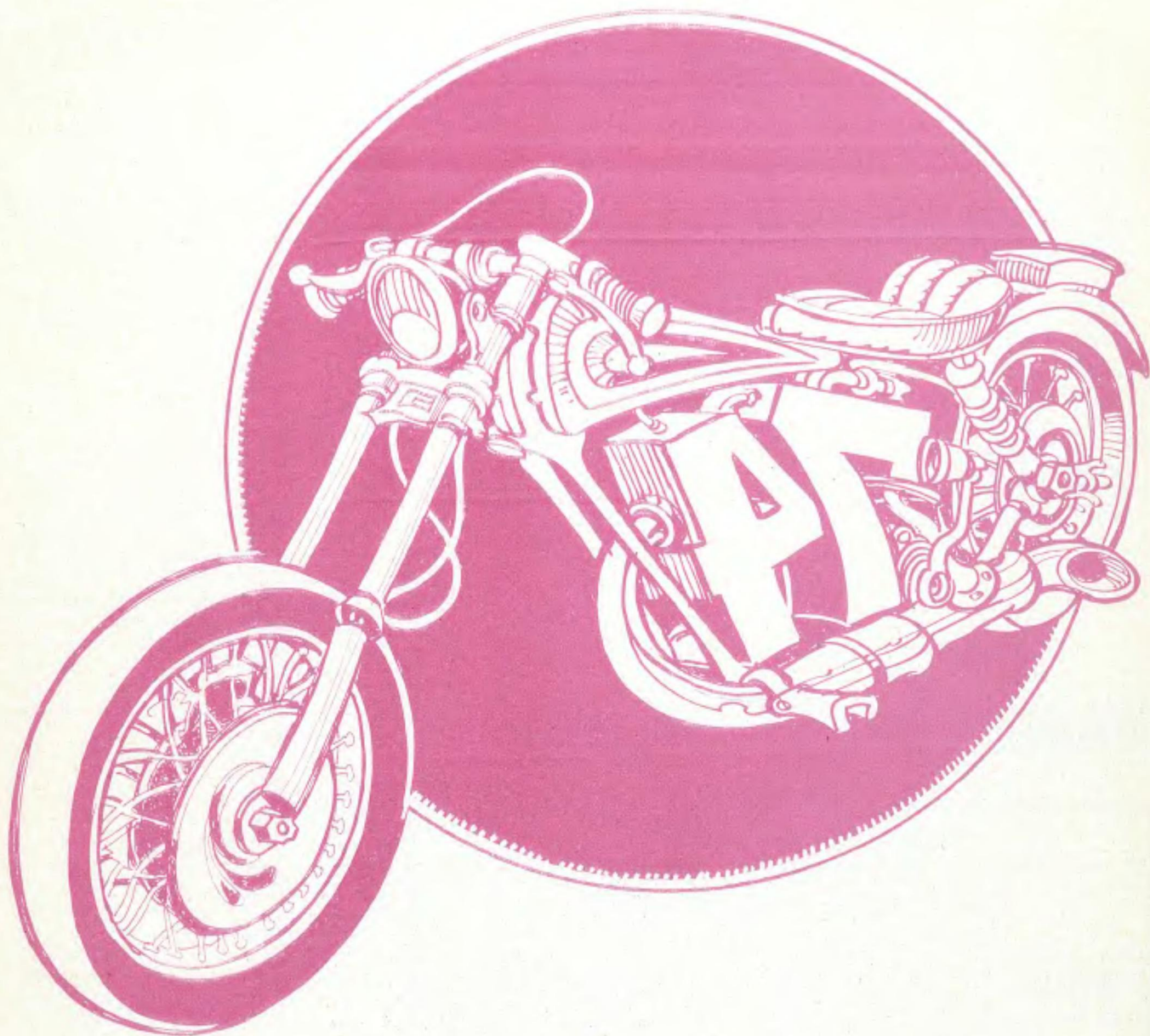
Motorcycle Salvage, 1000 N. 1st Ave., Charleston
Southern Choppers, 1000 N. 1st Ave., Charleston
D.C. Cycle, 1000 N. 1st Ave., Charleston
John's Cycle Shop, 1000 N. 1st Ave., Charleston
C & L Cycle, 1000 N. 1st Ave., Charleston

WISCONSIN

Motorcycle Salvage, 1000 N. 1st Ave., Milwaukee
Southern Choppers, 1000 N. 1st Ave., Milwaukee
D.C. Cycle, 1000 N. 1st Ave., Milwaukee
John's Cycle Shop, 1000 N. 1st Ave., Milwaukee
C & L Cycle, 1000 N. 1st Ave., Milwaukee

WYOMING

Motorcycle Salvage, 1000 N. 1st Ave., Cheyenne
Southern Choppers, 1000 N. 1st Ave., Cheyenne
D.C. Cycle, 1000 N. 1st Ave., Cheyenne
John's Cycle Shop, 1000 N. 1st Ave., Cheyenne
C & L Cycle, 1000 N. 1st Ave., Cheyenne



The Only Way To Go

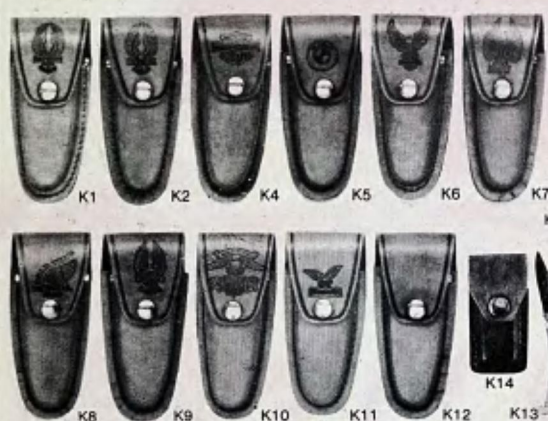
Instructions: Read all the way through before starting work. Get together the following material: ironing board and iron; scissors; transfer from this magazine; sheet of white tissue paper; piece of stiff cardboard that will slip inside shirt; a new or used 50% polyester-50% cotton T-shirt.

Transferring the pattern:

1. Use a dry iron at the "linen" temperature setting.
2. Slip the T-shirt over ironing board, with stiff cardboard under surface to be ironed.
3. Trim around the transfer, removing all the printing. (It's okay to leave some of the blank paper around the design.) Place the transfer ink side down on the shirt, using the bottom edge of stiff cardboard for alignment. Place the sheet of white tissue paper over the transfer.
4. Pin papers to shirt at one top corner and at the opposite bottom corner, making sure to smooth all 3 layers. Pin through all thicknesses.
5. Move the iron back and forth over the transfer for only 30 seconds. Be sure that you apply very firm and even pressure to all parts of the design, especially the edges. (If you don't have a clock with a second hand, you can time 30 seconds by counting briskly from 101 to 127.)
6. Lift the bottom edge of the transfer page and peel it off, pulling straight up, and you've got it—your **Easyriders** Greasy T-shirt—a winner in any crowd.

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Remember

—Continued from page 73

headed for the hills, in total, hushed, hold-your-breath silence. All the sound was gone and in its place was a deep vibration. We were riding on the back of a huge, purring panther—purring so heavily that I could feel the vibrations running up my legs, and in my chest, and deep in my throat. This incredibly powerful panther was flying down the road, racing the wind and winning, carrying us up to the old road above the canyon.

I opened my eyes wide and looked up at the sky—and a hundred million stars went *twink* as we raced along. And the stars began singing "Ooooo, ooooo," as we flashed up one, then another, and then more and more little hills on our climb to the top of Old Pass Road. I looked to my left, trying to spot the old train tunnel. There it was, tracks gleaming faintly in the distance, and I thought I heard the moaning whistle of a train—but maybe it was the wind or the stars, because no yellow-white beam of light shot out of the tunnel, no heavy cars clattered along the tracks, and the throaty rumble of the big bike had once again drowned out all other sounds along the road.

That intense vibrating had become a part of my body and I felt myself move and sway ever so slightly with each curve of the road. I was a part of the bike and the road and the night. My heart was racing along every inch of curving, midnight road. God! The power of that bike was everywhere—it surged over us, through us, sweeping us along until we were almost airborne and the scant trees alongside the road became blurry green markers that stood like mute and useless sentries as we sped through their silent domain.

I opened my eyes wider to see if they could see us; but my eyes got cold like big chunks of ice, so cold that I had to lean my cheek against his back and close my frozen eyes until we reached the top of the pass. I knew I had to rest my blue-white crystal eyes so that I could see the whole world when we got to the top of the pass and that was why I closed my icy eyes and let them rest.

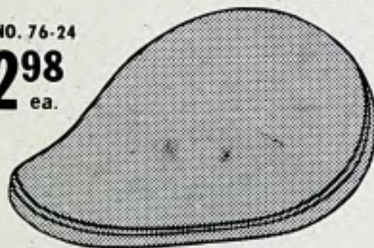
I was still resting when we reached the top of the pass and pulled over on the shoulder. We were there and the big black beast was idling, filling the thin, top-of-the-world air with a rich, heavy sound. I'm sure it was the only thing that held us to the top and kept us from floating away. As long as I could hear that sound, I knew where I was.

"...neat, huh?" My friend was grinning over his shoulder at me. He really had a nice smile and his big, warm body was

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pleasant to lean against. Suddenly I felt guilty for thinking of him as Godzilla and so I kinda hugged him back and grinned in agreement. "Better get you back before your friends think you were kidnapped. Are you sure you're eighteen?"

"It's a fine time to think of that!" I could barely answer him I was laughing so hard. And then he began to laugh—and we laughed, and laughed, and laughed until my sides ached and the tears were streaming down my face. I was just catching my breath when he eased the bike back into the hard-packed road. And then we were flying down the mountainside and I had to bury my face in his gigantic back to keep from screaming. Somehow I knew we were going to crash at the end. We were going too fast not to crash at the bottom of the mountain. Why did I ever agree to go with him? My heart was pounding with panic and I kept my eyes shut tight. I didn't want to watch us crash at the bottom.

Where was the bottom? We had been floating down the hillside for hours and hours—ever since the bike had been roaring at us. That must have been a long time ago because now it was humming and purring. I remembered that song from before—or was it from now? Let me think about it a while.

God, that was so long ago and now we are just drifting slowly down the road, so slowly that I can see every leaf on every tree—every dainty leaf. They are so tiny and green and they don't move at all. They just hang on the trees as we drift by. They just hang there waiting for us to drift by and they hang there waiting for the moon to drift by and shine on them. And the moon is just hanging in the sky waiting for us to drift by so that it can shine on us. And it's so peaceful.

I look again and there are buildings and cars and the lights of County Line road are glaring down on us. I don't think I'm ready for all that noise and all those people; but we are pulling into the parking lot of the Pub, so I guess we're back. I see Judy and Tom-Tom standing on the porch. They smile as they see us approaching. I smile back.

I know I'm not coming down yet; but I can feel myself touching pieces of reality and I don't want to. I want to stay on the back of this incredible machine and ride into the night. I want to listen to the stars and race the wind. So sad; my dream ride is over and I have to say goodbye to my friend and his beloved scooter. Goodbye, Godzilla, goodbye.

I don't remember getting back home that night and I don't remember when I finally came down. But I'll never forget that big, sexy scooter and that fantastic ride up in the mountains. There've been lots of rides in the years since then, but none ever thrilled me the way that first ride did. ■



WRIST/WATCH BAND

It's a **hand-made**, two-inch-wide hunk of fine leather that has a leather flap riveted on one side, with the other side snapping shut over your watch for protection. The top of the flap comes either plain (so you can do your own thing), with a Harley emblem, or "Ride to Live, Live to Ride" emblem branded in the thick leather. **\$8.50** plus 50c for postage and handling.

SCOOTER WALLET

A rugged wallet, **hand-made** from thick cowhide, small enough to fit into your Levi's, and it has brass rivets around the outer edge to hold it together for a lifetime. It also comes with a gold-finished chain and clasp. Upon request, we will stamp the Harley emblem or the "Ride to Live, Live to Ride" emblem into the tough leather—no charge. Only **\$10.00** plus 75c postage and handling.

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ebony wood with solid brass bolsters. **\$24.95** plus **\$1.75** for postage and handling, includes leather sheath.

Model #402, **Akonua**, a classic blade. Brass guard, Buckarta handle and the famous 5-inch Buck Knife blade. **\$54.95** plus **\$2.50** postage and handling, includes beautiful leather sheath and case.



SMALL BIKE WALLET

Made from thick Latigo leather, this wallet is 3 inches by 4 inches, compact, for a dude who doesn't like to carry much, for the ol' lady or for credit cards. It can be stamped with the Harley-Davidson, Live to Ride, or the I.R.S. lion at no extra charge.

This wallet goes for **\$6.85** plus 75¢ postage and handling.



It has three pouches, including one with a heavy canvas zipper. It's made from thick cowhide, put together with strong stitching, and comes with a double-link safety chain. We'll also brand the Harley-Davidson, Ride to Live, or I.R.S. lion into it—no charge.

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MA

Skull

—Continued from page 13

death, which is represented by the winter season. The cross was also the earliest star map, fixing the four cardinal points of the earth: north, south, east, and west.

The underlying meaning of the skull and crossbones emblem, widely used by many, including pirates and Nazis, can be said to be as follows: The crossed bones are a male symbol representing dominance, persistence, the ability to conquer, and the power to be triumphant, especially over death. They can be considered a sexual symbol in that they stand for domination of man over woman, especially in sex (as both the bones and their being in the shape of a cross are phallic symbols). The crossbones also represent the conquering of the world in that they stand for the four cardinal points of the earth. The skull in this emblem stands for extreme, ultimate power and protection from enemies by causing their destruction. It also gives the bearer of this emblem prosperity and good luck in battle.

The human skull was of great importance in medieval medical practices. It played a considerable part in medicine and magic, which were closely related, during the period from the Middle Ages up until the late 1700s. When using a skull for medicinal purposes, the essential requirement in its selection was that the person to whom it had originally belonged had died a horrible, violent death. Naturally, the skulls used most often were those of criminals who had been hanged or beheaded. The skull was ready to be used in medicine after all its flesh had decayed and fallen away. In the 18th century, the skulls of hanged men were extremely popular. In 17th century Ireland, Irish skulls were very valuable because of the greenish moss that grew on them. This moss, known as usnea, raised the value of a skull considerably.

In the Middle Ages, epilepsy was regarded with supernatural awe. It was treated with a special potion known as Spirit of Human Skull. This was made by adding powdered fragments of a skull to wine, which was drunk by the



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epileptic. A flourishing trade in skulls developed between English apothecaries (people who prescribed and sold drugs) and Irish executioners in order to provide the skulls required for this cure.

Moss that had grown on a dead man's skull was often scraped off the surface and used as a snuff to help cure a headache. A person complaining of a headache could also hammer a nail into a dead man's skull to ease the pain. To cure a toothache in those days, one was instructed to dig up the skeleton of a man recently hanged and buried and check to see that all the flesh had decayed off the skull. If the skull was free of rotted flesh, the person then opened his mouth, opened the skull's mouth, and bit out a molar from the skull. Guaranteed to kill or cure! The ashes of charred bones in a glass of wine were said to cure dysentery. A distillation particularly favored by King Charles II consisted of filings of skull bone, spirits of wine, and the herb sage. He quaffed this potion on his deathbed, but died in spite of it.

Most medieval magicians, following the ancient theory that the skull was a center of psychic power, used it in their ceremonies. At her trial in 1324, the notorious witch Dame Alice Kyteler was said to have brewed a potion consisting of the brains of an unbaptized child, scorpions, chicken entrails, and other gruesome ingredients, using the skull of an executed thief as her cauldron. Some fifty years later, around 1374, when a Surrey (England) wizard was arrested, he had in his possession what was described in the indictment as "the head and face of a dead man." Both the skull and the wizard's book of spells were burned upon order of the authorities. Skulls played an



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important part in the rites of the black magician. Bones and skulls were used in casting spells. A skull impaled on a post was a prominent feature of rites carried out in England.

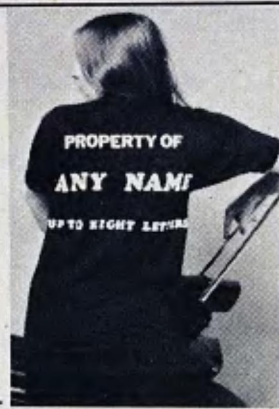
When magic began to lessen in popularity, giving way to scientific knowledge, skull mysticism appeared again, but in the form of phrenology, which was studied as a science. Dr. Franz Joseph Gall, an 18th century Viennese physician, spread the theory that a man's physical appearance (bone structure) determined his character and that a person's abilities and intelligence could be determined by feeling the shape of the skull and its various bumps and indentations. In the 19th century, phrenology gained much popularity in both Europe and America and was taken seriously as a science.

In many occult schools, the central powerhouse of the body is said to be situated in the head, the crown of man within which lies the brain, the most highly organized and complex machine on earth. Headhunting is based on the belief that the human head has very potent magic powers. This magic benefits those in possession of a skull or head severed from a person's body.

The Kayans of Borneo dried and "smoked" captured, severed heads in a small, specially built hut. When sufficiently preserved, the heads were solemnly installed in the dwelling of the captor. They were usually hung from a beam over the main hearth, next to heads hung there previously. Severed heads were treated with respect and fear by headhunters. Sometimes the heads were offered pork and beer while they were drying over the fireplace in the home. The shrunken heads were supposed to bring prosperity and guaranteed good crops to the persons who kept the heads in

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their homes. Dyak is the popular name for Indonesian non-Malay peoples in Borneo. These Dyaks are the most tattooed Bornean tribe and the fiercest and most relentless of headhunters. They have a feast to celebrate the capture of a new head. At the feast, valuable possessions in great quantity are given to the head, and food is thrust into its mouth. Maori natives of New Zealand make "tiki" amulets from pieces of human skull. These are thought to bring the owner good luck.

Headhunting is popular in South America. The shrunken heads of the Jivaro Indians are considered very important, special, and most powerful. It is a widespread practice in South America to preserve the shrunken head of an enemy. A Jivaro Indian skull is looked upon as a trophy that will bring good luck to the owner. The skull is believed to contain magic power that secures the good will of ancient ancestors, whose desire for revenge is satisfied.

In voodoo, spirit Baron Samedi, Lord of the Dead, looks and dresses like an undertaker in a black top hat, black suit, gloves, and cane. His symbols are the gravedigger's tools, and skull and crossbones, and a black cross.

Wealthy Chinese took care to track down the severed heads of their friends and relatives after a battle or war in order to have them sewn back onto their rightful bodies before burial. It was believed that burying a headless corpse prevented the soul from going to heaven (again, the belief that the soul existed in the skull). As much as \$600 has been recorded as payment for such a head. The Jews had a particular fear of decapitation for the same reason. They believed the spirit could not enter the afterlife, nor receive recognition or mercy there, without the head being attached to the body. Exclusion from heaven was one reason why criminals were beheaded in the past. Authorities, feeling that the criminals deserved no mercy on earth or in heaven, beheaded them in the belief that their souls would be prevented from going to heaven.

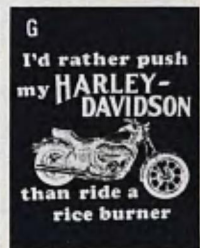
In Mexico, the skull dominates certain forms of art, such as the stone skulls carved on the temple of Teopoztlan and the Aztec models of skulls constructed of wood, black stone, or rock crystal. The

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Mexican death god, Mictlantecuhli, the lord of the land of the dead, is depicted as a skeleton in a sitting position. He wears a cone-shaped hat, has bulging eyeballs, protruding teeth, and bony arms crossed over his chest, reminiscent of the skull and crossbones. The crossed bones may also symbolize the crossed arms of a dead person in a coffin.

On October 3, Mexicans celebrate the Day of the Dead. At that time, vendors sell thousands of marzipan (almond candy paste) skulls, elaborately decorated with intricate designs and multi-colored flowers. They are offered to the dead, whose spirits are believed to have returned to the earth. Families gather at the graves of their ancestors, where they share the most sumptuous feasts they can afford and burn candles in candelabra representing the tree of life. In order to appease the spirits, the family invites them to join in the feast.

The Dance of Death is also represented by a grinning skull. During the 14th and 15th centuries, there were popular plays about Death (portrayed by someone dressed as a skeleton) coming to get people and drag them off to their graves. Woodcuts were made showing the death skeleton grabbing the hands of people of all ages and in all walks of life to lead them in the common progress, or dance, to the grave. This idea originated in Germany at the time of the plagues; and sculptures, tapestries, and recitations of the Dance of Death became widespread throughout Europe.

Perhaps, since death is inevitable, we might as well make the best of it and wear the old faithful skull emblem and do like the grim Reaper—laugh like hell.



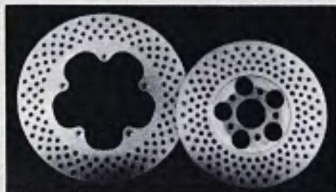
"I'm tellin' ya, man—this asswipe is softer!"



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74 WIVES

—Continued from page 51

bring a tender young thing home, the first one is going to get jealous and insecure. This is easily solved by bringing two home at the same time. Since no three women have ever been able to agree on anything they'll be so busy hassling each other, forming alliances, and stabbing each other in the back that they won't have time to annoy the man of the house.

A lot of the "Dear Abby" type nonsense can be eliminated. In one case I read, a widow wrote in and explained that she was suffering from a nervous condition brought on by loneliness. Her doctor told her she needed a man. The lady's older sister offered to share her husband with her, saying that if she were starving she would certainly share her food with her. Naturally, the husband was all for the arrangement.

The dingbat answer was that it is un-Christian for a man to have more than one wife and the arrangement would cause complications later on.

Horseshit.

If I were doing an advice to the lovelorn column the solutions would be much simpler:

Dear Mike:

My husband is seeing another woman. I love him and don't want to lose him. What should I do?

Signed,
Mrs. Jones

I would answer it like this:

Dear Mrs. Jones:

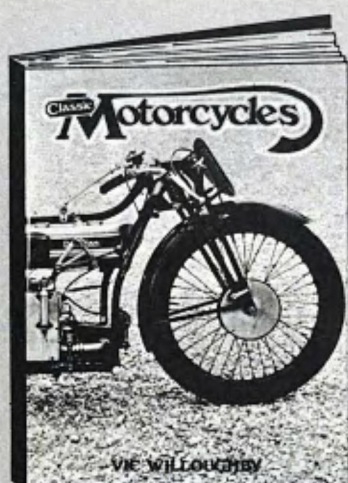
You left out the most important part. Can you get along with this other female? If so, invite her to move in. If not, offer to get your husband two more wives if he will drop the woman he is seeing. If you have built a good solid relationship with each other over the years, he will no doubt go for it.

Mike

You can find men with such problems, usually in the legal section. Charged with murder for killing someone in the act of servicing an "estranged wife." That is as it should be. You wouldn't think twice about blowing somebody away if you caught him in the act of stealing your scooter, would you?

Most marriages in this country are based solely on the physical attractiveness of the girl. About five years ago I picked up two Irish soldiers, both girls, hitchhiking in Maryland and they pointed this out to me. Evidently it's done differently in Ireland, thus eliminating the competition for looks and allowing the female to fulfill her true function: bringing home the bacon. Having

—Continued on page 90



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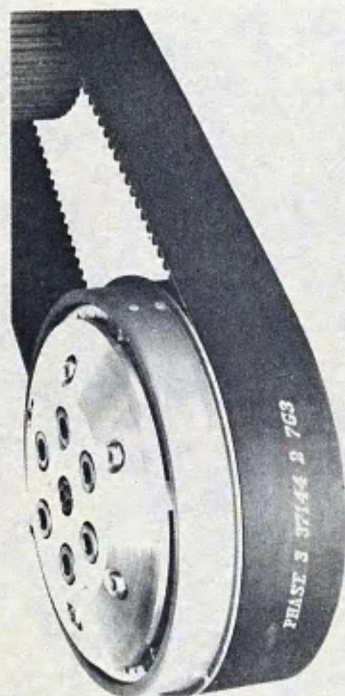
This book will appeal to the purist, for the bikes featured are guaranteed turn-ons for the dude who prefers the old machines—large or small, simple or complex, two-stroke, four-stroke, single engine or multi.

A few of the bikes featured: the Triumph, for its commercial success; the Ducati, for its audacity; the Velocette Roarer, for its enterprise; the Ariel Square Four, for its individuality; and the Moto-Guzzi single, for its inspiration.

These are just a few of the bikes featured—the book even includes the Indian vee-twin! And remember, these are not new or late model bikes—only the old-timers that have made motorcycle history.

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Okay, so this is Issue 74. So while chewin' the fat, tryin' to decide what we're gonna pull off, Snake starts snivelin' about troubles with mechanics. "Broads should be mechanics. Shit, if they could wrench the way they do laundry—they wouldn't miss a fuckin' thing."

A disgusted look clouded his face as he sat there in his battery-acid-drilled Levi's that his ol' lady had just given a White King D treatment. Once that supposedly heavy denim material hits the suds after it's had a good dose of battery acid, it's goodbye, Levi's—where the acid's hit, there just ain't nothin' left.

Billy Tinney, who'd just dropped outta the sky from Texas, was asleep sittin' up in the corner of the garage when the marvelous idea dawned on us: get a broad a job as a mechanic.

"Hey, Billy, ya got that?" Spider snapped.

Billy started to stir.

"Yeah, he's got it," returned ol' Turkey.

Billy opened his eyes.

"Okay," someone else authorized the plan, and we all got up and left.

Somehow or other, Billy picked up on the plan, and when he returned to Texas he set out determined to find both a nasty woman who'd go for gettin' a job as a mechanic and a shop owner who'd hire her. Jana Banana is the name she goes by—she also went for the deal.

We have to give the owners of the shop a lotta credit. National Cycle Service in Houston actually gave her a job rebuildin' 74s. The job lasted two hours and put more strain on the owners of the shop than five years in a combat zone.

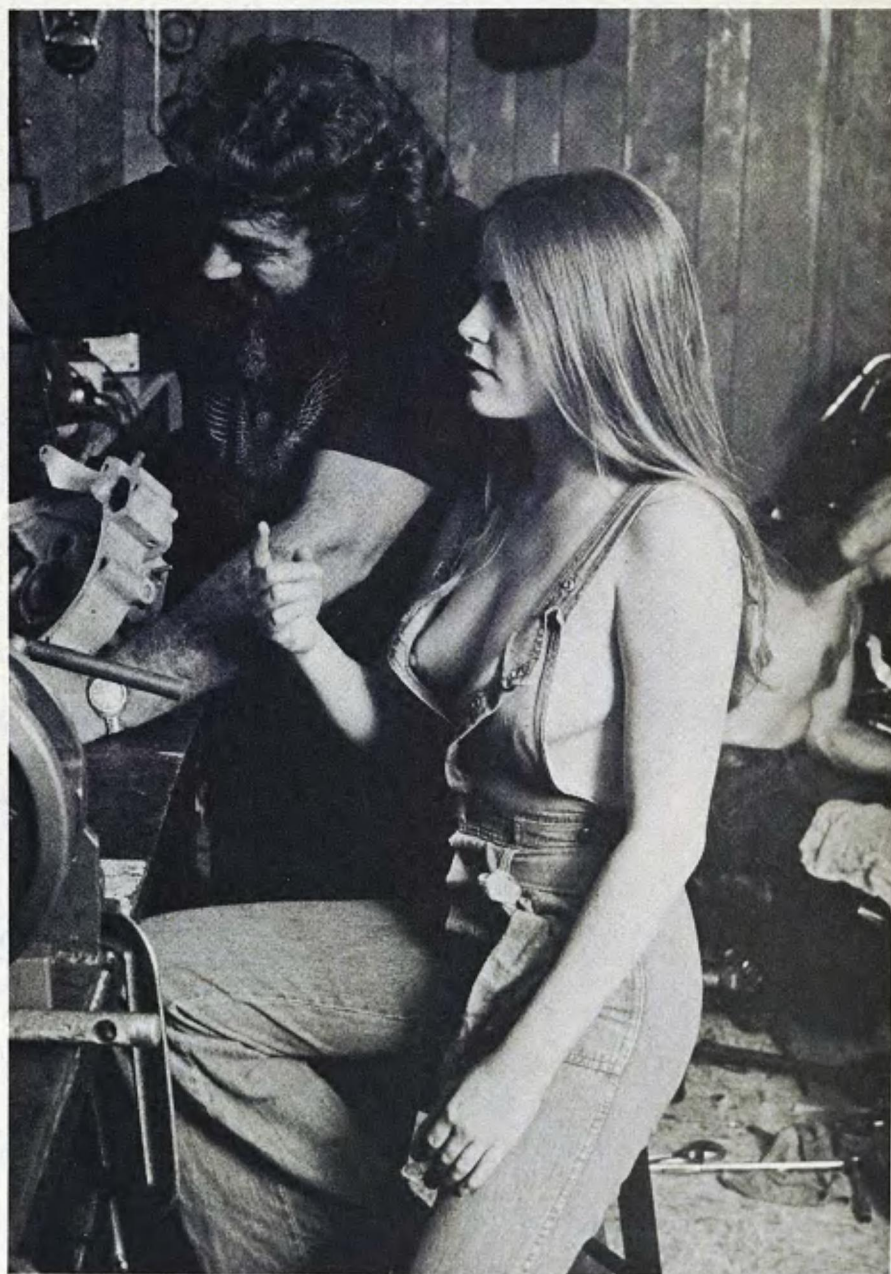
She built the pan you see behind her, all right. But she left out little parts like bearings, wrist pin keepers, an oil pump key, and a cam—along with a few other minute parts. But since it's our 74th issue, she had to work on a 74 at least this one time.

Hope the guy who owns the engine ain't gonna make any long runs.

—V-twin

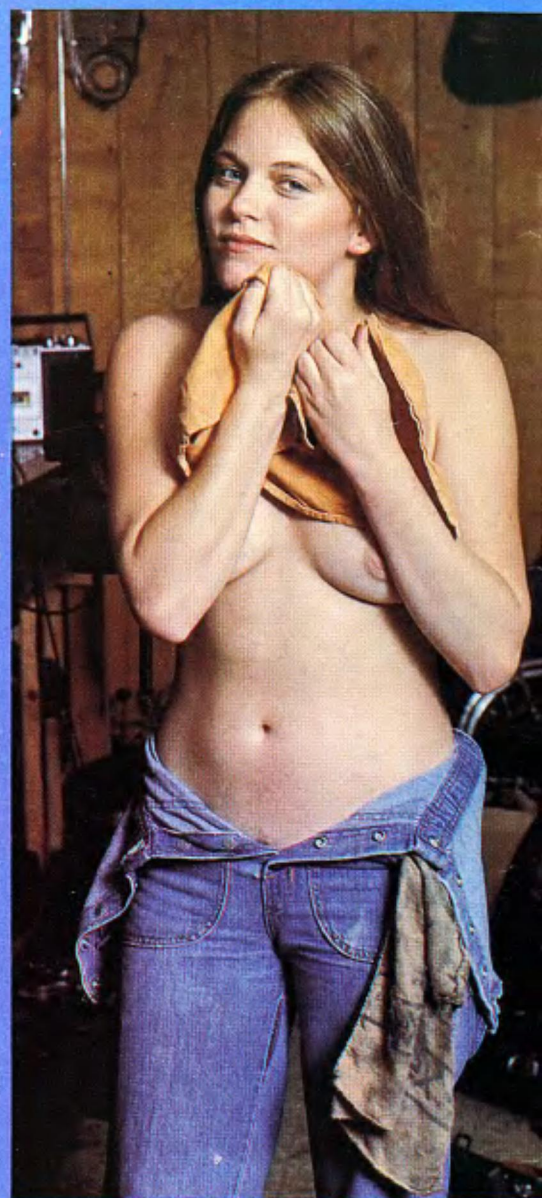
JANA BANANA

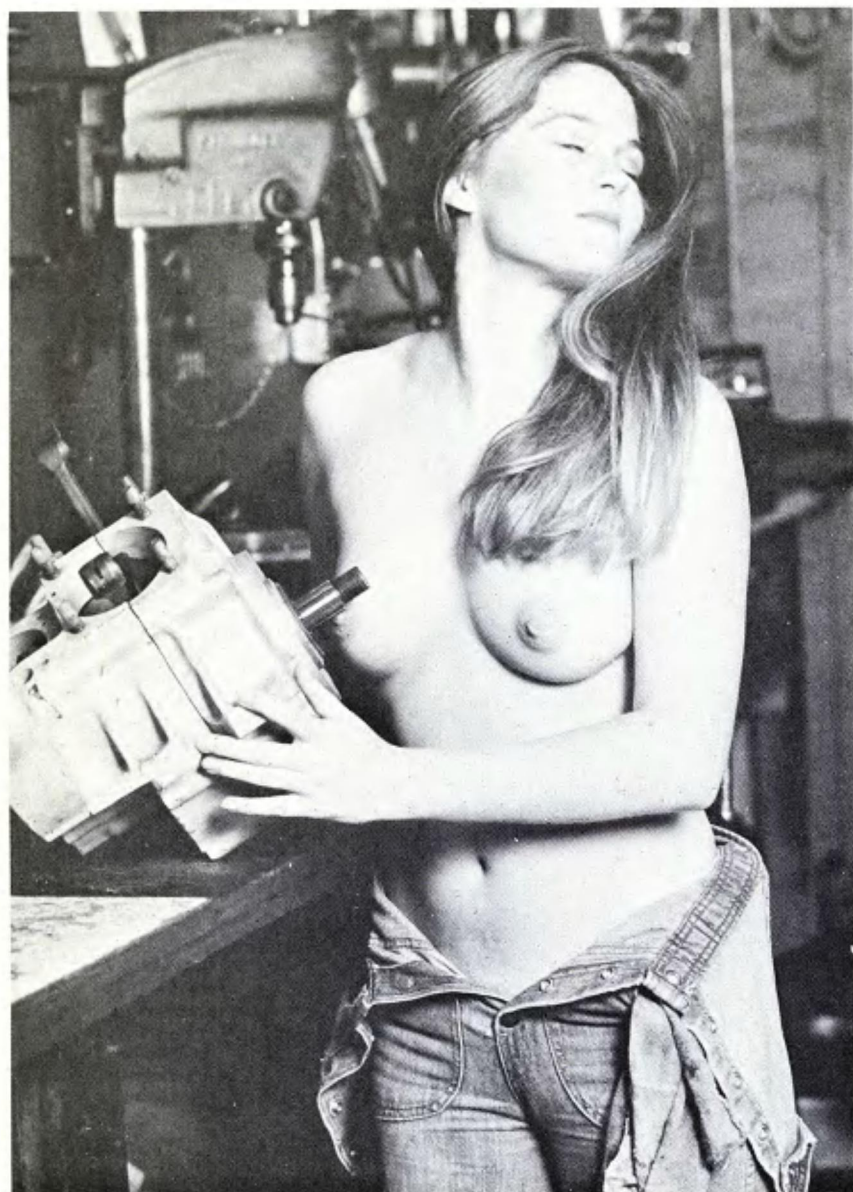
We tried to get her a job rebuildin' 74s



Our thanks to Jay, Snookie, Rollin', and Moose for all the help.







Photos by Billy Tinney



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74 WIVES

—Continued from page 85

a really luscious tomato or two around for decoration is fine, but let's not forget talent.

How many wives would like a maid? Good help is hard to get and even harder to keep these days. It shouldn't be with polygamy. Not to mention that if a man has four wives, then the burden of running the household falls on four women instead of one and each has only one-fourth the work she would normally have.

A lot of women are going to "marriage counselors" because their husbands are telling them they aren't "satisfied" and a lot of them think it's their fault. Mostly the poor guy is wearing himself out running after strange. As the Greek who ran the first marathon, a javelin thrower, remarked before he fell over dead from the 26-mile run: it's the running, not the sticking, that kills you.

A couple of social problems can also be solved by polygamy.

One is Aid To Dependent Children and Welfare. The proper remedy is to move a widow or divorcee and her kids in with a man who can get some use out of them instead of soaking the taxpayers for their upkeep.

The other is the halting of the little-publicized VD epidemic currently raging in this country. One strain has proven impervious to penicillin, and if you don't think that's bad consider this: Columbus's men brought back a strain of syphilis from the West Indies that killed ten (10) million people by 1495. You don't get a disease from your own private harem unless another man has been using one of them. Then it becomes like a daisy chain.

You may be thinking, if polygamy is so great, why doesn't Congress legalize it? There was no federal law against it until 1882, and then came the one called the Edmunds-Tucker Act. Basically, it was a law designed specifically to "get" the Mormons. The trouble with the Mormons started with what is now known as the Mountain Meadow Massacre. In 1857 a group of emigrants crossed most of Utah and were ambushed by Mormons and Ute Indians. The Mormons had disarmed them with promises of safe passage and then fell on them at pointblank range with pistols and Bowie knives. All the property was looted and all adults and children capable of speech executed. This and a host of other abuses of travelers going through Utah led the Congress to pass the Edmunds-Tucker Act simply to allow the federal government into Utah in the form of the United States Army to control the Mormons. It was and is an unconstitutional act and the time has certainly come to repeal it:

Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion or prohibiting the free exercise thereof; or abridging the freedom of speech, or of the press; or of the right of the people peaceably to assemble. (First Amendment, U.S. Constitution)

—Continued on page 95



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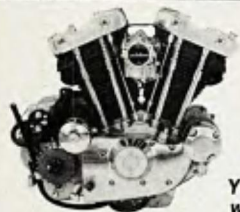
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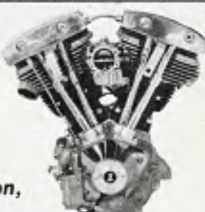
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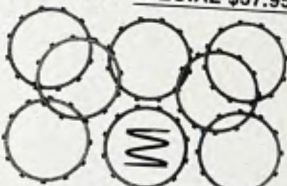
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The Ol' Lady Photo Contest



Tawny Lobis



Pamela Belanger



Roxy L.



Sue Becker



Mary Herbert



Catherine



P.J.

Check 'em out—this month's batch of sweeties in **Easyriders** Second Annual Ol' Lady Contest. Again this year, the entrants will be competing for a grand prize of one thousand bucks and a fun-filled visit with the disgustin' editorial staff.

The contest works like this. Each month, we'll publish as many photos of good technical quality as space allows. The shots don't have to be professional—just in focus and properly exposed. You readers will then select the winner and runners-up from each month's published entries. Each monthly winner will receive \$100, each runner-up \$25, and the contributor will receive \$10. After the twelve monthly winners have been selected, there'll be a final voting to choose **Easyriders** "Ol' Lady of the Year" for 1979. Judging should be based on looks, build, tattoos, and other outstandin' stuff. The gals can be dressed or not—it's up to you. We're not lookin' for raunchy stuff—just tasty shots of all those fine ol' ladies out there. Muff hair can show if ya want, but it's not necessary to win.

All models must be 18 years of age or older and the blank model release on page 100 must be completely filled out, signed, **notarized**, and sent along with each entry. Entries sent without a model release will be shit-canned. Photos must be black and white glossy prints or color slides—no color prints. Sorry, no photos can be returned—all entries become the property of **Easyriders**. Decision of the judges is final.

Remember, you pick the winners, so send us your votes right away. The deadline for voting in this month's contest is July 30. We'll print the winner in the November issue. Send us a postcard or scrawl your choice on the back of a sealed envelope. Mail 'em to #74 Ol' Lady Contest. **Easyriders**, P.O. Box 52, Malibu, California 90265.



Midnight Flyer



Lois Benko



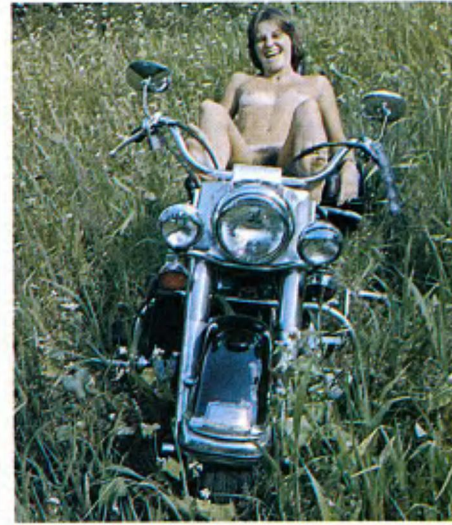
Sandy Kane



Sarah Evans



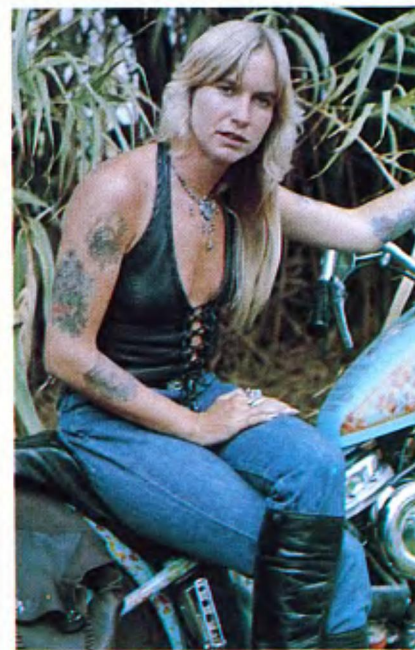
Here she is, folks—Linda Welch, the third winner in the 1979 **Easyriders** Ol' Lady Contest. This month's runners-up: Jeri Clough, Sunshine, and Rose Carter.



Sandy Redinger



Gwen Erwin



Patricia Bell



Twinkle

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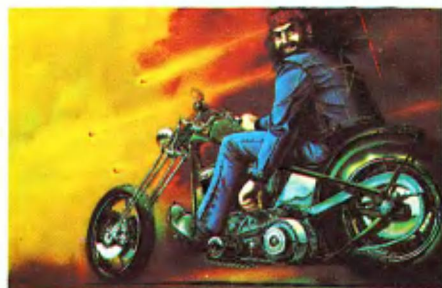
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M-10 "Starburst"



M-9 "Hollywood"



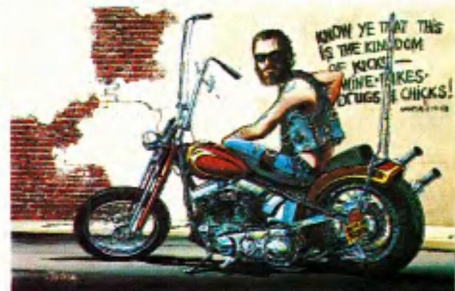
M-7 "Run Heat"



M-1 "In The Wind On Friday Night"



M-2 "Freedom of the Road"



M-6 "Apehanger Days"



M-5 "Ride Hard Die Fast"



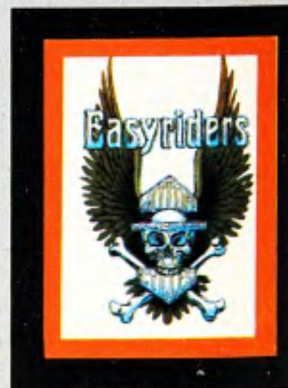
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M-12 "Country Style"



M-8
"Comin' at Ya"



M-11 "Easyriders Forever"

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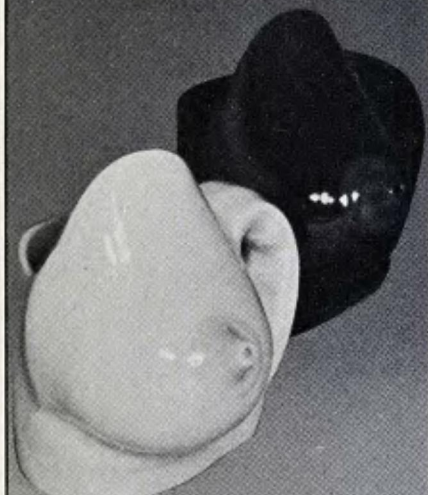
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24 WIVES

—Continued from page 90

At the moment a Roman Catholic church ordinance is the "law of the land."

That marriage cannot be (legally or constitutionally) regulated by Congress is specified in Article I, Section 10 of the Constitution, which specifies that no law may be passed "impairing the obligation of contract." If I want to contract a marriage with seven women that's my business, not Big Brother's. And if you don't think marriage is a contract, go talk to a divorce lawyer some time.

One further fly in the federal ointment is the Mann Act: interstate transportation of a female for immoral purposes. It was originally intended to curb prostitution. The last conviction of a polygamist under this Act took place in 1946. The Government had no evidence initially, and in a brilliant legal move defense counsel agreed to a "stipulation of facts" signed by his clients, admitting everything. As usual, the unsuspecting victims of such legal dishonesty and incompetence were shipped off to prison.

There have been no prosecutions in the state of Utah for polygamy since 1969. That polygamist didn't go to jail for polygamy anyway, but for perjury. Had he 'fessed up, the jury would have let him go. Other states still prosecute for bigamy, but it's not keeping extra women around that you go to jail for—it's fouling up their paperwork. California passed a law making sex between consenting adults legal a few years ago and it's to be hoped that the state will legalize multiple marriages next.

Now that you are convinced polygamy is the only way to fly, I would be remiss in not providing instructions in how to acquire the ladies themselves. Obviously you're not going to wind up with a whole stable full of virgins as the levity at the beginning of the article would indicate. Let's be practical.

First, decided what you're in the market for. We can classify them as domestic or career types. Domestic types are obviously the type you keep around for cooking, cleaning house, and polishing your motorcycle. Career types bring home the bacon. There are more of these available than you might think. Ironically, the more bacon they bring home the harder it is for them to land a husband. There is an unwritten rule that a man must make more money, be older, and be taller than his wife. Many men are intimidated by high-powered women. That is understandable in a one-on-one situation. The neighbors might think he's not the boss in his own house and it could be humiliating. However, if a man has three wives, one older, one taller, and one bringing home money by the bucketload, it's obvious who is ruling the roost: and all the neighborhood males are going to get jealous. Collect about three or four career types and you'll never have to stand in an unemployment line again.

Second, consider where you want to acquire your collection from. Let's start

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with the young ones and work up. A lot of teenage girls run away from home. Many are not runaways, they're "throwaways"—good pussy kicked out of the house simply because the old man didn't know how to market it. A few well-placed ads in large metropolitan newspapers should net all of this stuff you could possibly handle.

If you want them in their 20s and 30s your primary sources are career women, divorcees, and women due to get out of prison. All it takes is a few classified ads in the proper magazines. Initially, a few of them may be repelled by the idea; but when the biological urge hits, they'll come around. Number two ol' lady and the rest do have the advantage of being able to see how many bruises you've put on number one and aren't taking the chance they would with a single fellow. It all evens out.

If you want them 40 and over, buying a mailing list of single female homeowners from a mailing list broker is probably the best move. Congress recently introduced legislation to have the taxpayers buy the homes for widows over 40 since forty percent of all the women in this country have absolutely no chance of getting a husband under the present laws. Many are widows who have house payments they can't meet and no place to go but downhill. Find such a lady, move in with her, throw in a couple career types to pay for everything, and do your country a service—not to mention all us poor taxpayers.

A word about how women think. Men get jealous. Women only think they get jealous: what most of them mistake for jealousy is only insecurity. A woman who knows she has a beautiful face and a voluptuous body is a lot easier to talk into sharing her ol' man with other females than one unsure of herself—ironic but easily observable.

And a couple words of caution before you run out and begin your collection. Consider the economic ramifications and plan carefully. If you work in a factory at five bucks an hour, specializing in teenagers is a bad move. Get some to help pay the bills first. For example, if you knock down 200 a week and ol' lady number one brings in 150, you're probably having a hard time meeting the taxes and the bills. Get three more working girls bringing in 150 a week apiece in the house; and if you can't balance an 800-a-week budget, then you shouldn't be allowed to handle money in the first place.

In my own case I'd like to pick up a lady lawyer and a chemist. The lawyer would come in handy to sign all the legal work I do and the chemist would be useful for distilling the alcohol I use in gasoline engines when the oil crunch hits. Unfortunately, I suspect I will get beat out of this market since everyone else will want the lawyer ladies around to keep them out of jail and the chemists around to make booze.

My wife did make a noise about a new dishwasher so I might pick up a domestic or two.

Polygamy will become the law of the land eventually. How do I know?

And in that day seven women shall take hold of one man, saying, We will eat our own bread, and wear our own apparel: only let us be called by thy name, to take away our reproach. (Isaiah 4:1)

I know because the Bible tells me so. ■

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Harley Hunter

—Continued from page 33

went up into a closed-in porch and knocked at the door. It was opened by a girl, maybe four or five, naked as a jaybird. "How do," I greeted. "You mom or dad at home?"

The kid stuck her tongue out at me and I felt the smile slide off my face. I waited awhile, then said, "Well, your mom or dad home?"

"Who wants to know?" the brat said. She scratched her ass, then stuck her finger up her nose.

"I do."

"Who're you?"

"Just get your mom or dad, huh?"

"Why?"

Goddam smart kid. I felt like popping her, but just then a woman's voice called from the other end of the trailer. "Angie, who's there?"

"Somebody with a hairy face, momma."

A moment later the woman appeared at the door and—oh, wow! I put my smile back into place. "Momma" was maybe twenty-five, kind of short and a little on the chunky side. But what riveted my attention was the largest, firmest pair of knockers on the market. They pushed out against her blouse like a pair of over-ripe melons and it was all I could do to keep my hands to my sides.

"Hi," I said.

"Hi." She smiled back.

Oh, wow—again. I gave her my name and home town and she just stood there smilin' with the door wide open and not lookin' in the least frightened or nervous.

I stuttered around for a while, not making much sense, and she finally said, "Just what exactly did you want?"

My eyes dropped. I couldn't help it. I blinked and looked back to her face. "Ah, want? Oh yeah, want. Motorcycles. Harleys. Down in Bishop they directed us up here. Said somebody in this area used to have a shop. Sanders or Sonders is the name."

"I don't know anybody by that name." She moved closer to the door and pushed one yielding breast into it for a couple of inches.

I swallowed and wondered what the hell she was trying to say. I said, "Ah, my, it's a hot day, isn't it?"

She looked puzzled and laughed. It was starting to snow.

"Man can sure work up a thirst," I went on.

She started to say something but about this time she noticed Angie, who was still naked as a jaybird but had moved her finger from her nose and was now back to scratching her ass. "Angie! Get into the bedroom and get some clothes on—right now!"

"Aw. . ."



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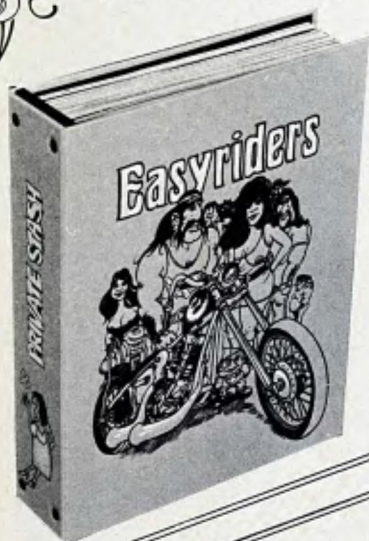
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"Get!"

The kid got. That left just me and her. I smiled and sorta leaned up against the door. "Wouldn't have any beer around, would you?"

A door opened somewhere in the trailer and she took a step back. "Who the hell are you talking to?" A man's voice.

I wiped the smile off my face and took a step back myself.

"Nobody," she said, "just some guy looking for some people named Sanders. They own a motorcycle shop."

"Nobody here owns a goddam motorcycle shop. How long does it take you to answer that simple a question?"

Ol' giant jugs was looking kind of worried now and she closed the door partially. She gave me a funny kind of smile and said, "I'd better go. You might try down the road and on the left. There's a kid there that rides a mini-bike. He might know something."

She shut the door in my face, still wearing that funny smile, and I still didn't know what she had in mind. I walked back to my pickup thinking I might just go back and find out some day.

The next place down was a little, two-story, white frame house with green shutters. I got out of the pickup and walked up to knock at the door. Another kid answered, but this time I got along a little better. "Howya." I said. "Your folks at home?"

"No. Just Grandpa. Could I help you?"

"I'm looking for some people named Sanders or Sonders. Know who I mean?"

"Maybe you'd better come in and talk to Grandpa. He knows more people than I do."

The kid opened the door and I stepped inside, liking the place and knowing I was going to like the people right off. I unbuttoned my coat a little and nodded to the old guy sitting in an overstuffed gold chair. "Howya." I said again.

The old man nodded and the kid said, "Grandpa's kind of hard hearing. You'll have to speak pretty loud."

"Hi," I shouted.

"Eh?"

"Said hello."

"Hello?"

I nodded. "I'm looking for some people named Sanders or Sonders. They ride bikes—motorcycles. I think they might live around here."

"Sanders?"

"Sanders or Sonders."

The old man shook his head. "No, I don't know anyone around here by that name. You say they ride motorcycles?"

"Harleys," I prompted, "Harley-Davidsons."

"Harley-Davidsons," the old man mused. "Golly, I rode a Harley-Davidson once. Joe Elm's kid bought one right after the war—late '40s—that was. Rode with him all the way to Louisville to pick up a part for a combine. Them was the days—mud a foot

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the people named Sanders or Sonders. We pulled away and drove back to the highway. It was snowing harder now, big wet flakes that melted as soon as they touched the glass. I turned the wipers on and looked out across the land, already covered with a thin sheet of white. The way things were shaping up, it looked like we were going to get some accumulation.

"What now?" Falcon asked.

"We'll go down the road a mile or so and try again."

We drove for a few minutes before finally pulling off at a newly built house beside a little stream. The house was brick and so new the windows still had stickers on them. They had boards across where the front lawn would be next summer and I followed them. There were maybe half a dozen chickens over by the side of the house and one big, old, ugly rooster struttin' about. I paid them no mind and walked up to the front door and gave it a rap. Nobody answered. I thought maybe they hadn't moved in yet, but there were curtains on the windows and a station wagon was parked in the garage. I knocked again and when I didn't get an answer to this one I decided to try the back door. Still no results.

I was heading around to the front again when I really noticed that rooster for the first time. He was kind of strutting over sideways and cackling low in his chest, giving me the once-over with one beady, black eye. I just walked on past, because who pays any attention to a bird you're likely to eat Kentucky-fried come Sunday? And then that sonuvabitch exploded!

Feathers floated like a cloud and that little bastard came at me daggers, or talons, first—heading straight for my belt buckle. I jumped back and didn't get more than a couple of small rips in my coat and slammed a kick at the now-falling bird, which moved him back about ten feet.

He was a game little sucker, I'll give him that, because he no sooner got those talons or daggers or whatever the hell they were back under him than he was heading back to rumble, coming flat out. I did a few fancy sidesteps and managed to get in a couple of kicks—and also managed to get my left pants leg shredded from knee to ankle. I even took a couple of swings but it was like punching at your shadow. That damn chicken was everywhere. Feathers were floating above my head and my coat was ripped again and my ankle was hurting because when I gave the little bastard one of my better kicks the sonuvabitch had disappeared for a second and somehow or other I'd brought my steel-toed engineer's boot down against my left ankle.

If Custer could've retreated he probably would've lived for a good many years. I didn't figure I'd make the same mistake Custer did—so as soon as I saw an opening, I took it. I came around the corner of that house flat out with maybe ten pounds of fury and feathers prodding me every step of the

such photographs or portraits, in such manner as shall seem proper to their use. I also understand that editorial matter will accompany these photos. I certify that I am of full age and am possessed of full legal capacity to execute the foregoing authorization.

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model release

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way. I came straight across the yard with snow and half-frozen mud aflyin' and me yellin' at Falcon to open the fucking door, but he was laughing so hard he was hanging onto the dash. Chip had his head back against the seat and the tears were rolling. So much for friends.

I took the bumper, the hood, and the top of the cab in just three steps. The rooster, once I was out of his territory and perched on top of the pickup, was content to let me go, preferring to return to his hens, chest all puffed out like some he-man. It was quite a while before Falcon could stop laughing enough to drive out to the highway, where I climbed down and again took the wheel.

It was six and it was supper time so we stopped at one of the better-known eating places outside Bishop and had a pitcher of beer and some pizza. Just for the hell of it I asked the waitress if she knew anybody named Sanders or Sonders and she said yeah, that was her name. When we asked her about the Harleys, she said that was her father-in-law and gave us detailed instructions on how to get to his place. It was about a block from the river and not over two blocks from the gas station where we'd asked directions early that afternoon.

Sanders, as his name turned out to be, was listening to a new Johnny Cash tape in his car when we got there, so we stood outside in the gathering darkness and falling snow and talked.

"Used to have a bike shop," Sanders said, "Indians and Triumphs. Harleys were my favorite though. Once I sold out of the others I started collecting all the Harleys I could find. Had sort of a self-made Harley shop. But no connection with the factory. No new bikes."

"We're looking for Harleys," Falcon said, "something old but in pretty good shape yet."

"Hard to find," Sanders said. "Ever since *Easy Rider* played at the drive-in there's been a run on bikes. I sold the last three I had. All I have left is my own bike and some parts." And in anticipation of our



"Oh hell—another comparison shopper!"

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next question, "No, not enough to build a complete bike. Just odds and ends really. No frames either."

Which left us pretty well high and dry. We talked about bikes for a while and he spoke of how the old Harleys were better before AMF took over and I told him of how I wrecked my first bike, a slightly used '65 Honda Hawk, by taking a bet I could ride through the high school, up the stairs to the third floor, then down and out through the cafeteria—but had forgotten the waxed floors.

It was dark and there was probably three inches of snow on the ground when we climbed back into the pickup and jammed our hands into the heat vent.

"So much for that," said Falcon.
"Now what?"

"Up to you dudes. You doing anything special tonight?"

"Not me," Chip said.

"I'm agreeable," Falcon said.

"Wanna try Minard? It's sorta on the way home and the roads don't look too slick."

"Lead on, James," Falcon smiled. He pulled out a baggy and began rolling fresh joints.

The roads were a helluva lot slicker than I'd thought and it was an hour later before I pulled up in front of the post office and cut the engine. "Who wants to come?" I asked.

They both declined so I got out and walked across the street, listening to the falling snow. One of the houses had a porch light on and I knocked at the door. A woman of about forty answered, opened the door, took one look at me, and slammed it shut. She stood on the other side of two locked doors and stared at me through two glass window panes.

"What do you want?" she shouted.

"I'm looking for Johnny Byers." I shouted back.

"What?"

Oh, Christ, another one. "I'm looking for Johnny Byers!" I shouted.

"Who?"

"Byers! Johnny Byers!"

"Who?"

"Johnny Byers!"

"Who?"

"Johnny Byers!"

"I can't hear you!" she shouted.

"Goddammit, lady, the whole fucking town can hear me!"

"Who?" she said.

I didn't answer. I couldn't answer. I stared at her for a moment and she started clutching at her throat and her eyes began to widen. That was great, I thought. Give her another couple of minutes and she'd be screaming rape. In exasperation I turned to go, and as I did an idea struck me. Motioning for the woman to watch, I hunkered down on her porch where snow had skittered across and printed J-O-H-N-N-Y-B-Y-E-R-S in large letters.

Understanding came to her eyes and she opened the doors. "I'm sorry," she said, "but a woman can never be too careful."

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She smiled apologetically but I just grunted so she nodded and said Byers lived two houses down. I started off and she called after me, "I'm sorry. I really didn't know."

"Sure," I said. Sometimes it gets awfully tiresome always being the heavy.

Byers lived in a smaller house with a wooden porch. His wife answered my knock, then called her husband.

"What can I do for you?" he asked, taking in my torn jeans and ripped coat. He was a tall, skinny dude and he was smoking a pipe.

"I understand you had an ad in the paper advertising a Harley for sale. Yellow and red with saddle bags."

He looked at me for a moment and I thought he might bite through his pipe stem. "My God," he said, "that was 1961. Where'd you get a paper that old?"

"I don't have the paper. Kraut Smith told me about it. Said you still had it afterwards."

Byers laughed. "Yeah, I did for a while. But I finally sold that back about '63 or '64, I believe."

"Well," I had to laugh myself at that one. It isn't every day you get an answer to an ad put in the paper almost twenty years before.

I thanked him and he said to tell Kraut to stop in sometime and I left. I was maybe halfway across the lawn when the door opened and Byers stepped onto the porch in his shirt sleeves. "Hold on a second there," he said. "If you're looking for an old bike, I may be able to help you after all."

I went back to the porch.

"Got anything against Indians?" he asked.

"Not a thing," I said, thinking it would at least make damn good trading material.

"I won't promise anything, but the guy I work with has either a brother or brother-in-law who has a friend who has an old Indian Chief for sale. The bike's in sad shape but it runs and he only wants fifty dollars for it. . . ."

At least it was a 74.



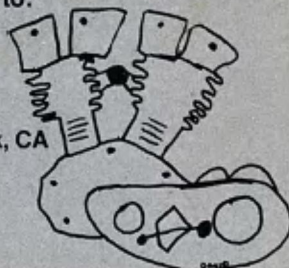
"Stretch, you're gonna have to stop watching the cheerleaders, or else get a stronger jock strap."

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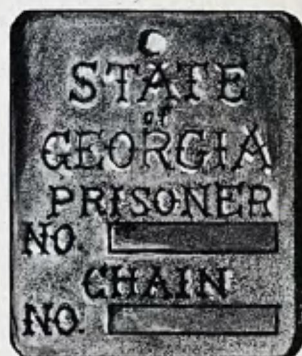
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—Continued from page 27

the U-Haul people to pick up. She then rode off, and he told me to start unloading the trailer while he went poking around in the ravine. Poking around in a ravine seemed like something he was very qualified to do, so I just said a silent good riddance and went back to the car to see if I could start it long enough to inhale some exhaust and kill myself. When that didn't work out, I just moped around the trailer and hoped that someone with a tow truck under his ass and a lot of charity in his heart might pull over. None did.

Eventually I heard a loud rattling in the darkness below, and a moment later a shopping cart came flying up into the light and landed with a clatter on the edge of the dirt. A few minutes later another one came in for a landing. In about a half hour there were around twelve of them lying everywhere, with the caveman finally coming to the surface, dragging four more behind him. He went over to the trunk of the car, pulled it open without the key, took out some wrenches and came back and started removing the little wheels. "Better start unloadin' that trailer," he said, not looking up. "I'm gonna be done here in a bit."

I felt so tired, and my eyes were stinging so bad, I didn't much care anymore what the hell happened; so I figured fuck it, and started unloading the trailer. If he wanted to sit around in the dirt for a while and toss toys up in the air, it was fine with me.

Eventually I had all the stuff arrayed in the road and he had all the wheels off the shopping carts—and was attaching them to the furniture!

"We're gonna need some rope," he said at one point. I took this as an optimistic sign; he was going to pause from his present stupid activity and go hang somebody. I meandered indifferently over to the sprung trunk and pulled out the closest thing I had to rope—five or six hundred-foot coils of tv antenna wire. I tossed them over one at a time to him. "That's all I got, Mr. Bekins," I said. "I hope it will do."

"No problem," he said. The woman drove up on the mobile lump of sludge, and didn't waste any time getting to work helping her partner jam, ram, kick, push, and shove the shopping cart wheels onto the furniture. They seemed to draw a kind of hectic energy from each other, and began to chat and swear and hup and hustle into a greater and greater pitch of busy



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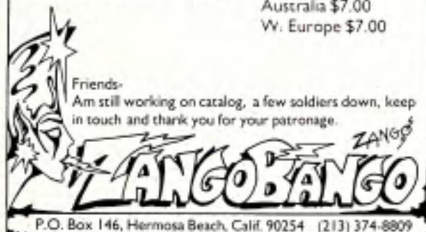
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industry until at last—the antenna wire running back and forth, back and forth from one thing to the next—the two of them got up and went over to the thing they were riding, and attached some thicknesses of antenna wire to that. Then they looked at me and waved me over.

"Let's get rollin'," he said.

That's all he said, Doris, "Let's get rollin'." The furniture was right out there alongside a superhighway in the dark of night, stretched out like a sloppy letter s with things growing out of it; the beds, the chest, the floor lamps the tables, the sofa, the chairs—all of them slowly turning and spinning in little erratic circles, like goofy circus animals waiting for the parade to start, and at the head of this household menagerie were two tramps riding a chunk of caked manure. And he wanted to get rolling. He had an attitude like this was the most normal thing in the world. I didn't have any attitude at all, for some reason, Doris. He tore that hood apart, and ripped open that locked trunk, and tossed those shopping carts up from the ravine like they were frisbees, so when he said, "Let's get rollin'," I just wasn't in the mood to say "No, let's not."

I got on and sat behind his woman, and the human pigsty up front, astraddle his dust-spewing, chewed-up sneaker, waited for a space to arrive between the oncoming, endless, speed-gathering trucks; and when one empty spot finally became available, he chugged the tiny towmobile out onto the highway, unraveled the furniture into a straight line behind us—and then proceeded to putt-putt-putt his exhaust-popping, straining, swerving-frontwheeled way... all the way over into the fast lane!

There we were, Doris! Starting from a near dead stop in the fast lane at the beginning of the most vicious fifty-mile upgrade in highway legend, with noting but aggravated highballers, who detested this stretch of highway, gathering as much momentum as a brainful of amphetamines would allow, without a doubt approaching like missiles from behind, being warned of the presence of "Furniture up Ahead" only by the broken reflector that the lunatic pulled off his rear fender and stuck on the wobbling, spinning six-foot brass floor lamp that was occupying the tail end of the column.

I was sitting on the back, and his woman was sitting on me, and of the three of us, only one of us was corkscrewed around, tightly clutching the rear light, looking with an expression of silent screaming in the direction where the danger would be coming from. And it certainly wasn't either one of those two.

Suddenly a pair of bright headlights reached the rim of a very minor knoll and bore down at high speed toward the distant tables and faintly squeaking chairs. There was this horrible blast of a horn, and the monstrosity swerved violently into the lane on its right—a lot of spit and a very quickly moving mouth protruding from the side window as it exploded past. I figure we were going about six miles an hour, Doris.

"Pull into the slow lane!" I yelled desperately.

"No problem," he answered calmly. "We'll stay here and catch their draft when they pull

—Continued on page 111

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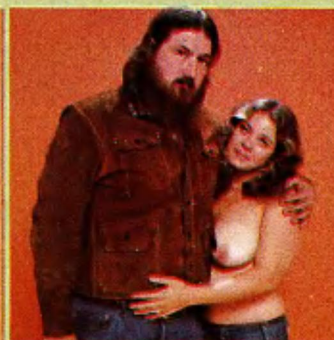
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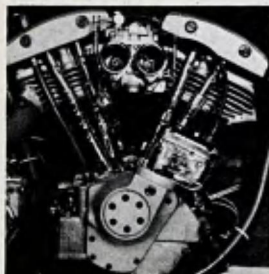
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back in front of us. It'll pull us along real good."

Well, he was partly correct. There was a drafting effect, all right, but it wasn't taking place at our end of the railroad. As each subsequent truck narrowly swerved to the right to go furiously around us, there was a gradual increase in speed, but it was on the furniture, and was advancing it out sideways into what were now the trucks' escape lanes. As more and more trucks went barreling past, the line went farther and farther out across the highway, until, within a very short time, traffic had been reduced to two lanes—the one we were in and the one four lanes over. In between them was a barrier of furniture, behind which trucks were crawling, backed and bunching in a sea of headlights and a roar of horns that sounded like whales being slaughtered in some weird nightmare war, thousands at a time. Jockeying now for position, the massed trucks began to squeeze past the lamp one at a time, gurgling, then going silent, then gurgling again, and so forth up the highway. I just stayed turned backwards, watching the mounting, gathering glut, unable to understand why not even one of them was taking the minute's worth of time it would have taken to simply crush the wheeling, swerving chairs and end tables out of existence. But none of them were. They were all just waiting their horn-blowing, irritated turn at getting into the far lane, as though all that stuff on the road, since it was on the road, was some kind of bizarre, legitimate traffic or it wouldn't have had wheels on it.

I'll say one thing about truckers, Doris: they may be a bunch of pinheads when they're afoot; but when they're sittin' on their hemorrhoids, washing their benzedrine down with coffee, and making their thousand bucks an hour, they all act like they're hauling nitroglycerin, as far as staying out of your way is concerned. Thank God, too. If that pileup behind us had decided to just press forward, they'da never gotten to court. There wouldn't have been any evidence, thicker than a sheet of cellophane, of our existence to bring to trial.

Just when the other end of our cargo began to finally swing back down along the far lane and head back over to where we were, my driver turns his head around and announces, "Gotta pull off the road for a mite. Sense there's some trouble somewhere." He then sticks up his arm like an L and begins to pull to the right, causing one of the diagonally-heading trucks to pass gas with its air brakes, and the driver to begin some more chin-ups on the horn. The lanes start to get blocked off in the other direction for a while until the idiot had proceeded along the dirt far enough to permit access to the overall highway once



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again. The trucks in the conglomerated pack began to advance in all five lanes at once, finally, and within about a minute everything on our left was just one solid sheet of green and orange lights separated by tin in a rumbling, advancing symphony of mounting gurglings and long silences, and a fading panorama of exposed arms and middle fingers.

The fool got off the bike, his girlfriend got off my balls, and I just sat there, moving my head slowly back and forth, my face in my hands.

"I'm feelin' a chink in one o' them wheels, somewhere," he said, looking down the line of housewares. "I'm gonna need to make some repairs."

He walked away from the road and down the ravine, disappearing into the night. A shopping cart eventually came sailing up onto the dirt, followed a minute later by another one. The twins began to remove the wheels, and pretty soon they were proceeding down the line, eyeballing the suspension on all the goods, pausing finally at the legs of one of the tables to make repairs. After a while the two of them sauntered back and the leader of the lunatics informed me, "Wheels is holdin' up surprisin'ly good, goddamit—better 'n they do in the stores, for sure. Must be that bein' out here in the real action has toughened 'em up. Made 'em endure. Mechanical things is like people, ya know. Need a challenge."

I looked down at the piece of crud I was straddling.

"How long you figure before ol' sweetheart, here, tells you to take this challenge and shove it?"

"Don't you worry about my baby," he said, getting back on. "She'll be all right. She's lovin' ever' minute of it."

They both were, it seemed. Neither one of 'em was getting any too temperamental about any of this.

Somehow ol' sweetheart started right up again without a hitch, the she-creature climbed back on top of my balls, and we headed back out into traffic.

Monsieur Stupid stayed in the rightmost lane this time, for some reason, though most likely it was for simply no reason, the reason simply being that that's the lane he stayed in. But it was no plate of marshmallows in that lane either, Doris. It was cars, there, not trucks, that were now approaching the lampstand. And unlike the trucks, they weren't holding back on ramming it at all.

Every five minutes some clown would charge deliberately into the thing, sending it sprawling onto its side, and getting it dragged for furlongs in scrapings and sparks before old whatizname would find a place to the side that he considered suitable to pull off onto. Then he'd get off and amble on down the line and set it upright again, and then amble back and get on the bike and pull out once more. After about the ninth ramming, he rigged a series of rods from a shopping cart that he tore to pieces, bent them around the center of the lampstand and down to the ground, away from the base, and added wheels to them. He got the lamp to stabilize itself for any normal bumpings, and only the really severe ramblings could manage to overturn it.

Finally, after the hundredth really severe ramming, when he was walking on back down the line, I pulled him by the arm and yelled, "For God's sakes, why don't you put the sofa, or something, back there that'll be

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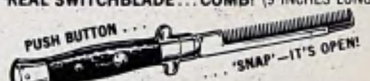
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big enough to take all the pile driving?"

He looked at me and said, "You know, I do believe that you're beginnin' to become personally involved in this thing at long last. Welcome aboard. That's a damn good idea. It's good to have someone else lendin' his brain to this operation. C'mon, my friend, let's go put that couch in the place where it really belongs."

As we headed down the line, I thought about what he'd said and decided that I had by now become just as crazy as he was. I didn't suggest that we should all be committed, I suggested that we should rearrange the couch. I didn't suggest that what was wrong with this operation was that we were all out of our minds; I suggested that what was wrong was the item we'd chosen to be the caboose. I didn't suggest that we leave the road altogether and stay the hell out of traffic's way; I suggested that we make the ramming a little less bothersome to us.

The couch now switched, it was able to handle the ramming a lot better than the lamp. Whenever it got too bad, though, Moses would hold the throttle for his woman to grab, jump off the bike and hang around in the street, waiting for the couch to show up, then he'd jump on it and walk down to the far end. If the troublesome driver decided to nudge the couch regardless, Moses would pull the hood open in his usual abrupt method, tear out whatever wires he could grab hold of, and leave the car to slowly fade, just like the rest of the background. Within about three hours, he had so many cars stalled in the far lane that people stopped using it altogether, probably figuring there was something wrong with it. And there was. We were in it.

For a while the patrol cars that kept passing only got us some unhappy turns of the head from the occupants, apparently already on their way to some other business. But they must have spread the word around because eventually we got assigned our own personal investigators, who eased up behind us, flashed their lights, gave us short, half-whoops with the siren, and made some announcements and requests out of the speaker. When the wagon master just continued to proceed forward, humming a wino-grade version of "Oh Suzanna," they pulled around to the front and began trying to stop us. Moses merely flicked his high beams on and off to indicate that he was going to pass, and without bothering to wait for an answering flick of all-clear, he crawled out into the next lane. The panicked police



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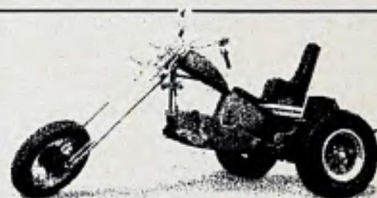
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surged ahead to try and persuade the lunatic to go back to where he'd been. Moses crawled back into the far lane and the police drove ahead of us for quite a while, apparently trying to come up with some plan that wouldn't endanger the lives of the whole road's bleary-eyed population. Finally, they pulled over and stopped and they both got out of the car. They looked at us silently as we casually putted past, waited for the couch to come along, and then ran after it, like two bent-over escapees, applying strips of reflector tape up and down the side. Then they stopped and faded away, their hands on their hips.

All night long the bike climbed on and on, hour after hour. The engine whined at a continual high pitch that would have disintegrated a turbine; but it just kept going. Old Moses didn't seem to think anything at all remarkable in this, and didn't show even the slightest anxiety. At one point he snapped his fingers deep in thought trying to remember the name of Wolfman Jack, and said how he sure would enjoy hearing his voice way out here in the wilderness—but that was the only regret he showed the whole time. He never complained about how this whole project must have been slowing him down from whatever he would have been doing, or wherever he would have been going if he'd never run into me. He never complained when a rear-area wheel would begin to shimmy violently, threatening to send an entire piece of furniture flying up into the air. He'd just stop, go down and get a shopping cart, come back up and fix it. He never did any of the cursing and swearing, ranting and raving that I would have expected someone of his Levi'd, grubby type to be doing.

Everything was just "no problem." I'd given that filthy, grungy sweetheart 74 of his the big-eye, the big, long, admiring stare of love as far as he was concerned, and that was enough for him. He'd have dragged us all to New York and driven me and my furniture up the side of the Empire State Building if that's where I was going. He was screwy, but he was the most easygoing man I'd ever met. And as for that sour washcloth bike of his—well, I was working up an admiration for that mother-lovin' wreck like you wouldn't believe.

Hours, hours, and hours later, as the day began to dawn, we came upon something I never expected to ever see—a crest.

He stopped the bike at the side, pointed downward at the huge, yellow flatlands far below and said, "Down there somewhere in all of that is Bakersfield. The area approaching it is divided into zones of smell. There's the old-celery zone, the cow's-behind zone, the skunk zone, the rancid-cottage-cheeze zone, the cut-clover zone, the sawdust zone, the cooked-meat zone, the vanilla-yogurt zone, the burning-dashboard-wire zone, and the hay zone. At least these were the zones last year. They're prob'ly different now. Don't know what causes it, 'cause there ain't nuthin' down there." He looked down at the valley for a while, shaking his head, and then crossed over and went down into a ravine, carrying a rope. He came back up hauling a large, flat piece of slate about the size of a couch cushion. He tied it to the tail end of the caravan, so that it would drag in the road, and we headed down.

We hit the flats about nine and drove easily along at the remarkable speed of thirty miles an hour, while he sniffed at the air and identified the various zones, announcing

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Style Size Width Easyriders Logo Yes ☐ No ☐
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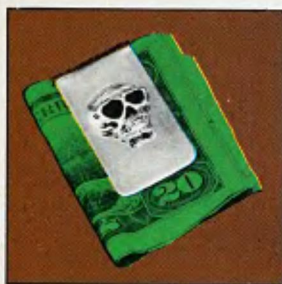
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Give the ol' pad some character. This full-color, 100% nylon banner will brighten any run-down crash pad, bike shop or garage. Or they make fantastic curtains for a cage. It's a big 40" by 30" and trimmed with white nylon fringe for class.

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Be sure to state your size.

them back to his woman, who was writing them down on a pad. He gave her the nature of the smell and its strength and his theories as to what might be causing each. Somewhere between crushed walnuts and new dungarees, we turned into Bakersfield, and around noon we pulled up in front of our new home. I was so tired, I just unlocked the door, straggled into the house, fell on the floor, and slept.

When I awoke around seven, the furniture was all arranged inside, his woman was cooking dinner on the stove, and Moses was setting the table with paper plates. We ate a medium-sized vat of chili, drank cold beer, and spent the remainder of the evening sitting around on the living room floor, listening to old Moses tell stories about adventures he and his woman had, wandering around the country on old sweetheart, and how the thing just didn't seem to know the meaning of what a motorcycle supposedly could or couldn't do. He told me he knew the workings of that bike better than he understood the buckle on his watchband. He admitted that on the outside it was a little on the shoddy side. But on the inside, he said, it was 24-carat purebred racehorse. He said there wasn't anything inside it that he hadn't personally assembled, and that in a pinch, he could overhaul the engine in ten minutes in a tornado, using nothing but a coathanger. And I had a tendency to believe him. As I looked out the living room window at the bike standing in the driveway beneath the moon, looking like a swaybacked horse under a crumpled tent, I had a tendency to believe that if he could get it to do the impossible task that it had done the night before, then there wasn't anything that he couldn't do with it.

The next morning I woke up to a horrible clanging, and the most violently angry swearing I'd ever heard. I stumbled to the window and saw old Moses beating on the motorcycle with a long length of rake handle, yelling at old sweetheart like I wouldn't even yell at my congressman. "You slimy good-for-nothin' sheep's asshole!" he shouted. "You ain't worth shit!" This was the man who had gone through the previous night without a sound who was talking like this—to the "baby." "If I had a match, I'd torch ya ta cinders once and for all!" he shouted, bringing the stick down as hard as he could all over its ruined carcass. I pulled on my pants and was running out the door to try to calm him down when his woman blandly put out one hand to stop me and said, "Don't bother. He's had that bike for twenty years and he's been going through this routine with it every single morning."

Confused, I looked at her and then took another few steps over to him where he just stood, his fists at his sides, his chest rising and falling, scowling and waiting to catch his breath. I looked at him guardedly, prepared to jump out of the way, and said, "Is there... is there something wrong?"

He looked at me in wide-eyed disbelief, and then looked back at the bike and pointed to the ground underneath it, at some insignificant shape hardly bigger than a half dollar. This superhuman mechanic then fumed on and on about some mind-boggling bafflement that had been infuriating him for twenty years. But I don't know what it was; I couldn't make any sense out of it. Something or other about some kind of leaking.

Well, more later. I've got some work to do.

Love,

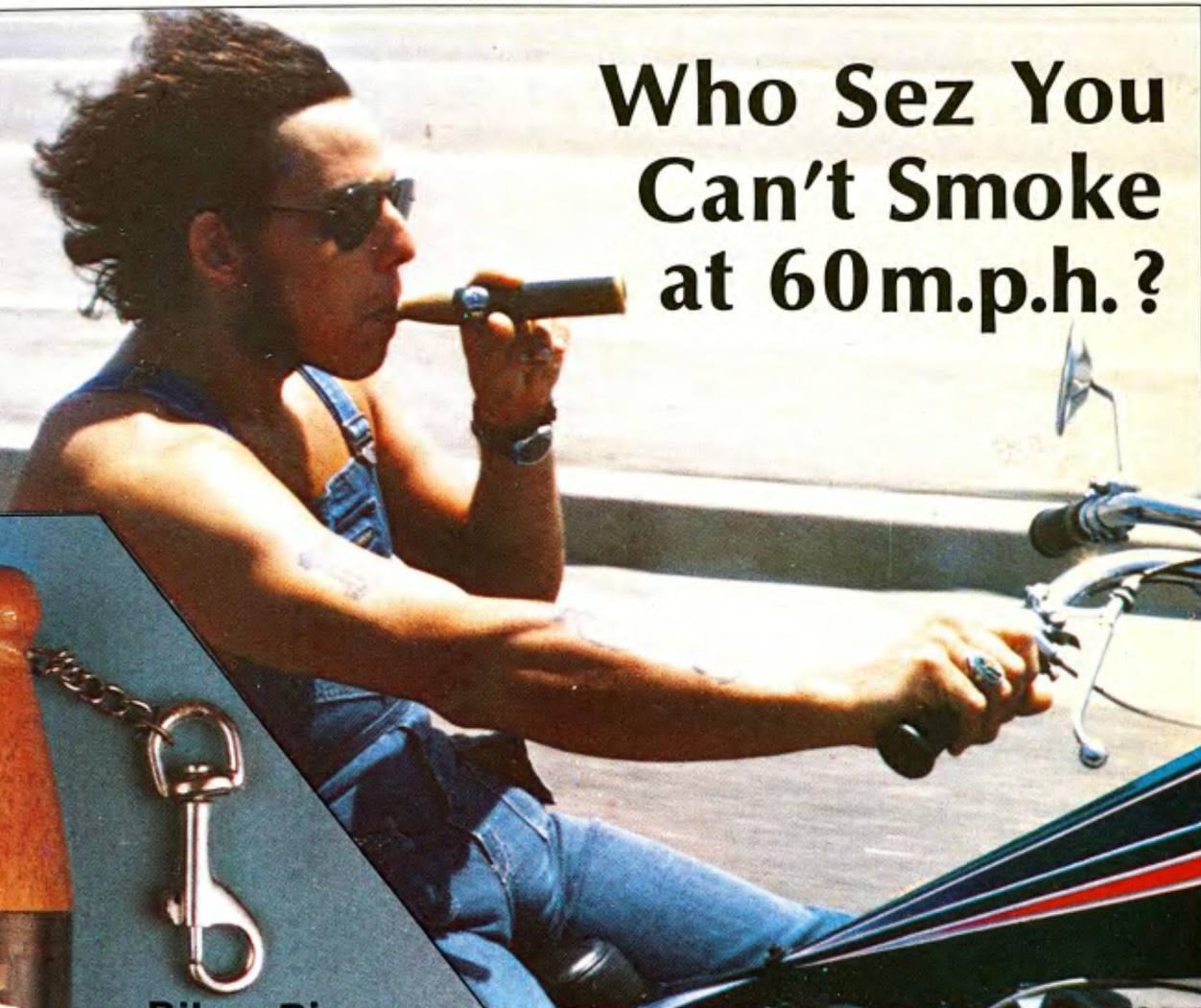
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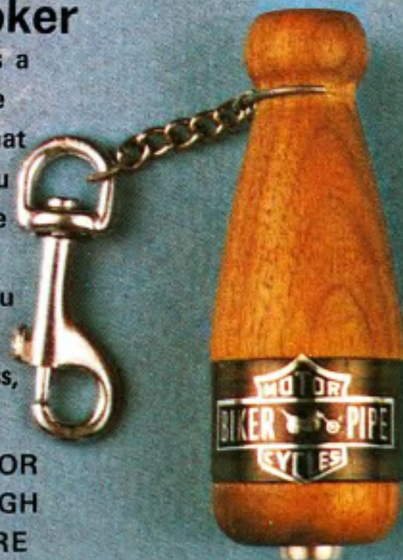


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available, with mail being forwarded unopened to advertiser. There is an additional charge of \$5.00 per advertisement for this service, to cover handling and postage. Send to Easyriders, Classified Department, Box 52, Malibu, California 90265.

Notice: Readers are advised to use reasonable caution when dealing with a company or advertiser they do not know. False advertising is fraud and should be reported to the authorities whenever it is encountered.

Yogi: Happy 15th anniversary! I love you more now than when we married. I'm proud to be a Sundowner's MC SFV of lady. I'll back you to the max. Your crazy lady, Snake. P.S. I'm proud you're my dad. Love, James. (74)

"Red" Ray: You died young but not in vain. I love you and miss you always. Your ol' lady, Jan. (74)

Prisoner needs letter & photos, Ron Pal #141-378, P.O. Box 57, Marion, Ohio 43302. (74)

Loner female, 23, with not much leisure time wants to meet biker with heart to spend free time with. Prefer husky white dude over 6'3 and good looking. Harley a must. I'm 5'7, 128 lb., very independent, and tend to be a bitch. San Fernando Valley, Calif. Call the Hermit. (213) 897-1220. (74)

Happy birthday, Mom. Keep puttin'. Love, Kim. (74)

Jazzmoe: You crazy mutha, how come you ain't wrote? Going to Calif. this summer to ride, vacation, and look for job. The ol' lady left me, fuck her. Maybe we can meet up somewhere. Write me. Dirty Ernie, Box 615, Beatrice, Neb. 68310. (74)

Foxy lady needs good-looking macho man, age 26-40. No hassles. I'll support you. Looking for control and sensitivity. If successful women scare you, don't write. Send photo. Crystal Lindsey, P.O. Box 1271, Anniston, Ala. 36201. (74)

Happy birthday, Patt. Love always and forever and ever. Frank. (74)

George: You're still the one! Happy birthday, babe. Love, Jane. (74)

Fly high, Free Bird. Love, Boo and Morongo Valley. (74)

Show your class! Write it on high-quality Harley-Davidson stationery (envelopes included) \$3. Demographics, Box 7234, Ft. Wayne, Ind. 46807. (75)

Stoney, my love: Happy anniversary. It's been beautiful being with you. Let's do it, forever and a day. I love you, Duke. (74)

Notice to all bikers in the military and others associated with military bases. Two bros trying to organize bikers to fight helmet laws on base. For more information write to Dan Still or Roy Becker, P.O. Box 2134, Mare Island, Vallejo, Calif. 94592. (74)

Sandy Maurus: Your old man, Vic, was one of my brothers. S.F. M/C! Contact me and I'll explain what happened. Mike Hodges, P.O. Box #76001, Tamal, Calif. 94964. (74G)

Make fake IDs, documents, easily, cheaply. Complete instructions, \$5. S.O.H., P.O. Box 3124, Pompano, Fla. 33062. (75)

Notice to all bikers in the military from Texas and members of ABATE of Texas outside the state. Trying to organize people who will be out of the state a while, so you can come back and still ride helmet-free. If you belong to other organizations, write anyway to Roy Becker, P.O. Box 2134, Mare Island, Vallejo, Calif. 94592. (74)

Occult: Unique catalog now available! Genuine black magic, witchcraft, occult items, and related products, \$1 refunded. Odysse, P.O. Box 137, Wagontown, Pa. 19376. (74)

Chokers from Greece for only \$.95 & \$1 postage and handling. Gleaming Greek Chokers, of gold- and silver-toned metal curves adorned with colorful Grecian beads. All threaded on a leather thong. Choose a color, and send a check or money order to A. Ball, P.O. Box 592, Seal Beach, Calif. 90740. (80)

Looking for Jo Ann (from Utica, N.Y.), Rick's ol' lady. Please contact me, James G. Davis #043398, Box 340 HI-B3-241, Sharpes, Fla. 32959. (74)

Goover, Grody, Turtle, Sherry (Dolly): Please contact Dum Dum! Sherry and Ken Gruby most important; most urgent! Write Dum Dum, c/o Easyriders, P.O. Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (74)

Gravity Knife, fast as a switchblade. Make your own. Easy, complete kit and instructions, \$10. Mail cash or m.o., (no checks) to G.M.M., P.O. Box 189, Riverton, N.J. 08077. Knife not included. (76)

Marijuana wine. Easily made. Recipe, instructions, \$1. Hywine Enterprises, Dept. E., P.O. Box 30125, San Antonio, Texas 78285. (74)

Subscribe to Tattoo News. Full of interesting articles and photos. Four issues, \$10. Box 252, Pendleton, S.C. 29670. (74)

Switchblade, pushbutton knife. Make your own. Easy, complete instructions. Mail \$3 cash to G.M.M., P.O. Box 189, Riverton, N.J. 08077. (76)

Muffin: Guess you know that my world is hollow without you to fill it. My heart is ice without you to melt it. Luv ya more than ever, babe. Happy birthday, you sweet, blue-eyed little shit. Your Gnasher. (74)

Two Caucasian biker dudes, age 36, professionally employed loners seeking two biker ladies who enjoy puttin' and life, to relocate to warm desert climate. Must be sincere, intelligent, with height and weight in proportion, without attachments. Explicit reply—including recent photo to Gil or Jim, c/o Gil Beardsley, 2301 Wengert Ave., #59, Las Vegas, Nev. 89104. (74)

Joe: You worked hard on Big Red all winter. May we ride safe and have fun all summer. Loving you, Carol. (74)

Guaranteed state photo identification card. Full color Polaroid process, the best there is. Send photo, signature, birthdate, height, weight, eye color. Rush \$7 each. Order with two friends and the third ID is free (3 for \$14). Bonus: 3 blank IDs free with each Polaroid ID ordered. "No-bull guarantee." Jeni Chevon, Box 1033-EZ89, Evanston, Ill. 60204. (74)

Synthetic lubricants. Dealers wanted. The AMS/OIL dealer, Box 266, Hubbell, Mich. 49934. (74)

Do you want to change your name? Send \$5 for information how to: JCCO, P.O. Box 1015, Alief, Tex. 77072. (75)

My Dave, lover and friend, happy birthday. Love n' hugs. Pie. (74)

Crazy John: Mom's waitin' for you to come home. Love always. Crazy Margaret. (74)

"Show me your tits": With this new high-quality bumper sticker, be outrageous. Send \$3 to Malted Michael, P.O. Box 32771, San Jose, Calif. 95132. (74)

Lady lookin' for biker to share some times with. Clean, quiet, and fairly serious. Terry. (714) 656-1957. (74)

David: Don't forget that I love you. We have a future. Forever your #1. (74)

Sarah, everything is cool. I'm working with Ben. Need your help to record some songs. Call collect anytime. Chris. (904) 962-4501. (74)

Looking for a "Wild Flower" to exchange letters, pics and swinging times. Ray Miller, 1325 W. Wilson, #810, Chicago, Ill. 60613. (74)

"Frankie: Happy birthday, sweet, 4/8/79. 24 and still riding hard. We knew you'd love it, 'cause we love you. Sweetmeat, Scooter, and Josey. (74)

First 60 issues of Easyriders—excellent condition, no pages missing, also Trash, \$275 or best offer. (914) 735-4471. (74)

Tattooed women's photos: 20, \$5. Tattooing and removing instructions \$15; 300 different designs, \$18; needles, \$7.50; 500; best quality inks (any color), \$30 pound. Complete electric outfit, \$99. Free gift with every order! Steele, Box 242-EM, Colorado Springs, Colo. 80901. (74)

Wanted to buy: 100-200 tattooing machines. Tatooer, 508 South Nevada, Colorado Springs, Colo. 80903. (74)

Need info on laws and transport of H-D to England. Tojo, 1606 26th St., Niceville, Fla. 37578. (74)

Sunflower, still waiting for your call. Time is running out. Mother's Truckers, #1 Bald Eagle, KG. (74)

White male wants woman 17-35. Send letters and photos to Timothy Thomson, SSN 471-72-8842, CSC 1st 18th Inf., Ft. Riley, Kansas 66442. (74)

Military WWII Harley blackout driving headlight, hooded, NOS, \$35 each. Steve, Rt. 3, Box 574-A, Corvallis, Ore. 97330. (74)

Hey, Oaktree, ya big poop! Ya wanna? Nov. 15th? Your Powder Puff. (74)

Timothy Andrew Zurawski: After five years I finally remembered on time, Happy birthday, blue eyes! Your ol' lady, Cana. (74)

Easyriders, #1-#79, missing 7. Postpaid. Offers. Dolowy, 12917 Muskegon, Chicago, Ill. 60633. (74)

Rick: Missing you more each day. Love you always and we'll put together real soon. Only yours. Scooter. (74)

Into reefer and coke? Then you need our catalog chock-full of toking and tooting accessories. Lowest prices! Pipes, papers, bongos, rush and more. Send \$5 (refunded with order). Stoned Again, Box 1219, Old Village, Great Neck, N.Y. 11023. (74)

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SPar-Tay\$: Make big dough partying. Send for complete info on how you too can earn a fortune partying; send \$2 to "Par-Tay", c/o R. J. Copening, Box 65, Colp, Ill. 62921. (74)

"45" people: We have the largest inventory of 45 motors, trannies and misc. parts on the West Coast. Complete motor & tranny with legal titles, gaskets & seal kits. 74 & Sports parts. We are interested in buying inventories or parts of 45, 74 & Sportster. Please phone or contact 45's Forever, 11561-C Berryessa Rd., San Jose, Calif. 95133. (408) 294-6810. (85)

The Lazy Nickels. We are into the ceremonial aspects of marijuana and magic. For information, send \$2 to BGPD, P.O. Box 39436, Los Angeles, Calif. 90039. (74)

Gypsy: Thanks for the sweet, easy ride. You're my bro—always. Your ol' Lady, Rebel. (74)

Duke: (J.R.M.C.) I've gone through hell to realize you are The Best. I'll respect you till the end of time. Love, Ezy. (74)

Wiring diagrams: Simplified, no bullshit diagrams for custom bikes. All Harleys, Triumph, BSA, Norton. Complete set, \$3. Wiring, P.O. Box 42016, Tucson, Ariz. 85733. (74)

Babe: I love you very much. Happy 21st (8-20-79). I'll be yours for a long time to come. Chuck. (74)

Need bucks, must part with Easyrider collection #s 8-21, 23, 25-33, 35-41. #15 has 2 ads cut out, one cuts article. #17 subscription cut out, no harm. #21 subscription cut out, takes picture. #25 cover wear, small tear. Best offer over \$150, plus free custom chopper mags. Bernie, 1143 Long Hill Rd., Stirling, N.J. 07980. (74)

No bull—earn extra bread at home, easily. Send self-addressed, stamped envelope for free details. PAB, P.O. Box 141-E, Beaver Creek, Ore. 97004. (74)

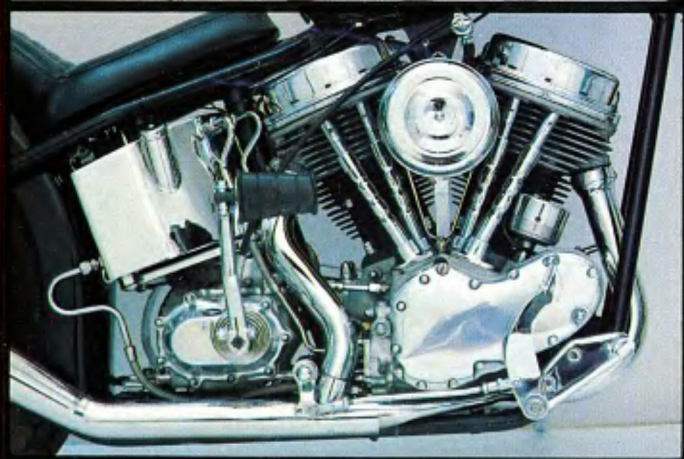
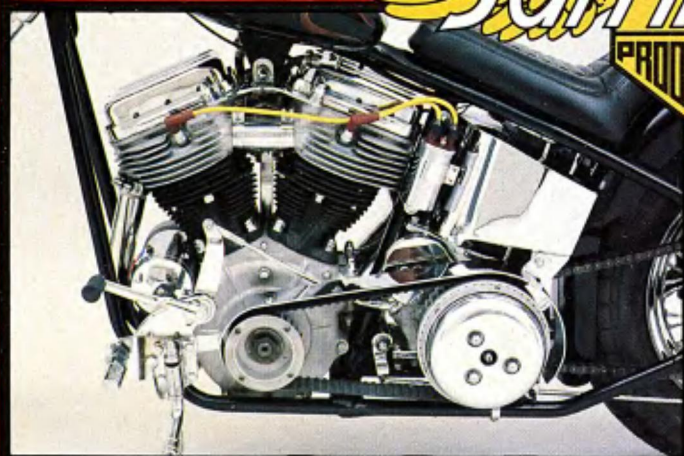
—Continued on page 126

THE WAY IT OUGHT TO BE

Each and every one of us has a say about the way it ought to be. Call it being proud, being an individual, being selfish. Call it whatever you want. In the end it all boils down to this . . . doing what feels good.

For us, doing what feels good means livin' for and lovin' motorcycles. That's part of what this section is all about. Although it may seem hard to believe, we could not survive by being just another business selling lots of motorcycle parts. Instead, **Jammer** is a feeling born and bred over long years, a feeling that has come to reach out and touch millions. If you're one of the many who know this feeling we say hello again. If you are new to our world we commend you for doing what feels good, getting involved with the way it ought to be.

Check us out over the next several pages. Remember, this is just a mere sampling of all the goodies we've got waiting for you. Grab a new **Jammer's Handbook**, stop by your nearest stocking authorized dealer or give us a call and get with the feeling!



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AVAILABLE AT YOUR
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High Performance Pistons & Rings

Harley Forged Pistons

Manley's Harley pistons are forged from special high silicon aluminum to ride smooth and skuff-free in the cylinders. The unique skirt design, along with the special cam profile and barrel shape, result in a piston up to 100 grams lighter than competitive brands while keeping the rings perpendicular in the bore for maximum seal and power.

The original dome shape promotes maximum flame travel and compression without blocking the spark plug as do most competitive pistons. The valve notches (properly located) will accommodate cam lifts up to .600 without additional fly-cutting.

Here is a true performance piston with unsurpassed durability that is equally appropriate for the most serious competitor as well as the street riding enthusiast. Pistons are shipped with pins, lock rings and piston rings. Pin hole location is stock. Each part number supplies one complete piston.



Forged Aluminum Pistons

Part #	Application	Comp. Price Size Ratio Each
12601	74 Stock Stroke	.010 10.5 39.95
12602	74 Stock Stroke	.020 10.6 39.95
12603	74 Stock Stroke	.030 10.7 39.95
12604	74 Stock Stroke	.040 10.8 39.95
12606	74 4 1/4" Stroke	.010 10.5 39.95
12607	74 4 1/4" Stroke	.020 10.6 39.95
12608	74 4 1/4" Stroke	.030 10.7 39.95
12609	74 4 1/4" Stroke	.040 10.8 39.95
126011	74 4 1/2" Stroke	.010 10.5 39.95
126012	74 4 1/2" Stroke	.020 10.6 39.95
126013	74 4 1/2" Stroke	.030 10.7 39.95
126014	74 4 1/2" Stroke	.040 10.8 39.95
126016	Sportster 1000	.010 10.5 39.95
126017	Sportster 1000	.020 10.6 39.95
126018	Sportster 1000	.040 10.7 39.95
126019	Sportster 1000	.060 10.8 39.95

Harley Plasma Moly Piston Ring Sets

At last! Manley introduces piston rings for Harleys featuring up to date technology for significantly improved seal and horsepower. They are also the ideal match for Manley high performance pistons.

The top ring has a special plasma sprayed moly face for maximum seal and longevity. The ring face is radiused to maintain wall contact even while the piston rocks in the bore. The second ring is a reverse twist, taper face to give improved oil scrapping especially on the highly important—and after neglected—intake stroke when enormous pressure is put on the rings by the combustion chamber vacuum.

The oil ring is a three piece with a stainless steel expander and chrome rails. Tension of the ring is 13 to 15 lbs. which results in a free spinning engine with excellent oil control.

Both top and second rings are .005 oversize which "requires" the installer to file fit the rings. Each part number supplies rings for two pistons.

Plasma Moly Ring Sets

Price #	Application	Comp. Price Size Ratio Set
126021	74 Stock Stroke	.010 10.5 26.00
126022	74 Stock Stroke	.020 10.6 26.00
126023	74 Stock Stroke	.030 10.7 26.00
126024	74 Stock Stroke	.040 10.8 26.00
126021	74 4 1/4" Stroke	.010 10.5 26.00
126022	74 4 1/4" Stroke	.020 10.6 26.00
126023	74 4 1/4" Stroke	.030 10.7 26.00
126024	74 4 1/4" Stroke	.040 10.8 26.00
126021	74 4 1/2" Stroke	.010 10.5 26.00
126022	74 4 1/2" Stroke	.020 10.6 26.00
126023	74 4 1/2" Stroke	.030 10.7 26.00
126024	74 4 1/2" Stroke	.040 10.8 26.00
126026	Sportster 1000	.010 10.5 26.00
126027	Sportster 1000	.020 10.6 26.00
126028	Sportster 1000	.040 10.7 26.00
126029	Sportster 1000	.060 10.8 26.00

Note: 126021-126024 rings will fit all 74 pistons listed above.



Piston Ring End Gapping Tool

This clever little hand operated grinder will allow the engine builder to custom tailor the end gaps of his rings for tighter fit and more complete combustion seal.

126031	End Gap Grinder	29.95
126032	Replacement Blade	7.00

Stocking
Authorized Jammer
Dealers For Your Area
See Page 125



Dell'Orto Carburetor Kits

For those looking for bolt on performance for your Harley, Rivera Engineering has spent much time in research and development in adapting the Dell'Orto carburetor for motorcycle use. It's the perfect carburetor for hi-performance application. Dell'Orto has produced the finest racing carburetor for over 50 years.

It is standard equipment in the best of Italian racing machines.

Dell'Orto is the household word among the racing fraternity throughout Europe.

The 40mm DHLA series is a dual barreled sidedraft carburetor with dimensions identical to the Weber and Solex carburetors. It is actually two carburetors in one. Siamesed by a common float bowl, it utilizes dual throats containing individual venturies and separate jetting. Dell'Orto carburetors are completely tuneable. Replacement parts such as venturies, pumps, jets, idle jets, emulsion tubes, main jets and air corrector jetting are available from Rivera Engineering in Pico Rivera, California.

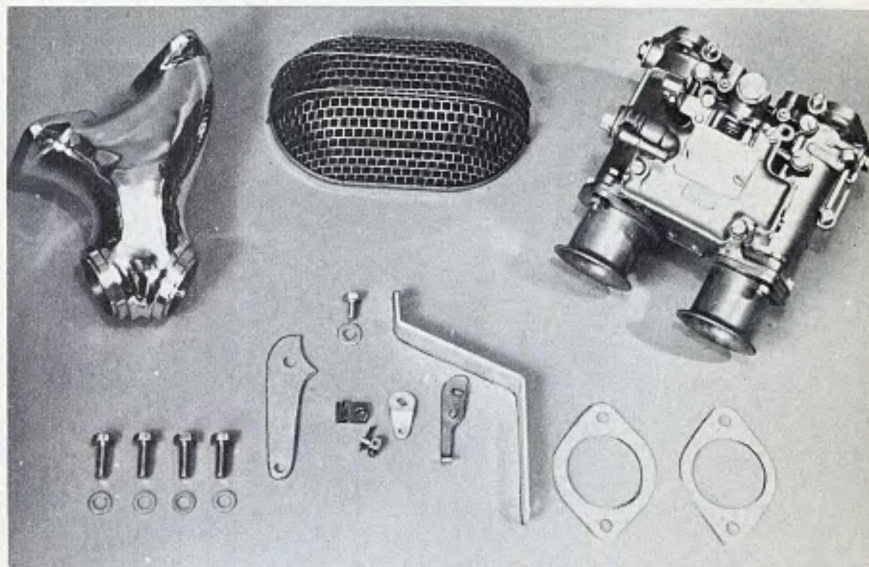
Outstanding features include changeable venturies, 25mm to 35mm, and the ability to change jetting without disassembling the carburetor. The new plenum manifold angles to the front of the motorcycle 25 degrees. This eliminates the common complaint of leg room evident in other carburetors. Other features include throttle shaft mounted on ball bearing for lifetime service; booster venturi in center of air stream which creates a fully atomized mixture of fuel and air, creating cleaner burning of fuel; a fully adjustable diaphragm type accelerator pump with changeable jets for one kick starting under most circumstances.

All kits for the Harley include manifold, velocity stacks, breather type air cleaner and all necessary hardware for an easy installation. Must use pull type throttle. All carburetors will be modified for motorcycle use. A large needle & seat will be installed, correct jetting will be installed for all stock machines. Extra jetting will include 2 pairs for the primary circuit, 2 pairs for the main jet circuit. This will allow tuning for all stock through highly modified engines—will not include any stroked engines. Complete tuning instructions are included with each kit.

Harley Manifold Kits For Dell'Orto, Weber or Solex Carbs

If you've already got a Dell'Orto, 40mm Weber or Solex carburetor this easy-fitting plenum hi-performance manifold kit is the hot set-up. This new manifold angles 25 degrees to the front so you don't have to hassle with the leg room problem. It comes complete with all necessary hardware. Will fit on all Harley 74s and Sportsters.

135046 Manifold Kit 56.75

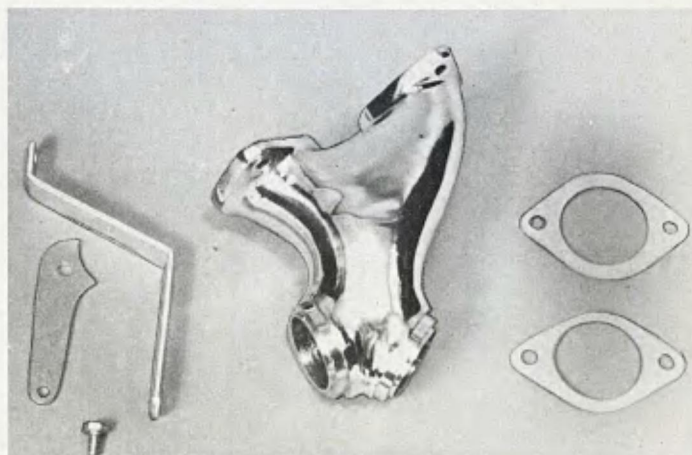


Dell'Orto Harley Kits With Air Cleaner & Velocity Stacks

- | | | | |
|--------|----------------------|-----------------------|--------|
| 135041 | Shovelhead/Sportster | Plenum Manifold | 209.95 |
| 135042 | Shovelhead/Sportster | Straight-Out Manifold | 209.95 |
| 135043 | Panhead | Panhead Manifold | 209.95 |
- *Panhead manifold bolts directly to old style Linkert.



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Dell'Orto Carburetor Kits

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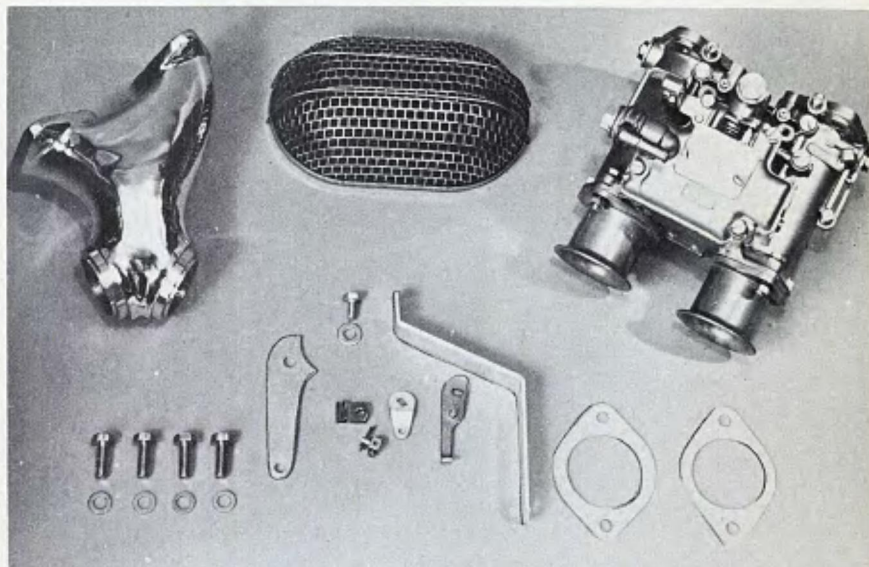
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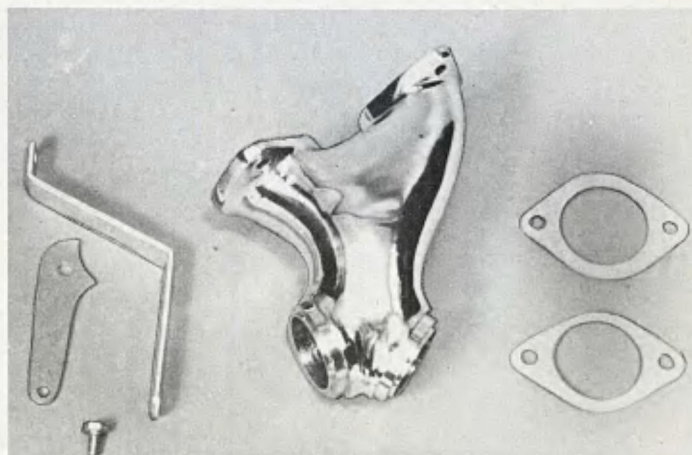


Dell'Orto Harley Kits With Air Cleaner & Velocity Stacks

- | | | | |
|--------|----------------------|-----------------------|--------|
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| 135043 | Panhead | Panhead Manifold | 209.95 |
- *Panhead manifold bolts directly to old style Linkert.



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We now have a full line of Goodyear tires to serve your street and touring needs. Backed by engineering excellence and proven road and track performance, a set of Goodyear tires will enhance the overall ride, handling and traction of any motorcycle.

Eagle HST Rear



A

Eagle HST Rib Front



B

Eagle A/T Rear



C

Eagle A/T Rib Front



D

Eagle G/T II Rear



E

Eagle G/T Rib II Front



F

Speed Grip Front & Rear



G

Sport Rib Front



H

A. Eagle HST

The ever popular low profile high speed touring tire. These Eagles are the H-rated, 130 mph tires that won't let you down in touring and over-the-road use.

72071	510x16 RWL	
	Tubeless	71.56
72072	510x17 RWL	
	Tubeless	71.59
72073	425x18 RWL	
	Tubeless	73.32
72074	475x18 RWL	
	Tubeless	74.67

B. Eagle HST Rib

The low profile front wheel mate rib to the Eagle HST.

72075	325x19 RWL	
	Tubeless	56.66
72076	375x19 RWL	
	Tubeless	58.88

C. Eagle A/T

A low profile street and touring winner. Built and designed for endurance.

72077	510x16 RWL	62.26
72078	400x18 RWL	54.63
72079	450x18	47.72
72080	450x18 RWL	58.37

D. Eagle A/T Rib

The low profile front wheel mate rib to the Eagle A/T.

72081	325x19	38.03
72082	325x19 RWL	49.73

E. Eagle G/T II

A low profile tire featuring a new emergency design incorporating a special sidewall lip to help secure the tire on the rim in the event of sudden loss of air.

72083	510x17	63.04
72084	400x18	55.08
72085	450x18	58.92

F. Eagle G/T Rib II

The low profile front wheel mate rib to the Eagle G/T II.

72086	350x19	46.61
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G. Speed Grip

A dependable rib design tire for front and rear wheel use. Features a double white stripe.

72087	510x16	65.11
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H. Sport Rib

A front wheel rib tire for use on Harleys with taper bead base rims.

72088	375x19	46.37
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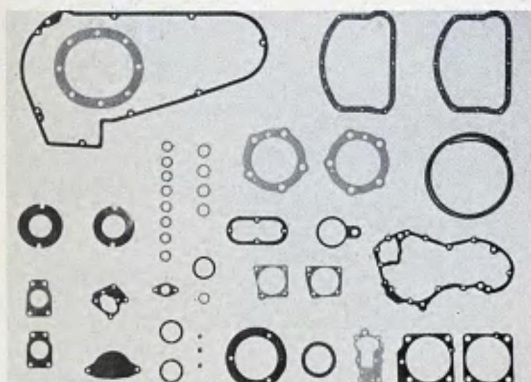


Gaskets, O-Rings and Seals

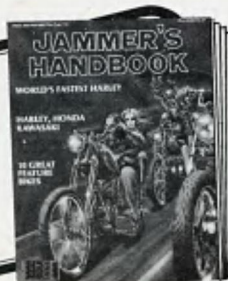


Milmeier precision gaskets are designed to replace original manufacturer kits. They meet or exceed factory specifications and are guaranteed complete and without defect. Endorsed by Joe Smith, a household name in drag racing. Milmeier precision gaskets are the result of manufacturing from expert advice and premium grade materials such as copper, high temperature asbestos-steel and asbestos copper laminates, nitrile asbestos, resilient silicone, neoprene-cork, acetate and a few trade secrets. Knowing that your gaskets are a product of all these materials insures high performance protection in areas where gasket failure is most common. Problem areas such as blown head gaskets, oil pump seizure and leakage become a thing of the past. Since all material is compression resistant, bolts will stay tighter. Avoid trouble, avoid failure—team up with a winning combination. Each and every gasket, o-ring and seal from Milmeier will make you famous . . . for staying out of trouble.

Jammer #	Description	Price	Jammer #	Description	Price
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8401	Harley Shovelhead '66-'79	19.30	84024	Harley Sportster '72-Early '73	8.07
8402	Harley Panhead '55-'65	15.00	84025	Harley Sportster '57-'71	8.07
8403	Harley Panhead '48-'54	12.69	84026	Honda 750 K1-K5-Auto	23.00
8404	Harley Knucklehead '40-'47	13.97	Bottom End Kits		
8405	Harley Sportster '77-'79	14.64	84037	Honda 750 K2-K5	12.50
8406	Harley Sportster '73-'76	13.97	Transmission Kits		
8407	Harley Sportster '72-Early '73	12.46	84043	Harley Shovelhead/Panhead '66-'79	13.77
8408	Harley Sportster '57-'71	17.88	84044	Harley Panhead/Knucklehead '41-'64	7.10
Top End Kits					
84019	Harley Shovelhead '66-'79	9.25	Oil Seal Kits		
84020	Harley Panhead '55-'65	9.28	84050	Harley Shovelhead '66-'69	9.62
84021	Harley Panhead '48-'54	8.64	84051	Harley Sportster '73-'76	10.51
84022	Harley Knucklehead '40-'47	9.68	84052	Harley Sportster '72-'73	13.85
84023	Harley Sportster '73-'79	8.13	84053	Harley Sportster '57-'71	25.38



Jammer #	Harley OEM #	Description	10 Pk. Price
Cam Cover			
84059	25224-52	Cam Case Cover '57-'79 Spst.	9.00
84060	25225-70	Cam Case Cover '70-'79 SH	8.10
84061	25225-36C	Timing Cam Cover '36-'69 OHV 74	9.60
Cylinder Head			
84064	16769-72	Cylinder Head '72-Early '73 Spst.	13.50
84065	16769-57	Cylinder Head '57-'71 Spst.	9.00
84066	16770-66	Cylinder Head '66-'79 SH	11.70
84067	16770-48	Cylinder Head '48-'65 PH	13.80
84068	16769-73	Cylinder Head '73-'79 Spst.	12.80
Intake-Exhaust			
84071	27060-55	Intake Manifold O-Ring '48-'79 74, '57-'79 Spst.	5.70
84072	65834-68	Exhaust Port '66-'79 SH	3.30
Primary Clutch			
84075	34955-67	Primary Cover '67-Up XLH, '70-Up XLCH	16.50
84076	60540-65A	Primary Cover '55-'65 PH, '66-'79 SH	18.50
84077	60540-36	Primary Cover (Steel PRI) '36-'64 OHV 74	11.30
84078	34955-75	Primary Cover '77-'79 Spst.	17.90
84079	60565-36	Clutch Cover '36-'64 OHV 74	11.80
84080	25416-70	Clutch Cover '66-'79 SH	7.70
Push Rod			
84083	17955-36	Push Rod Seal '36-'79 Upper OHV 74	1.90
84084	17955-48	Push Rod Seal '36-'79 Lower OHV 74	2.00
Rocker			
84087	17536-70	Rocker Arm Cover '57-'79 Spst.	4.50
84088	17540-69	Rocker Arm Cover '66-'79 SH	4.50
84089	17541-48B	Rocker Arm Cover '55-'65 PH	6.90
84090	17541-48A	Rocker Arm Cover '48-'54 PH	12.80
84091	11101	Rocker Arm O-Ring Shaft '57-'79 Spst. '66-'79 SH	2.40
Transmission			
84094	33295-36	Starter Cover '36-'79 74	3.80
84095	35231-36	Cork Mainshaft Oil Seal '36-'79 74	3.30



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(Give area code number)

*Please Note Shipping Instructions Below.

Qty.	Part Numbers	Description	Price

Qty.	Part Numbers	Description	Price

Sub Total

Plus tax (California residents add 6 %)

Total

Less 25 % C.O.D. deposit

Balance Due (F.O.B. California)

MC/B of A number*

Signed

Exp. Date

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2. Send money order or cashier's check. Personal checks are okay, but they delay things because we have to wait for them to clear your bank—which means you have to allow three weeks.
3. 25 % deposit must accompany C.O.D. orders. No foreign currency.

Complete terms and policy upon request.

Make all checks and money orders payable to Jammer Cycle Products, Inc.

*Shipping Time: Once order has been picked up by the carrier, approximate shipping time is: UPS AIR, 1 to 3 days; UPS GROUND, 1 to 7 days; PARCEL POST, 3 to 14 days; AIR POST, 2 to 7 days; TRUCK LINES, 1 to 2 weeks.

Ship via: (Check method you desire)

☐ Parcel Post ☐ Air Parcel Post ☐ UPS
☐ Air Freight ☐ Truck ☐ Best Way

Orders: shippable to your town will be shipped U.P.S. If your order is too large or too heavy to meet U.P.S. requirements, we will ship via the next best way.

*Credit cards accepted

O/S 6/26/79 ☐ CV AUG

☐ #74 AU



Third Reich photos in Heinrich Hoffman's photo catalog! Hitler's personal photographer sold photos and paintings of all the top Nazi brass. Now you can purchase a top-quality reproduction of his entire catalog. A 9x12 book with 480 pictures of posters, postcards, photos, paintings, and more, of all the leaders of the Third Reich. A collector's item, and so authentic it can be used as a reference book. Perfect reproduction on top-quality paper. Not a cheapo book—this is it! Send \$7.95 to Deon & Co., P.O. Box 604E, Burbank, Calif. 91506. (80)

Tattooing needles. New needles made only for tattooing, extra sharp points with no eye hole. You can shitcan the rest, these are the best. Sold in packs of 1000 for \$24.95. Send money order to S&W Tattooing Inc., P.O. Box 263, E. Northport, N.Y. 11731. (76)

"The Tattooists." This oversized hardcover book features interviews, color and black and white photographs of tattooists and their work. "A must for every tattoo fan's collection." Tattoo News. "A bargain at the price." Fetish Times. "An in-depth exploration of tattooists as businessmen and artists in an intriguing manner." Los Angeles Times. Photographs featured in Easyriders. June 1977. Send \$35 plus \$1 postage to Albert Morse, 320 Miller Avenue, Mill Valley, Calif. 94941. California residents add 6% tax. (78)

Levi halter tops \$8.50, deerskin halters \$18.50. Send size. Passion Flower Halter Co., Box 777, Jamestown, Calif. 95327. (74)

Harley parts catalog and shovel-head hop-up instructions. Send \$2 to H-D supply, Box 23157, Milwaukee, Wis. 53223. (74)

Tattooing colors—extremely bright and heal fast; 17 different color samples \$15 plus \$1 postage; includes free equipment catalog. Send money order to S & W Tattooing Inc., P.O. Box 263, E. Northport, N.Y. 11731. (76)

Evie from Hoot's: Please send address. K.W., c/o Easyriders, P.O. Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (75)

Inmate: 26 yrs. old, doing short time, seeks friendship and female companionship through correspondence. Looks or age unimportant if beautiful on the inside. Will exchange flicks if one is sent. Write, ladies, you won't be disappointed. Write to Gill Palmer #91985, Box C, Waupun, Wis. 53963. (74)

Lonely? Need girlfriends? Send stamp. Club, Box 324, Ontario, Calif. 91761. (74)

Swastika patch \$1.75, or two for \$3. Latest catalog, \$1.25. We take the worry out of mail order at M.C. Arts, 3312 S. Cedar St., Lansing, Mich. 48910. (74)

To Steve, Lee, and Jim in Cerritos: Ride—long, party hard. Gerry. (74)

How to find a sexy, obedient ol' lady. Details, \$1. Suzie, Box 501, Eureka, Calif. 95501. (74)

Lucky: You muthafucker, you're no man and no gentleman. Dago can do without you. Biker Bev. (74)

23-yr.-old male (Leo) doing it all. needs mail and attention from young ladies who care. Send pic to Brian E. Dillon #263108, Box 32, Huntsville, Tex. 77340. (74)

Ten easy wine recipes. \$1 and sase, Yarmo Niemi, 504 Central Ave., Chisholm, Minn. 55719. (74)

Biker paraphernalia. Most items made in U.S.A. Catalog, \$2 with \$1 refundable on first order. G & H Enterprises, 309 Lawton, Mason, Mich. 48854. (74)

Harley riders: Complete H-D repair service, custom parts, chrome plating, epoxy paint work, cylinder sleeving, case repair, sand & bead blasting, used H-D parts & motorcycles. Custom Cycle Supply, P.O. Box 47, Bus. Rt. 44, Waynesville, Mo. 65583. (314) 386-4900. (76)

Book with instructions to synthesize LSD, STP, PCP, cocaine, mescaline, THC, speed—\$25 cash. Essex, Box 2024 T.S., Detroit, Mich. 48226. (76)

Fantastic stickers for your scooter, car, truck, ol' lady's ass, or whatever: "Warning: If You Value Your Own Life As Much As I Value This Harley, Don't Fuck With It"; "Ass, Gas Or Grass—Nobody Rides For Free"; Harley-Davidson Wings; "Protected By M.F.D. (Mean Fuckin' Dog)"; and "Mustang Ranch Parking. Permit No. 1-69." 50¢ for each sticker or all five for only \$2. Send cash only and include self-addressed, stamped envelope to Stickers, P.O. Box 466, Calabasas, California 91302. (75)

Attention all Sportsmen and friends: The Sportsmen 15th year reunion coming July 4, 1979. For information call (213) 980-3828, Friday nights. (74G)

Harley-Davidson parts: Old and new, large supply, flatheads, knuckleheads, panheads, shovel-heads, all models Sportster and K model, also 45 flatheads. Frames, motors, transmissions, front ends, tanks, tool boxes, much more. Price list \$2. Knuck, 3610 Taylor St., Brentwood, Md. 20722. (301) 699-1849. (78)

Downed brother, selling convict-made leather wallets. Send \$6 to Wallets, P.O. Box 8283, Greensboro, N.C. 27410. (Orders shipped same day as received.) (76)

Giant black and white photograph, 20"x24", of your ol' lady, scoot, favorite nude, you and the ol' lady gettin' it on—any photograph you want enlarged. You name it—we blow up anything. All you have to do is send us your snapshot, Polaroid, color print, whatever, along with \$7 to Big C, 7131 Owensmouth, Rm. 66A, Canoga Park, Calif. 91303. (75)

Wanted: Will pay cash for undamaged motorcycle helmets. Must be Model LSI 4150, manufactured by Lanco Manufacturing Company, Wichita, Kansas, between 1967 and 1973. Will pay premium for helmets in excellent condition with labels attached and with instructions available. Contact Jim Moore at (716) 232-6500 (collect) or write him at 700 Midtown Tower, Rochester, N.Y. 14604. (74)



I've got something for you...

And it's man-sized too! It's this bitchin' beer mug. The design is an absolutely perfect reproduction of the old, original Harley oil can. Bright orange, black and white. The colors are exactly like the original oil can—authentic in every detail.

Show some class—drink your favorite brew from a huge mug that shows your colors.

\$5.95, plus a lousy buck for postage and packing. As with all Righteous Products, satisfaction is guaranteed, or money immediately refunded.

You can also get the mugs in sets of four at a reduced price of \$18.95 plus a measly \$3.00 for postage and handling. (You'll save \$4.85 over the single mug price.)

Either way—one, or four at a time—it's a product that every Harley owner will dig.

Calif. residents add 6% sales tax.



Box 361, Seal Beach, California 90740

Perfect Ear Warmers!

We're only sellin' the caps—ya understand—can't have the others around all the time—right? Anyway, here's the next best ear-warmer of all time.

The cap has class! It's knitted in bright Harley colors—black, orange, and white. The words "Harley-Davidson" are knitted around the entire cap—not just on the front. So if you're wasted, it doesn't matter how you pull it over your skull.

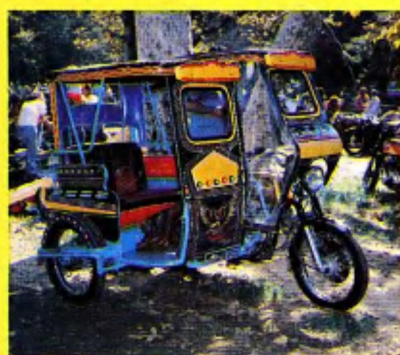
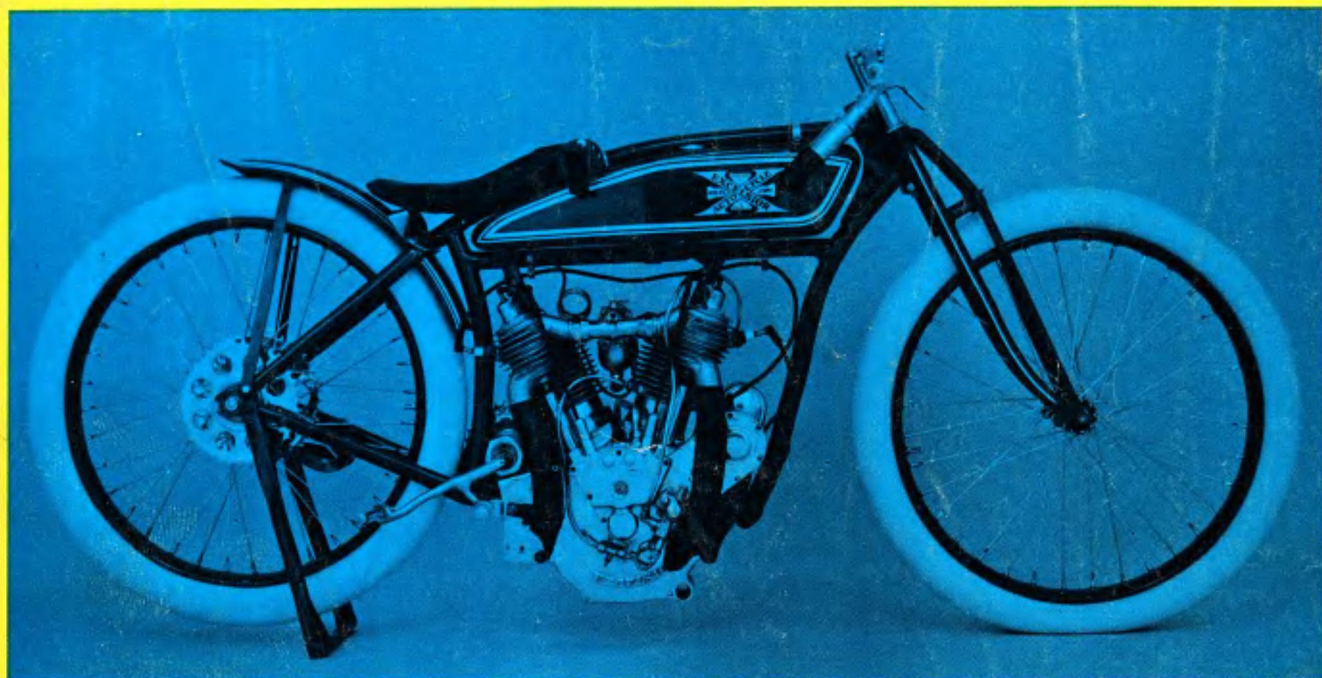
As with all Righteous products, it's made from the finest, most expensive materials available. American made—not a cheapass import.

Only \$5.95 and we pay postage and handling. Satisfaction is guaranteed or money will be immediately refunded.

Be a hero—get your ol' lady one too!



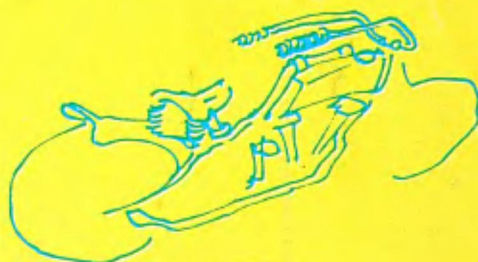
Box 361, Seal Beach, California 90740



Some of the bros around here thought there should be a mag for men who ride other bikes.



iron horse



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